January 20, 1960

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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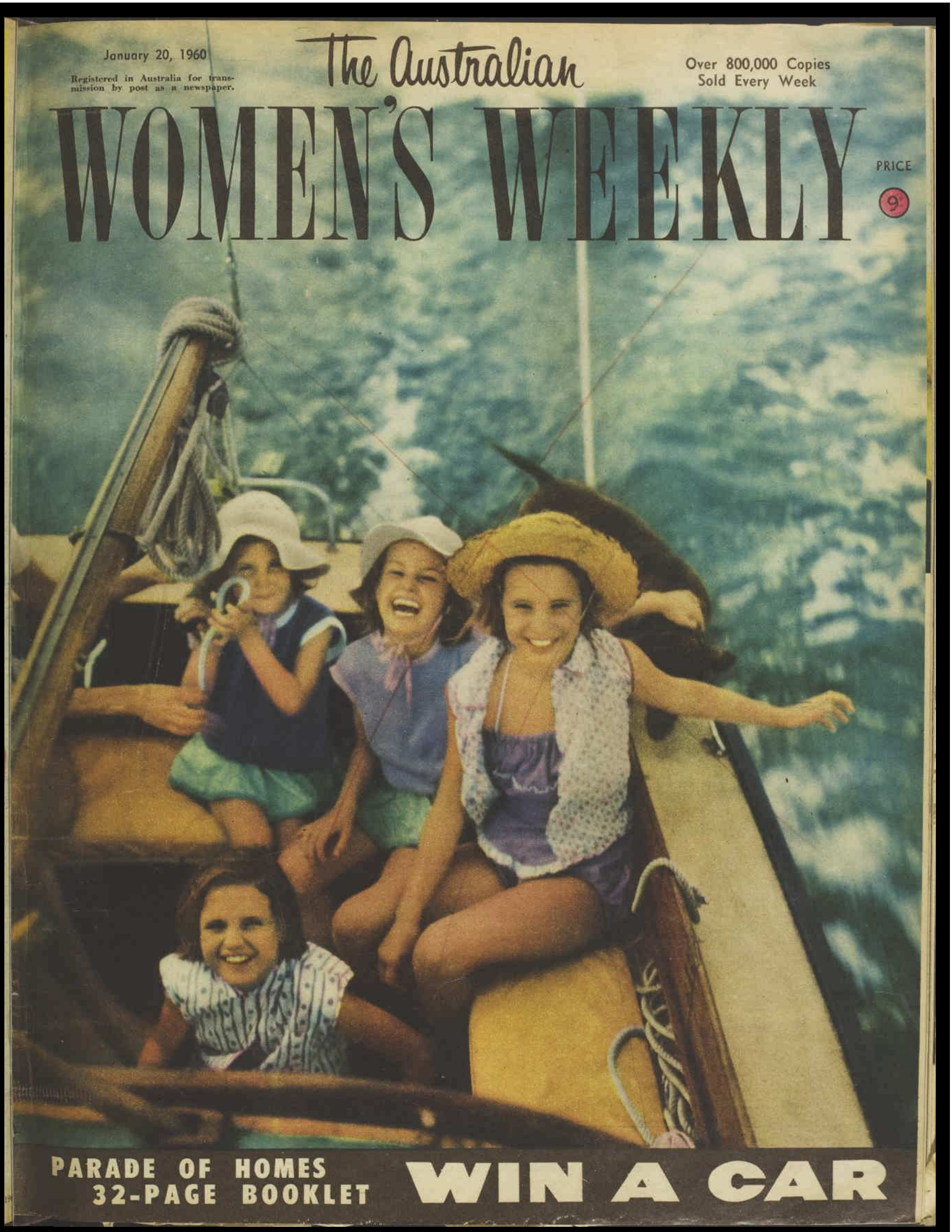

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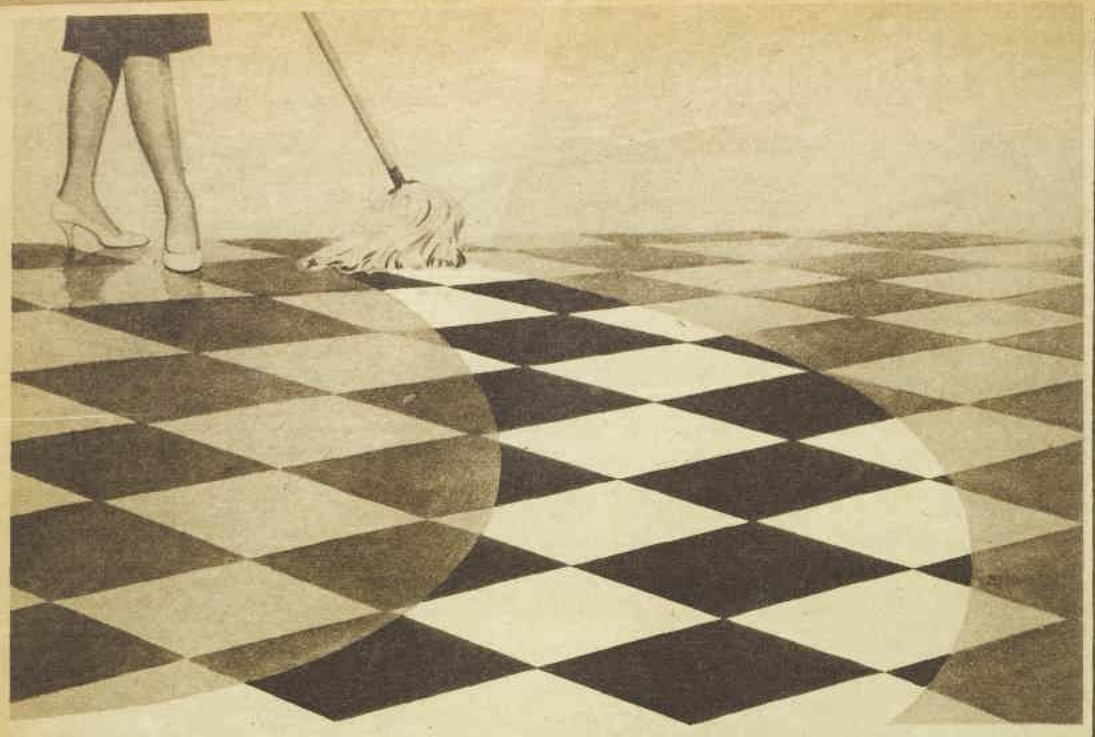

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JANUARY 20, 1960 — Vol. 27, No. 33

Our cover

● Summer fun for four girls and a dog on Sydney Harbor. The youngsters are (left to right) Candy and Melanie Le Guay, whose father, Laurence Le Guay, took the picture, Prim Gollan and her sister Julia (in foreground), of Woollahra, N.S.W. The dog is Peppercorn.

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THE WEEKLY ROUND

● Americans and overseas visitors who feel especially solvent can buy run-of-the-show arena seats for the Eighth Winter Olympic Games in Squaw Valley, a remote mountain region in California (story opposite page), for 200 dollars — approximately £90.

THIS provides comfortable seating for the figure-skating, hockey games, the Walt Disney pageants.

If the 200 dollars is too high, the average day's outdoor ticket at £3/10/- admits the buyer to four events, including speed-skating, jumps, and the new biathlon—a cross-country ski-ing and shooting race

An outdoor ticket for every day of the Games (February 18 to February 28) is a slight reduction — £27.

At the end of the Games Americans will be able to enjoy in Squaw Valley the facilities of a great new winter sports paradise within easy access of San Francisco, 200 miles to the south-west.

★ ★ ★

MANY inquiries about seat-belts have followed David McKay's article, "The Family Car Can Be Made Safer," in our December 9 issue.

Mr. McKay told us:

"While I classify only the full harness type as 'safety-belts,' the lap-belt is a very worthwhile accessory.

"Many people, women especially, are averse to wearing the full harness. Then the lap or seat belt becomes a sensible compromise."

Mr. McKay quoted the investigations of the Automobile Crash Injury Research Project conducted by America's Cornell University.

He said: "These show that 'although the seat-belt did allow the head to strike an object, say 27in. forward of the head, the blow under identical decelerating conditions was one-third to one-quarter the energy of the blow without the seat-belt.'

"This finding in itself shows that the lap-belt raises the safety factor in car accidents to the point where it is almost foolhardy to be without one.

"Many major Australian companies are following the Victorian Police Force's lead and installing seat-belts in their cars."

NEXT WEEK

● Suggestions for crisp, cool salads to tempt jaded appetites in hot, humid weather are featured in the cookery section in our next issue. To make salads even more appetising, a simple recipe tells how to make garlic-cheese bread to serve hot or cold.

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Disney touch at Winter Games

● There'll be a touch of Disneyland fantasy at the Eighth Winter Olympic Games, which begin next month in Squaw Valley, a remote mountain region of California.

FOR Walt Disney has volunteered personally to organise the pageantry surrounding the athletic events as well as entertaining competitors during the ten-day Games.

A typical Disney touch on February 28, the opening day, will be the release of 20,000 balloons in Olympic colors and of 2000 pigeons which will fly over the snowclad arena.

Australia, one of 34 nations competing at Squaw Valley, is sending a record team of 35, including 17 ice-hockey players, six figure-skaters, one speed-skater, five skiers.

The largest group among the 777 skiers and skaters at Squaw Valley will be the Russian team of 87, followed by the American and German teams, each with 82.

There'll be a record number of events, including new events such as the biathlon (cross-country ski-ing and shooting combined) and new women's events.

The site of the Winter Games is a natural amphitheatre 6000 feet up in the Sierra Nevada range, where the snowfall is dependable and heavy, but still only 46 miles from the sunny sands of Reno, Nevada.

The Californian organisers have worked wonders in erecting necessary buildings and transforming the landscape into ski runs suitable for both contestants and spectators.

Huge sheltered areas have been built to accommodate 35,000 spectators. An 11,000-seat arena has been erected around the speed-skating oval and overlooking jump areas.

Lavish recreational and training facilities are in view for the athletes.

New modern highways have been cut through the Sierras from Reno and other areas, where spectators will be lodged in motels and hotels.

The greatest TV coverage in Winter Games history will carry events to viewers. Films will be flown to Australia by jets following each day's events.

MEMBERS of the Australian ski team pictured in the new-design sweater, which they'll wear at Squaw Valley. They are (from left) Billy Day, Christine Davy, and team manager, Don Maclurcan. The sweaters will be worn with black pants, green cap, and gold gloves.

A SUMMER VIEW of Squaw Valley, California, where the Winter Olympic Games will be held next month. This shows preparations for the spectators' centre and the arena. Competitors will be housed together in an impressive group of modern buildings.

Knit yourself this Olympic winner...

● The Australian Winter Olympics team at Squaw Valley will look smart in newly designed outfits including hand-knitted gold sweaters with green band trim.

THE heavy-knit sweaters were made specially for team members by the Villawood Textile Company of Sydney. Here are the instructions.

Materials: 14 (15, 16) balls main color (M.C.); 3 (3, 3) balls contrast color (C.C.) Villawool Slalom Sports and Ski wool; 1 pr. each Nos. 5 and 8 needles.

Measurements: Chest, 38 (40, 42) in.; length, 25½in. all sizes; sleeve, 20in. all sizes.

Tension: 9 sts. to 2in.

BACK

** Using No. 5 needles and M.C., cast on 87 (93, 99) sts., and work 3 rows in st-st. Change to C.C., No. 8 needles, and rib of k 1, p 1, for 2 rows worked firmly.

Next Row: Knit into the back of every stitch to end to form a fold of hem row.

Cont. firmly in rib for a further 2 rows. Change to M.C. and No. 5 needles and work in st-st. Cont. until 4in. above fold of hem row, ending on a purl row. Incr. 1 stitch each end of next and every 8th row thereafter until 95 (101, 107) sts. Cont. until 17in. **above fold of hem row**, ending on a purl row.

To Shape Raglans: * Cast off 6 (6, 6) sts. at beg. of the next 2 rows.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., knit to last 4 sts., k 3 tog., k 1.

Next Row: Purl.

Rep. last 2 rows until 71 (77, 83) sts. rem., ending on a purl row *.

Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, k 1, p.s.s.o., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Next Row: Purl **.

Rep. last 2 rows until 29 (31, 33) sts. rem. Cast off.

FRONT

Work as back from ** to **. Rep. last 2 rows until 43 (45, 47) sts. rem.

To Shape Neck: Next Row: K 1, sl. 1, p.s.s.o., k 12, cast off centre 13 (15, 17) sts., knit to last 3 sts., k 2 tog., k 1.

Cont. shaping raglan as before until all sts. are worked off, at the same time k 2 tog. on neck edge every row 6 times. Ret. to rem. sts., join in yarn at neck edge, and finish to correspond with other side in reverse.

SLEEVES

Using M.C. and No. 5 needles, cast on 40 (44, 48) sts. and work as back until 3in. above fold of hem row. Incr. 1 st. each end of next and every 5th row thereafter until 72 (76, 80) sts. Cont. until 16½in. above fold of hem row, ending on a purl row. Change to C.C. and work as follows: 6 rows C.C., 6 rows M.C., 6 rows C.C. Work should now measure 20in. (or required length of sleeve from fold of hem row), ending on a purl row. Shape raglan exactly as back from * to * until 48 (52, 56) rem., ending on a purl row, then the next 2 rows as for back until 6 (6, 6) sts. rem. Cast off.

TO FINISH OFF

Press work on the wrong side. Neatly sew up the 2 front and 1 back raglan seams. Using a spare fine needle and with right side of work facing, pick up 88 (92, 96) sts. round neck edge. Using No. 5 needles and M.C., and with right side of work facing, knit 1 row. Change to No. 8 needles and C.C., work 2 rows firmly in rib of k 1, p 1.

Next Row: Knit into the back of every stitch for fold of facing row.

Work 2 rows firmly in rib. Change to No. 5 needles and M.C. Work 2 rows in st-st., beg. with a knit row. Cast off loosely.

Sew up rem. raglan seam and neckband ends. Fold neckband in half to inside and slip-stitch down. Sew up side and sleeve seams. Press seams. Fold up to inside the hems on lower edge and sleeves, slip-stitch down.

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ECONOMICAL BOTTLES 5/6 AND 9/6
BUBBLES 1/3

CS30.143

HAPPY MOTHERHOOD. The Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, with her first baby, Prince Charles (born in November, 1948).

ROYAL BABY:

● This fascinating report on Queen Elizabeth's problems as a mother and her hopes and plans for her next child has been specially written by Geoffrey Bocca, author of many books and articles on the Royal Family.

IT was at the end of May, 1959, in the blazing heat of an unparalleled English spring.

The time for the Queen's Canadian tour was approaching and there was a flurry of coming and going at Buckingham Palace — such a flurry that not even the most astute Court observer noticed that the visitors' list contained an unusual number of doctors.

No obstetricians, of course. The Queen knew better than that. She saw old Sir John Weir, a family favorite, nearly 80 but still one of the most distinguished homeopathic physicians in Britain; and Lord Evans, a general practitioner, in whom the Royal Family places much faith; and several others, all discreetly non-specialist.

And they, on an oath of the profoundest secrecy, learned the great news: that Queen Elizabeth, at the age of 33, was going to have a third baby.

The Queen had always said she wanted four children, but in the nine years since the birth of Princess Anne there had been some worry that perhaps her childbearing days were over.

Now the Queen talked animatedly to her medical advisers about the coming baby. Prince Philip declared he did not care whether it was a boy or a girl. The Queen said seriously she hoped for a boy to strengthen the male line.

It was left to one of the doctors to bring up a subject that in the excitement had been almost forgotten: "What about Canada?"

An arduous tour lay ahead, a 15,000-mile tour in the cruel American summer.

"Are you sure, Ma'am," one of the doctors inquired, "that you should do so much?"

"This," replied the Queen, "is what we are made for."

Nobody inquired whether she referred to motherhood or queenship, or both.

The Queen was totally unworried. Judging from her previous pregnancies, there was little likelihood of morning sickness. She thought she could stand up to anything. And Philip, equally vigorous and full of confidence in his wife, agreed.

Actually, as we know, the Canadian trip was hard on the Queen. Twice she was obliged to cancel appointments.

It was a weary Queen who returned on August 2 to London Airport. Photographs showed deep lines under her eyes. She hurried home to Buckingham Palace, and the cries of 2000 loyal subjects failed to persuade her to appear on the balcony. This was unusual.

Doctors at Palace

The next day Sir John Weir and Lord Evans went to the Palace. Despite his advanced age, Sir John, a witty, white-haired Scotsman, is remarkably advanced in his views. He holds the title of Physician-in-Ordinary to the Queen, and tended the Duke of Windsor when he was Prince of Wales, the late Queen Maud of Norway, King George V, and King George VI.

Lord Evans is a Welshman who works at London Hospital. He became doctor for King George VI in 1949 when Queen Mary quietly asked the board at London Hospital who their best man was.

The doctors found no cause for concern in Elizabeth's condition, even though she was more uncomfortable than they had anticipated. Six days later the public learned what the doctors had known for a month.

It was quickly apparent that the birth of the new baby would be different in some ways from that of Charles and Anne. For one thing the Queen did not feel so well as she had with the first two; and for another, the man who brought both children into the world was dead.

Queen Elizabeth was devoted to Sir William Gilliatt, an elderly, worldly, sophisticated man from Lincolnshire. Gilliatt was knighted after delivering Charles.

After delivering Anne he said to a friend, "It is simply amazing to think that of all the thousands of babies I have delivered, in all walks of life and in all conditions, the two easiest were those of the Queen!"

Gilliatt, in the pleasure of his achievement, had perhaps forgotten some of the problems that harassed him over the birth of Prince

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SECOND CHILD. Elizabeth, not yet Queen, with her second child, Princess Anne (born in August, 1950).

PROUDLY WAITING. The Queen, who hopes her third child will be a boy, with Prince Charles, after it was announced that she was pregnant.

The Queen wants a boy

Charles. Gilliatt belonged to that small, exclusive group of Harley Street obstetricians whose task it is to deliver the children of people who are vital in running Britain.

Some of these doctors have argued that the first child born to a royal family, or to a great hereditary estate, should be delivered by Caesarian operation.

"This first child," Gilliatt had pointed out, "if it is a boy, will be the head of the house, take over the business or, in the case of the Princess Elizabeth (as she then was), the throne. Suppose it is a breech baby; suppose the head is too large and forceps have to be used—it could mean that vast responsibilities would fall on a defective child.

"I can give you the example of Lord X, holder of an ancient title and a vast estate, an enormously wealthy man. He is 54 years old now, with the mental age of 10. He plays with toy soldiers and paints in children's picture books. But he is still the head of the family. Fearful enough, and think of such a thing happening to the heir to the throne of England."

For a time Gilliatt did consider delivering Elizabeth's first child by Caesarian operation. The issue was actually decided by Charles himself, who turned out to be such an easy baby that no one was even briefly worried.

He arrived efficiently, on time, after two hours of labor, seven pounds in weight, in Buckingham Palace at 9.14 p.m. on November 14, 1948.

Two years later Sir William delivered Anne at Clarence House on August 15, 1950, also after two hours' labor and with a minimum of disturbance.

Sir William, however, had two weaknesses, both engaging ones, especially for a man of 71. He liked to play the horses and drive fast cars. On the first day of October, 1956, returning from the races at Ascot, he took a corner too fast, skidded, ricocheted off a truck, piled into a tree, and died instantaneously. The Queen was dreadfully upset.

So the first question to be decided was the choice of an obstetrician, and the Queen unhesitatingly sent for Mr. John H. Peel.

Another north country man from Lancashire, 56 years old, his is a vastly different personality from that of the suave Gilliatt. He is gruff and forthright, calls a spade a spade; but he inspires a great confidence in his patients. A conservative physician, he has little patience for theories like natural childbirth.

A few, a small few, London obstetricians guarantee to all their patients that they'll personally be present to deliver a baby — and Peel is one of them.

Despite his blunt manner, or perhaps because of it, he is adored by all the London mothers whose babies he has delivered.

When the baby comes, Peel will have with him an assistant, an anaesthetist, and two obstetric nurses. This, strictly speaking, should be enough, but Lord Evans will be there as a trusted family physician and so will Sir John Weir. The Royal Family is faithful in such matters.

In the first weeks and months of the pregnancy the Queen was nervous and irritable, occasionally even flaring into arguments with her advisers, something unheard of at Buckingham Palace, where her unvarying good humor is legendary.

These bouts passed as quickly as they came, but her sense of duty continued to nag her.

At first she saw no reason that she should not continue to "undertake public duties." She was especially eager to open the new session of Parliament last October, but the Duke of Edinburgh put his foot down.

Since then the Queen has followed a much more leisurely schedule and her condition has improved.

In one respect the arrival of the Queen's new baby is awaited with less interest than the other two, and in another it is the most exciting Royal baby in more than a century.

On the one hand the line is secured by Charles, and the baby boy was felicitously followed by a baby girl, Anne (in France a boy followed by a girl is called the "royal order"), so there is no urgency about producing an heir to the throne nor any tensions over what sex the next child will be.

On the other hand, this will be the first baby born to a reigning queen in Britain in nearly 103 years, since April 14, 1857, when Queen Victoria was delivered of her ninth and last child.

So in view of the rarity of the event, the Queen, Philip, and their Royal advisers may devise some national celebration.

Neither the Queen nor her husband has ever paid too much attention to precedent, however. When Charles was born they unceremoniously junked, for the first time, Queen Victoria's pious hope that all her male descendants would carry in their long lists of Christian names the name Albert.

The names Charles and Anne were decisive breaks with the Royal Family tradition of the past 150 years or so. Charles was named after his mother's beloved great-uncle, King Haakon VII of Norway.

Anne was a whim, and both names contrast strongly with the long succession of Georges, Alberts, Edwards, Elizabeths, and Marys.

Philip and Elizabeth definitely prefer the more romantically associated names of their Stuart ancestors than those of the Hanoverians. This suggests that a boy might be called James or John, a girl Judith or Charlotte.

Elizabeth and Philip had hoped for a third child long before now. Soon after the birth of Princess Anne, however, George VI had died and Elizabeth had become Queen. It was not until the beginning of 1955, two and a half years after her coronation, that she felt comfortable enough with her new responsibilities to contemplate another child.

As the months passed into years and the Queen's hopes remained unfulfilled, doctors were called in. All reported that they could find no reason why the Queen should not have more babies.

Meanwhile, toys gathered dust in the closets; and baby clothes of Charles and Anne, which Elizabeth hoped would go to the new baby, were passed on to charities.

. . . But England bets it's a girl

Needless to say, the good news of last summer electrified the Palace. Baby carriages were dusted off, repainted, and made ready for further use. The cradle used by both Charles and Anne was taken out of its covers. It is a peach-covered satin cradle that had also been used by the babies Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret.

Princess Margaret began knitting clothes for her next niece or nephew. The Queen Mother has been combing the fashionable London stores, like Fortnum and Mason's, for baby dresses and coats.

Instruction from the Palace to relatives, admirers, and friends is everything in white, to suit boy or girl.

As soon as the baby is born an announcement will be made.

Prince Philip, who will have been waiting outside, will put on a white sterilised mask and be allowed see his wife and child.

The baby's birth will, of course, be greeted by a flood of telegrams and congratulations from the heads of the Commonwealth and foreign States, followed by a second flood of presents of all kinds which will, almost as swiftly as they are received and recorded, be farmed out to institutions and orphanages.

The Royal children see only a tiny fraction of the presents sent to them, although they are all cordially acknowledged, with thanks.

Many of them are from commercial firms, and one wonders what happened to, say, the typewriter with 18k. gold keys which a typewriter firm once sent Anne.

For the first month the baby will be in the hands of hospital nurses. After that he or she will belong to Mabel Anderson, former nursemaid to Charles and Anne, who was hastily recalled for duty.

Next Mr. John H. Peel will bow out, probably to receive a knighthood, and the Queen's favorite pediatrician will step in. This is Dr. Percy Henry Sheldon.

Dr. Sheldon has cared for both Charles and Anne, and his reputation as a pediatrician has achieved dizzy heights in London.

The principles on which the Queen's new baby will be brought up, however, will be not so much those of the Royal pediatrician as of the Queen herself.

The baby will be breast-fed, and the Queen, who loves the practices of motherhood, will get away to change its diapers and bathe it whenever she has the time — although her multifarious duties will, of course, come tumbling in on her as soon as she is well enough, and the old problem of how to see as much of her children as she would like to will become pressing again.

There was no coddling of Charles and Anne, and Charles was spanked when he was naughty. A friend of the family insists, in fact, that "by the time Charles was seven he was probably spanked more often than teenage delinquents have been spanked in their lifetime."

With two babies behind her the Queen feels less need of the child-guidance books she read earlier, but she is equipped with a good library.

From every point of view, the arrival of this new baby is a happy event for the British monarchy and its admirers everywhere. A new baby means one more figure to share the bright light of publicity which burns on the Royal Family, one more to take the load off Charles, a load which has at times been almost intolerable to his parents.

When the baby comes, there will be fewer headlines like "Tell the Boy to Get His Hair Cut," as there were when Charles was photographed looking shaggy about the ears.

The new baby may also relieve Anne of the serious loneliness of her position, a loneliness which her father and mother recognise but can do little about.

Though the Queen wants a boy, the odds rather favor a girl, and in England people are taking odds of 3 to 2 in favor of a new princess. The Queen is one of two brotherless sisters, and Philip an only boy with four sisters. On the other hand, King George V had five sons and a daughter.

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The Irreplaceable Miss Murray

● *Retired, aged 77, she has no successor. Several people will now do her work.*

● *Miss Mary Murray with some of the drawings she made of the totalisator invented by the late Sir George Julius.*

● **If you could patent human beings Miss Mary Murray would have been patented long ago by the firm of Spruson and Ferguson, for whom she worked for 54 years.**

MISS MURRAY would have been in the right spot for the patenting, because her firm patents inventors' ideas—from aircraft equipment and "memory machines" to saucepan lids and corsets.

Now 77, Miss Murray has retired for personal reasons which will keep her busy at home.

The office, high up in one of Sydney's glass palaces, seems hardly the same.

Managing partner of the firm, Mr. T. K. Hodgkinson, a patent attorney, says:

"Retiring age never came into it. We certainly didn't want Miss Murray to go, for she has the finest technical mind of any woman I have ever known, particularly on the mechanical and electrical side of inventions."

This week Miss Murray will be guest of honor at a dinner given by the firm.

The phrase "Remember when?" will come into it, but no one will remember as far back as Miss Murray herself.

Her life and working career have spanned the years from sail to spacecraft, though this is hard to believe by her looks and vital manner.

Mary Murray, born in Scotland, travelled to Australia with her parents. The sea voyage took six months.

As a child she watched her father, a builder, at work, loved "helping" him as he hammered nails or bent over house plans. On leaving school she studied for four years at The Technical College, gaining her Assistant Teachers' Certificate in Art.

She was working at the Tech when patent attorney Mr. W. J. Spruson offered her the position of tracer with his firm.

Miss Murray said: "In those days very few girls went to work, so I told Mr. Spruson I'd have to ask my father's permission.

"My father flatly refused. He said he wasn't going to have his daughter working. 'It will be too much for you,' he said. But I talked and talked. Finally he agreed."

So, in 1906, Mary Murray became Australia's first woman tracer, receiving a golden sovereign as her weekly salary.

People were formal in those days. She was addressed as "Miss Murray" — never as Mary — and the formality was upheld through the next 54 years, during which the office grew from a staff of five to the present 48.

Miss Murray has seen thousands of inventions passing through the office — some crazy, some brilliant.

"One invention we patented for the designer was an umbrella for a rooster," she said. "It was supposed to keep the sun off his head, and stayed on, like a hat, by elastic under the chin.

"As for mousetraps! Inventors had those mice doing everything except talk. They had them performing crazy evolutions to walk into traps, which the mice could have stepped into quite easily.

All at sea

"I remember W.J. — that's what we always called the boss, Mr. Spruson — showing me an invention for a lifeboat equipped with a compartment to hold notepaper.

"As W.J. said, 'If you're floating in the ocean you might be able to write letters, but where on earth would you post them?' "

From tracing, Miss Murray graduated to drawing. She explained:

"If a person invents something and wants a patent, he puts in an application which must be accompanied by a specification describing it and a drawing illustrating it. The drawings of patent attorneys illustrate a machine and how it works, not so much how it is constructed."

When Sir George Julius invented the totalisator, all the drawings were made by Miss Murray from his blueprints, and she, looking at her own work, could visualise exactly how the tote would appear in operation.

Eventually, when the first totalisator (then weight-driven —not electrical) was ready at Randwick, Miss Murray travelled to the racecourse in a cab with Sir George.

"I climbed right inside the totalisator and went up the ladders," she said. "Then millions of little wheels started flying around. I felt they were personal friends."

It was Miss Murray's only visit to a racetrack—and no horses were running.

Work has always been her main interest. A technical assistant over recent years, she has been in charge of documents being prepared for lodgment, has supervised records and "policed" the files.

"Policing is terribly important," said Mr. Hodgkinson. "Dates must be watched most carefully so that we do the client's job by the required time. If there's a slip-up, he could lose rights to his invention."

Miss Murray had a great deal to do with the evolution of the firm's recording and policing systems. She was also supervisor of the female staff.

The firm and her colleagues are "sorry beyond words" that Miss Murray has retired. They'll miss her. Besides that, as Mr. Hodgkinson says:

"We'll never find another Miss Murray — anyone with the accumulated knowledge of 54 years. No one's succeeding her. No one can. From now on her work will be divided between various people."

● ***Guest-of-honor Miss Murray (second from right) at lunch with, from left, Mr. T. K. Hodgkinson, June Parker, and Paula Spruson.***

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At a time of need

STARS SHINE

THERE are no people like show people for lending a helping hand to anyone in distress. Last month they rallied to assist survivors after floodwaters from a burst dam had engulfed the sleeping town of Frejus, in the French Riviera. The disaster killed more than 300 and left thousands homeless. At a midnight gala in the Lyric Theatre, London, top stars of show business raised £2500.

BACKSTAGE, Sir Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh, organisers of the Midnight Gala, with American star Charlton Heston and Margot Fonteyn.

TWO STARS of the charity show were Dame Margot Fonteyn and Michael Somes, in costume for the Frederick Ashton ballet "Birthday Offering."

WAITING in their dressing-room before their acts are Joan Greenwood and Gladys Cooper (left).

PRAISE was due all round after the show. Right, Sir Michael Redgrave congratulates Joyce Grenfell.

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WITTY COMPERE of the Frejus Gala was Robert Morley. He's shown sitting behind the stage bar on the set of "Irma La Douce," the current Lyric show.

THE DUCHESS OF KENT (above) attended the gala with Alexandra. Some of the crowd waited three hours to see the Royal party leave.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA, glamorous in lace and mink (below), got a cheer as she left the theatre with her mother at 2.30 a.m.

CRAZY GANG members Nervo and Knox in the costumes they wore for their popular skit on the death of the debutante era. Pictures by Alec Murray.

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Scented with rare, costly French perfumes

. . . rich with beauty-giving creams

lavish, luxurious

Cashmere Bouquet

the gentlest Beauty Soap in the world

The unique creamy formula with its exquisite fragrance pampers your skin with a gentle beauty treatment every time you use Cashmere Bouquet soap. The rich deep cleansing lather brings to your skin a youthful glow, a satin smoothness that lasts all day. Fragrant Cashmere Bouquet Soap is so long-lasting, so economical. Let your whole family enjoy it — now in the colours you love . . .
PINK • SKY BLUE
PRIMROSE • WHITE

Kept fresh and fragrant in gleaming foil

So lavish, luxurious, yet it costs no more than ordinary soaps!

FATHER

MOTHER

"Put them in the wardrobe 'means' hang them in the wardrobe!"

It seems to me

By

PEOPLE sometimes ask me whether it is hard to write a regular piece every week.

Some methodical characters want to know what plan I follow. Not wishing to bore them with technical detail, I usually explain that the job has to be done by a certain time each week so it gets done.

However, perhaps I should be more explicit for the benefit of young people who wish to make a career of writing for papers. So here goes:

A column of this length requires from three to four pots of tea, according to whether the verse falls into place easily or not. For some verses — the kind which one starts with no clear idea of how to finish — a cup of coffee is needed as a clincher.

Consequently I leave the office early on column day. The junior staff of newspapers has to be tolerant of its seniors' tea-drinking passions, but is not geared to provide continuous supply.

At home I take the lid off the typewriter and fish out the notebook which is supposed to contain ideas. These, on examination, make very little sense.

So I put the kettle on.

* * *

After that I stare at the wall and wonder why I don't do something about getting rid of the picture rail. Picture rails went out with the dodo. Unless, of course, they are coming back. It's hard to keep track of interior-decorating trends.

That sets me speculating on the cost of various furnishing projects, after which I work out a hopeful two-months' budget, examine my face in the bathroom mirror, decide it is too late to effect any improvement, and make some more tea.

* * *

The first pot has grown cold. The brewing of the second reminds me that the canister is running low.

So I write a grocery list, put on a record, paint my nails, and read the batch of newspaper cuttings which I keep in my shopping basket. Some of these are tattered.

There is one, weeks old, about a South American brother and sister, aged 110 and 112, who visited New York. They told reporters that they attributed their good health to idleness and plenty of money. I am very fond of this pair, but can never think of anything to add to their already admirable statement of a way of life.

By now it seems inadvisable to make more tea, as there will be none left for breakfast. Besides, it is too late to type. So I set the alarm.

* * *

In the morning time is running short. After a brief period spent in considering alternatives (neither of them — breaking a leg or taking hysterics — is really attractive) I write the column.

There now, I hope that will be helpful to youngsters embarking on a literary career.

N.B. It is economical to have a whistling kettle.

A COUPLE of weeks ago I aired the complaints of a man who objected to standing up and eating unwieldy food with a fork.

Later a salesman rang from a city store. Didn't I know about those implements which combine the characteristics of a knife, fork, and spoon?

Well, yes, I do consider them rather ingenious. They reduce washing up, for one thing.

But they do not satisfy the original complainant.

"To pursue the notion logically," he said, "they should be used with a plate to which is attached a clip for a glass. I suppose I could tuck a table napkin inside the wing of my spectacles. But I like tables and chairs."

* * *

THERE has been some criticism lately of the all-in-together plan of modern living.

One of its latest attackers says that children hear too much adult conversation.

I am inclined to envy modern children on many scores — television, for one — but they are also lucky in their opportunities for eavesdropping on gossip.

When, as a child, I was taken visiting, I often preferred listening to the teacup chat to playing outside.

It wasn't all interesting, of course, but, with luck, there were some lively bits. Unfortunately, one often missed the main point of the story.

Someone would say "Little pitchers" and another would chime, "You children run out on the verandah and play."

Old-fashioned houses were big. The front verandah was often miles away from the sitting-room. And partitions went up to the roof.

I suppose the modern parent says, "Run behind the room-divider and play." The acoustics must be much better.

* * *

TWO matrons, middle-thirtyish, were discussing a new arrival in their circle.

"Oh, she's all right," said one. "She may improve on acquaintance. But she's the kind of woman who thinks it's immoral to use ready-mixed starch."

* * *

REFLECTIONS in any suburb, any Sunday.

Where shall we go this summer day?
Some quiet river's reaches?
How sharp the call of far away,
On mountain-top or beaches.
Ah, peaceful sand and foaming wave,
How soon the spirit lowers.
Should we go out, transistors brave,
Or stay at home with mowers?

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Bachelor days

Philip was a "heart-throb"

● An amateur prophet once forecast that Philip, then a schoolboy, would marry Elizabeth. "Don't talk such tripe," said Philip. But as a young man, in Australia as well as in Europe, he fought off romance-minded girls and mammas — writing letters, meantime, to shy, teenage Lilibet in her Palace.

● Philip visits Brunette Downs, a cattle property, after opening the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne.

● The Queen, as Princess Elizabeth, pictured with a corgi soon after her engagement was announced.

IN January, 1940, Philip was posted to the battleship Ramilles, then at Colombo.

Ramilles was on her way to escort the first troop convoys from Australia, so Philip, though destined to be welcomed boisterously by millions fourteen years later, first arrived in Australia a scrawny stranger.

He made the most of his two shore leaves as a midshipman by trying to see as much of the country as possible. He even got as far as a cattle station in Queensland, where, I heard, he spent three or four days working as a jackeroo.

In October, 1940, came the news that Italy had invaded Greece.

Thirsting for action, Philip was drafted to the battleship Valiant. He had not been aboard three days before she took part in the battle-fleet bombardment of Bardia.

Suddenly Philip turned up in Athens, gay, debonair, confident.

Mummie had found a house near the Lycabette, but there was no handy place on the hillside to park a car. We used to toil up and down groaning, but Philip would come bounding up the hundred steps, ready for gramophone records and fun. We never knew when he would join us.

THIS is the second instalment of "Prince Philip, a Family Portrait," written by his cousin, ex-Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia, who was Princess Alexandra of Greece. "Cousin Sandra" is the same age as Philip, of much the same ancestry, and their early lives intertwined. Philip has now founded a new dynasty — a new Royal Family of which Prince Charles, Princess Anne, and the Queen's expected baby are the first members.

When the air-raids began we were supposed to go to a shelter, but instead we went to the roof-garden and watched.

One evening Uncle Georgie (then King of Greece) told us that every available bomber in Greece had been bombing the Italian Fleet. By night the British battle squadron had sailed up full speed to battle with the Italian cruisers.

Philip was in charge of a vital section of Valiant's searchlights, his task being to illuminate fully the Italian ships Zara and Fiume.

It was my nineteen-year-old cousin's baptism in battle, yet the enemy fired not one shot, and three-quarters of the thirty-odd rounds fired by the Valiant were direct hits. In a few minutes the Zara and Fiume lurched helpless and sinking.

This was war, and within a few seconds Philip's searchlights were scouring the ocean for survivors. Much later Philip said of the action: "It was as near murder as anything could be in wartime. The cruisers just burst into tremendous sheets of flame."

Four weeks later I was myself under fire, diving into the cover of wheatfields beneath the roar of Messerschmitts, lying face down amid the mad shriek of machine-gun bullets, which I can hear to this day. Soon afterwards we flew to Alexandria.

One morning Mummie and I were at breakfast when we heard a familiar whistle. Outside our window Philip and David (Milford Haven) assailed us with whoops of glee.

I had not seen David since Venice. I had to admit to myself that I had been worrying about Philip. Now we were all three together again, ready to do the town.

We went out to a swimming-pool or beach and splashed happily in the sun. Philip had contrived to get hold of an absurdly small car, which streaked through the streets with the noise of a thousand demons.

For the first time I found my two cousins handsome and attractive beaus, most useful at taking me around. I liked David's lazy smile and I liked Philip's broad grin. In his wasp of a car we went out to the Ghezira Club, swam or just talked through the lazy afternoons when he was off duty.

Philip used to talk even at this time of a home of his own, a country house in England he had planned to the last details of fitments and furniture.

When we embarked at Port Said to sail to South Africa with the King, Philip came to the docks to see us off.

We were delighted and astonished when, after only a week or two, Philip also turned up, having been transferred to a troopship which practically followed in our wake.

As I sit at my desk every morning, steadfastly tracing this story of Philip, trivial incidents slip into significant focus. One evening in Capetown, when I wanted to chat, Philip insisted on finishing a letter he was writing, and I, cousin-like, inquired, "Who's it to?"

"Lilibet," he answered.

"Who?" I asked, still rather mystified.

"Princess Elizabeth, in England."

"But she's only a baby," I said, still rather puzzled, as he sealed the letter. Aha, I thought with family candor, he knows he's going to England and he's angling for invitations. But I was doing my cousin far, far less than justice.

Bill for bridal bouquet

Had they already begun then, the gentle assurances and recognitions of the heart?

Philip soon left Capetown. His ship was bound for Halifax to pick up Canadian Army units.

At Puerto Rico the Chinese stokers deserted en masse.

All the midshipmen, Philip among them, were paraded with others and ordered, "Volunteers for stoking."

Through the glutinous heat of the Caribbean Philip sweated half-naked in the stokehold.

It made a strange contrast—Philip in the stokehold while in England a king's daughter perhaps thought of him in her castle.

Philip was duly given his certificate as a qualified boiler-trimmer. Today it has a place among his most cherished souvenirs, which include the receipted bill for his wife's bridal bouquet.

I reached Liverpool (England) from Capetown towards the end of September, 1941, and I rather think Philip arrived at about the same time.

My cousin Marina, the Duchess of Kent, invited us to Coppins, where the autumn leaves were scurrying over the lawns. Fortunately the inscrutable fates could not tell us that Marina had less than a year of her married life left.

Constantly running the gauntlet in the East Coast convoys of 1942, Philip was promoted second-lieutenant in July, and first-lieutenant of Wallace, a destroyer flotilla leader, in October.

But, of course, I best remember Philip on furlough—Philip dining and dancing and confiding. And sometimes I had quiet afternoons of chinwags with David in chilly, sepulchral Kensington Palace.

I used to go to see the boys to cheer them up almost because I pitied them for living there. It was so like living in a warehouse, with the chairs in most of the rooms covered with dust-sheets, the dark shadows on the walls outlining paintings that had vanished into store. Even the valuable carpeting had been replaced by threadbare and shabby rugs.

Against this sombre background Christmas greeting cards made an unusually festive show. Right in the middle of the mantel, in the place of honor, I remember, was one with the signature "Lilibet." It did not sparkle suspiciously, like

Continued on page 12

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Suds are old-fashioned

no matter what kind they are!

Why stay behind the times with lazy suds for washing-up when modern sudsless Trix cuts wash-up time in half. Just a teaspoon of Trix and all the washing-up water quickly de-greases grease, swallows dirt like magic. Trix-water drains off completely. There's no rinsing, no wiping-up. Dishes dry rapidly — hygienically pure . . . gleaming clean.

That's why Trix has replaced suds. Suds do not clean . . . they just float, trap grease, stick on . . . make wiping-up a must.

Non-foaming Trix washes cleaner, easier. Trix puts washing energy down in the water.

Philip was

Continued from page 11

• *The author, ex-Queen Alexandra of Yugoslavia.*

• *David, Marquess of Milford Haven, in 1940.*

• *Marina, Duchess of Kent, in 1937.*

• *Ex-King Peter, husband of the author.*

• *Princess Alice, Philip's mother, in nun-like garb.*

something on a Christmas tree, as perhaps it should have done. Only time and memory bring this afterglow. We had similar royal cards of our own, just like Philip's.

But eventually I learned that Philip had sent Lilibet a Christmas card from Athens in 1940, and the ever-polite Princess discovered with alarm that he was not on the family's Christmas mailing list. Long into the New Year she was still bothering Uncle Bertie to send a return card. "As long as he gets it I don't mind," she wrote. The following year she carefully chose a card for Philip herself.

At this stage I was busy planning my own wedding to King Peter of Yugoslavia.

Continuing the dual pattern that threaded our lives, Philip's and mine, romance came to us both at about the same time. And for us both there were the wildest difficulties and obstacles to be overcome before we settled for happiness.

I only know that when King Peter went to Cairo in readiness for Allied landings in the Adriatic, Philip had also disappeared.

No doubt my letters to Peter and Lilibet's letters to Philip travelled on the same planes, if not in the same diplomatic bags.

One of Peter's letters to me, with his scrawling "I Zaz you!", his sweet, silly version of "I love you," was carried in the dispatch-case of Anthony Eden, British Foreign Minister. Philip's letters to Lilibet travelled by equally helpful routes.

Diplomats, couriers, and Service liaison officers were our winged Cupids.

"Corny" pantomime

Philip returned in November, 1943.

He was invited to Windsor for Christmas. That was the time when he saw the two Princesses in the pantomime "Aladdin," nearly falling out of his seat with laughter at such corny jokes as:

Widow Twankey: **There are three acres and one rood.**
Princess Margaret: **We don't want anything improper.**
Widow Twankey: **There's a large copper in the kitchen.**
Princess Elizabeth: **We'll soon get rid of him.**

There were only nine to dinner at the Castle on Christmas Eve, Uncle Bertie (King George VI) and Aunt Elizabeth, Lilibet and Margaret, Philip, and four others.

Philip entertained the King with a half-comical account of the adventures on Wallace off Sicily when three German aircraft dive-bombed her—without a single hit—for half an hour. In the drawing-room after dinner the lights were put out and they all sat around the fire to listen to ghost stories.

"We settled ourselves to be frightened," Margaret wrote, "and we were NOT. Most disappointing!"

But was it so disappointing to Lilibet and Philip, close together in the shadows for perhaps the first time?

Meanwhile Philip was appointed first-lieutenant to the new destroyer Whelp.

A girl-friend happened to tell me just then that Philip would be away for months. It was so unlike Philip to give anyone the slightest indication of his movements that I realised at once he had been telling fibs. Was Philip then making excuses? Was my dewy-eyed friend just another of the charmers who never wanted him to say "No"?

The fascination of Philip had spread rather like influenza, I knew, through a whole string of girls. I always recognised the symptoms, the gushing feminine chatter about the tall Viking look, the sighs, "He's such a heart-throb!"

I went to the tailor's with Philip one afternoon while he was fitted for a new uniform, and naturally half-expected to be invited to tea. But suddenly he had to dash off. "Who is it?" I challenged, naming first one young adorer and then another, and he had the good grace to blush.

Fond mothers would "fairy godmother" him for all they were worth. When Philip had a severe bout of flu it was no surprise to find him recovering in a suite in Claridge's belonging to a hospitable family who had shown Philip a great deal of kindness.

I sat by his bed and reproached him for not seeing enough of Mummie and me while he cheerfully plucked the grapes somebody else had sent him, and ejected the pips at me with blithe naval accuracy.

But soon, first at one house, then another, I heard the wail, "Where's Philip?" I knew, however, that he had been down to Coppins and had a long heart-to-heart talk with Marina.

One young lady who tried to telephone him at Kensington Palace was definitely told he was away. I reflected quietly that she would have done better to have telephoned the small house Uncle Dickie Mountbatten had taken, where Philip had moved into an attic bedroom as a hide-out.

One day, just before we married, Peter and I went to tea with Uncle Bertie and Aunt Elizabeth at Windsor. Lilibet curtsied to Peter, and then Margaret, too, curtsied in exact repetition.

It was the first time, too, that I ever saw Uncle Bertie's teacup, and I couldn't refrain from saying how right it seemed that the King of England should have the largest teacup I had ever seen.

Our conversation was happy, confiding, and unforced. Aunt

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a "heart-throb"

Elizabeth (now the Queen Mother) is so motherly, and she puts one at ease so quickly that there is none of that rigid fencing of mustn't-say-this-or-that, none of the polite absurdities so common in Palace homes.

We talked of our own hopes and plans for married life. We talked of Marina—now a widow—who would be coming out of mourning for our wedding. We talked of Uncle Dickie and Uncle Georgie. But Philip wasn't mentioned.

Uncle Bertie was Peter's best man, and Uncle Georgie, the King of Greece, came to the consecrated room at the Yugoslav Embassy to give me away. Apparently Uncle Georgie seized the romantic opportunity of my wedding to speak to Uncle Bertie and put a word in for Philip.

Lilibet was still not yet 18, and Philip only 22. Uncle Bertie simply couldn't believe that Lilibet had fallen in love with the first eligible young man she had ever met. He promised to consider the matter—the two Kings were great friends—but eventually Uncle Bertie told Uncle Georgie, "Philip had better not think any more about it for the present."

Soon afterwards Philip left in the destroyer Whelp to join part of the British Pacific Fleet, chiefly based on Australia.

Just as South Africa was the testing-time of the heart for Lilibet at 21, so Australia was a time for reflection, a time for retreat, for Philip at 23.

Philip, with a golden beard, hit feminine hearts, first in Melbourne, and then in Sydney, with terrific impact. Lieutenant Philip on duty was seeing enough of the diversionary attacks on the Japanese-held islands and the deadly tactics of Jap suicide pilots to enjoy his periods of shore leave with unlimited energy.

One glimpses him at an amusement park on Sydney Harbor foreshore, rolling whooping in the revolving barrels, yelling down the slippery slides, and driving a Dodgem car with skill and ferocity.

Hostesses remember him cheerfully grating cheese for supper or helping to wash-up. Hosts remember him mixing diabolical cocktails of rum, gin, and vodka.

At a Sydney restaurant two friends were worried at the prospects of gregarious "table-hoppers" crashing in on their private party. Philip suggested ordering an "aioli," a salad studded with finely chopped garlic, to keep all intruders at bay. The strategy was effective.

Against blondes and brunettes Philip similarly fought a series of delaying actions all aimed at one objective: non-involvement.

Philip was no longer regardless of gossip. If awkward rumors arose he insisted firmly, sometimes rudely, that they should be scotched immediately. Once he returned from a ball to a friend's house with a young blonde in tow. They all sat and talked for a while, and then it was noticed that Philip had quietly fallen asleep.

It was getting late, and the girl was becoming concerned because her mother was waiting up for her. Rather than wake up an obviously tired-out lieutenant, the friend took the girl home. They had no sooner left the house than Philip opened an eye and smilingly offered his hostess, Mrs. Fallon, an explanation.

He had noticed that heads were turning and nodding in his direction as they left the ball. If he had taken the girl home another hot rumor would have been in full glow.

Daughters of publishers, sultry-eyed steel heiresses, girls with strings of huge department-stores and farming fortunes all crossed Philip's path.

The girls chased Philip

But it was Lilibet to whom he patiently wrote his "letters home." Girls had always flung themselves at Prince Philip. But it was the shy, timorous, secluded one who captured and held fast his heart.

In the summer of 1945, after a refit in Melbourne, the Whelp and her sister ship Wager acted as escorts of the Duke of York, flagship of Admiral Fraser.

First from Tokio Bay, then from Hongkong, Philip's letters winged their way home faster, thanks to the partial lifting of censorship.

Soon afterwards my son Alexander was christened in the Chapel Royal of Westminster Abbey. I received belated congratulations from Sydney on his birth.

Lilibet was my baby's godmother, and held him during the christening ceremony with such a scared look of worried responsibility that Uncle Bertie and Aunt Elizabeth could not conceal their broad smiles.

Once again the fates were interweaving some faint pattern in our lives, for this was the last family ceremony that Lilibet attended at the Abbey until her own wedding two years later.

Meanwhile Philip was having a last overseas fling.

In Sydney one day he borrowed a shooting-brake from the Governor-General's residence, but since the vehicle bore the Royal Crown insignia instead of number-plates, every policeman saluted it and held up traffic at busy intersections. This didn't suit Philip at all.

He stopped using the brake, and soon hired a small car at a garage instead. Yet even this led to complications. When the necessary papers were signed, the garage proprietor wouldn't accept the single word "Philip" as signature. My cousin more fully complied with "Philip of Greece," and the proprietor grew belligerent, convinced that this Limey customer was pulling his leg.

It all took a lot of sorting out. And these two trivial incidents symbolised the future of Philip, I thought. Through the war years my cousin had so gladly shunned the constant difficulties implicit in being royal. Now they were again piling round him.

The Whelp returned to Portsmouth early in 1946, and in London Philip moved into Uncle Dickie's house.

For the long-awaited happiness of his reunion with Lilibet, Philip first drove down to Windsor with Uncle Bertie. The twenty-five-year-old naval officer was not the raw boy Uncle Bertie had first encountered.

"I like Philip," he commented afterwards. "He is intelligent, has a good sense of humor, and thinks about things in the right way."

Shy, sensitive Lilibet

I know that my own husband in his twenties was often a little in awe of Uncle Bertie, and so I feel sure Philip also suffered from "nerves." There was a great deal of happy family news to exchange as the car sped along. But perhaps they both jibbed away from talk of weddings.

At this time, of course, Lilibet had her "unrecognisable" photograph of the bearded Philip on her desk. Philip also carried a picture of Lilibet in a battered leather frame.

When the first whispers of a royal romance began to circulate, and were denied, gossips assumed that, in fact, an understanding existed but was being kept secret. In reality, this was not the case.

If Philip had already made up his mind, he had not yet taken the irrevocable plunge of proposing, and shy, sensitive Lilibet had not yet uttered her own closest thoughts.

Peter and I had a house at Sunningdale with its own privileged private gate opening on to the Windsor Great Park. When we left there, Uncle Bertie told us we were still welcome to walk in the park and woods whenever we wished.

Once, when we didn't even know Philip was in England, we were a little astonished to find he had come home on leave, for we met him walking there with Lilibet and Margaret and their cousin Lord Elphinstone.

We exchanged greetings but asked no questions: it was never polite to ask questions in wartime. Another time two of the Royal corgis dashed through the bracken, and when we looked round expecting to see Uncle Bertie and Aunt Elizabeth, it was Philip and Lilibet walking alone. They were so intent in conversation that we decided not to bother them, so we just waved and walked on.

They seemed relieved to be left in peace. I lifted an inquiring eyebrow at my husband. "Could be," said Pete, reading my thoughts. "But for goodness' sake . . . they're only out for a walk."

This, however, was the first of several encounters. We used to see them holding hands, disengaging themselves sometimes until we came closer and they could see it was only us. Few people wander in the Home Park, and it formed an idyllic setting.

"I only hope Philip isn't just flirting with her," I once told Marina. "He's so attractive he flirts without realising it."

Marina said soberly, "I think his flirting days are over. He would be the one to be hurt now if it was all just a flirtation or if—if it is not to be. One thing I'm sure about, those two would never do anything to hurt each other."

• A bearded Philip, pictured during a world tour in 1957. Lilibet, long before she was engaged, kept a photograph of Philip with a beard on her desk, believing no one would recognise her beau.

"Well, let's touch wood that they don't have to wait so long for their engagement and wedding as we did," I replied.

"They will probably have to wait much longer than you did," said Marina. And she added with a smile, "I won't be able to influence Uncle Bertie for Lilibet nearly as easily as I did for you."

Marina was always a good keeper of secrets. She did not tell me that Philip and Lilibet sometimes came for lunch when there were no other guests. Philip didn't really bother about secrecy.

After his home leave he was posted to H.M.S. Glendower, which isn't really a ship, as it sounds, but a naval shore establishment in Wales. He used to write his letters at a local hotel, address boldly to "H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, Buckingham Palace"—none of the subterfuge for him of letters addressed to a lady-in-waiting—and then give them to the night porter to post.

Years before at Gordonstoun the school hairdresser was convinced in his own mind that a prince must always marry a princess, and he ventured to forecast: "You'll see, one of these days you'll marry Princess Elizabeth."

"Don't talk such tripe," the schoolboy Philip said impatiently.

But now Philip opened a newspaper and found that a public poll had been taken on the desirability of the marriage, the result being 87 per cent. in favor.

The wedding of Andrew Elphinstone and Vicary Gibbs, Lilibet's lady-in-waiting, was a romantic occasion that in itself fanned the rumors. Practically every member of the Royal Family went to the reception afterwards at the Savoy Hotel, and one of the wedding cameramen caught a beautiful picture of Lilibet and Philip, standing together for all the world like a bride and bridegroom.

Wearing her bridesmaid's wreath of orange blossom and lily of the valley, Lilibet was still, in fact, even holding her bridesmaid's bouquet. Practically every newspaper in the world used the picture.

That summer of 1946 Philip was invited to Balmoral, and the tide of world-wide gossip knew no bounds.

(Continued next week.)

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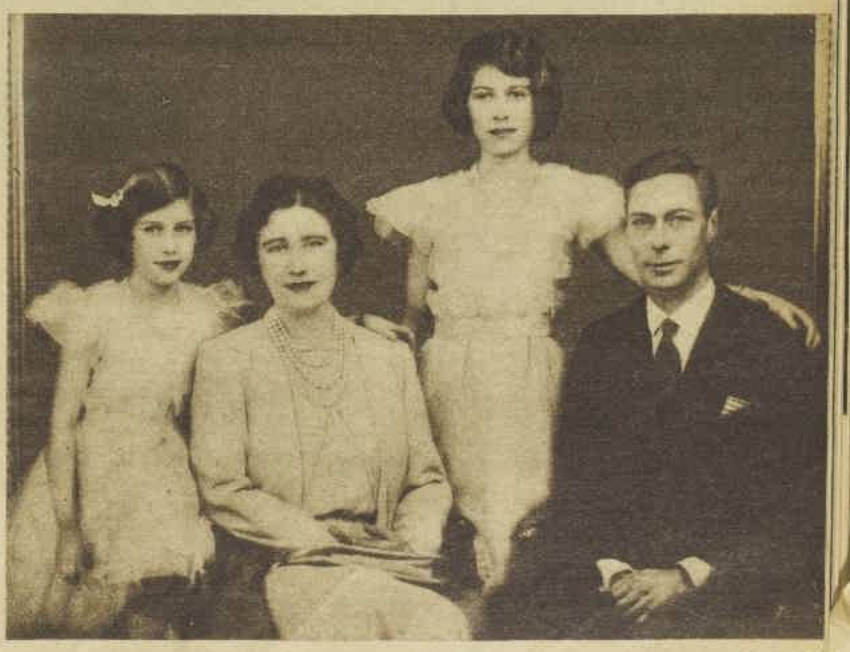

• Britain's Royal Family photographed in the year the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, first met Philip twenty years ago. She was then 13. From left, Princess Margaret, the present Queen Mother, Princess Elizabeth, and the late King George VI.

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New!
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ROSES
SPRAY MIST

by YARDLEY

Here's fragrance at the touch of a button. Skin perfume in its most delightful, easiest-to-use form. Red Roses is the perfume for romance . . . heady, sophisticated . . . lingering long in the memory. Treat yourself to the all-over luxury of "Red Roses". In soap, talcum powder, and for more liberal use, "Red Roses" Skin Perfume is available in the standard bottle.

"Red Roses" Spray Mist, 24/6
Soap, 5/- and 8/6
Talcum Powder, 7/6
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GUEST OF HONOR Ann Stephen (right) with Marcia Millane and Surgeon-Lieut. Alex Wilson, R.A.N., pictured in the lovely grounds of the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club, Newport. Marcia wore an apricot-veiling-lemon chiffon frock with an Empire-line bodice and a harem skirt.

SMILES from Sandra Walker (left), John Stephen, Marianne Hake, and David Walker (below), framed by a forked gum-tree at clubhouse entrance. Sandra wore bronze taffeta, and Marianne white organdie and black lace.

BIRTHDAY DANCE

PRETTY Ann Stephen set off her fair hair and suntan with a turquoise-blue paper shantung frock at the delightful dance given by her parents, Dr. R. L. Stephen and his wife, Dr. Elinor Stephen, at the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club, overlooking the Pittwater, at Newport, to celebrate Ann's 21st birthday. Over a hundred guests were entertained—many of them University friends of Ann, who is a medical student.

CHEERY GROUP, from left, Mary - Louise Meacle, Allan Campbell, Kay Newsam, Kaye Lindsay, and John Clifton-Bligh on the spiral staircase.

CORNFLOWER swathed tulle suited Robin Ellis (left), chatting with Jon Kades and his sister, Felicity, who wore a shell-pink chiffon frock. Jon is a crew member of the yacht Pakerdoo, sailed by Dr. R. L. Stephen.

SHARING a squash. Royal Navy officer Lieut. Norman Dingemans, of the submarine H.M.S. Andrew, and pretty Betty Koch, whose cinnamon-beige lace frock was set off with a pink cabbage rose.

ON THE PATIO (from left), Annette Muros, Carol Hardman (in a white-flowered cotton poplin dress), and Bill Thompson chatted together against a background of dancers celebrating the birthday of Ann Stephen, who was 21 on the day of the party. Her brothers John, Michael, and Dr. Robert Stephen and his wife assisted her to entertain friends. Guests were received by Ann's parents, Dr. R. L. Stephen and Dr. Elinor Stephen, who wore white chiffon.

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On food

Nothing tastes like butter because butter — *only* butter — is made from dairy cream. Nothing does so much for other foods.

and in food

When people talk about that home-made taste they mean the very special flavour and delicacy that butter — *only* butter — gives to cooking. Butter creams easily, blends perfectly and protects other ingredients. Butter brings out natural flavours, makes your cakes taste fresh and moist. Every time you cook, cook with butter and make the most of *every* recipe.

nothing tastes like BUTTER–except BUTTER

Can you think of anything more tempting than butter spread thickly on crusty bread . . . butter melting into a hot scone or a fluffy baked potato . . . butter sizzling on a steak or dripping golden from hot toast? Every pound of butter contains the cream of eighteen pints of pure fresh milk. Give *your* family Nature's goodness — the goodness found only in butter.

THE GOODNESS IN BUTTER MAKES OTHER FOODS BETTER

An announcement by
AUSTRALIAN DAIRY PRODUCE BOARD

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● *Wandoo and red jarrah, both native woods of W.A., were chosen for this timbered home built for Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Fry high in the Darling Ranges, at Boya, eight miles from Perth. The house was planned to enable Mrs. Fry, a concert pianist and painter of national repute, to follow both her artistic interests.*

AUSTRALIAN HOMES

● *The terraced approach to the front entrance to Mr. and Mrs. Fry's home. Mrs. Fry is president of the W.A. Symphony Orchestral Committee and the only woman member of the Museum and Art Gallery Trust of W.A.*

● *The southern aspect of the house (left), showing the timbered walls and huge brick fireplace. The dog, Pambo, is very much part of the family and has a cushion in the studio.*

● *Mrs. Fry at work outside on one of her paintings —a view of the Murchison River. Mr. Fry, who recently retired from the Bank of N.S.W., frames his wife's paintings in his workshop adjoining her studio.*

Pictures by Mr. A. Yates, Cottesloe, W.A.

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THE NEW-STYLE SHAMPOO

that conditions your hair for today's most exciting styles

Clear plastic tube
can't leak,
can't break,
can't spill.

Especially made for the modern woman . . . Vaseline Concentrated Shampoo contains the conditioner, Sorbitol. Sorbitol adds natural moisture to each hair strand . . . gives your hair new texture, making it lovelier and more manageable. Whether you choose bouffant or sleek styling, you discover that your hair is easier to handle, and holds a set much, much better, when you shampoo with Vaseline Concentrated Shampoo. It's the first really gentle one-lather Shampoo.

4/11—12 Shampoos in a tube

"Vaseline" is a registered trade mark used by Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

Beach girls love it! "Sorbitol", the conditioner in Vaseline Concentrated Shampoo, solves Summer hair problems — replaces the moisture dried out by sun, wind, and water. Carry the handy tube in your beach bag.

Vaseline CONCENTRATED SHAMPOO

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BOND STREET STORY

Third instalment of our serial

By NORMAN COLLINS

FAMILY problems, love, careers, security, and marriage fill the lives of the people who work at Rammell's, a big London department store. ERIC RAMMELL, his nervous dyspepsia getting worse each day, and his father, SIR HARRY, make young TONY join the staff although MRS. RAMMELL and Tony are opposed to it. On his first day he meets IRENE PRIVETT, young daughter of a floorwalker, MR. PRIVETT, who has also joined the staff reluctantly. Mr. Privett's only problem is the court case which is to follow an accident he has had riding his bike.

The store's beautiful but dumb model, MARCIA, for once feels she has security in her reach when she is courted by a rich businessman, MR. BULPING, who promises to marry her when he is divorced. Marcia is hoping he will buy her a handsome mink wrap, but she also finds that sometimes her thoughts are on the handsome young Tony.

Love also dominates the life of MR. BLOOT, dignified senior floorwalker. He is enraptured by the buxom and worldly HETTY FLORENCE, who owns a tobacconist's, and even neglects to feed his budgerigars while thinking of her. Finally he proposes marriage to her and to his surprise she accepts.

MR. PREECE, general manager, decides to arrange a staff get-together. It turns out to be quite an event for Irene, when Tony asks her to meet him and go to the pictures one evening. NOW READ ON:

MR. BLOOT remained as perplexed as ever by Hetty. He felt himself to be neither one thing nor the other. Because, though she was ready to accept his advances, she remained obstinately opposed to any public linking of her name with his.

"People will know soon enough," she said lightly.

"It's just that I'd rather have an announcement," he told her. "In a newspaper."

"No, you don't," she said. "I'm not going to have my name appearing in any newspaper, thank you."

"It . . . it'd only be to show people," Mr. Bloot explained. "Just . . . just so that they'd know."

He was, however, secretly more than a little relieved that Hetty wasn't in fact the newspaper kind. In a passing moment of panic he had looked up the social announcement rates in the best national dailies.

And even the merest mention, "The wedding has been arranged and will shortly take place between Henrietta Florence, daughter of . . ." — who was she the daughter of? he wondered — "of 23b Artillery Mansions, Tregunter Road, Finsbury Park, N.12, and Augustus Archibald Bloot, eldest son of Archibald Augustus Bloot and Maud Caroline (both deceased), of 17 Tufnell Park Crescent," would have set him back by about five guineas at least.

But there was an unshakable single-mindedness about Mr. Bloot.

"I think there ought to be some sort of an announcement," he persisted. "I'm thinking of my friends."

"Then why not give a little party?" Hetty asked. "Break it to them that way."

Mr. Bloot paused. His lips began moving. But no sound came. That was because he was adding up in his mind. And the total that he reached astonished him. Because up to now he had always seen himself as rather a sociable sort of chap. The kind of man around whom other men inevitably gather. Whereas, in reality, he was practically alone.

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"Come and have a cup of coffee," Tony said as he met Irene when she was returning the merchandise to stock.

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Illustrated: Silverware by Paramount. Like other leading Australian makers, Paramount recommend Silvo for the care of your silver.

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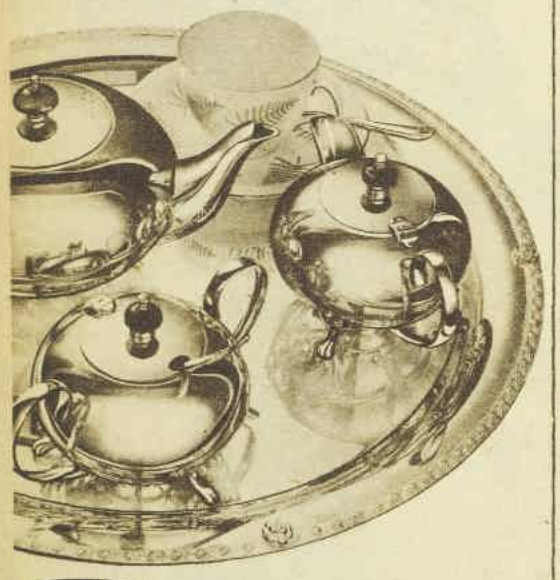

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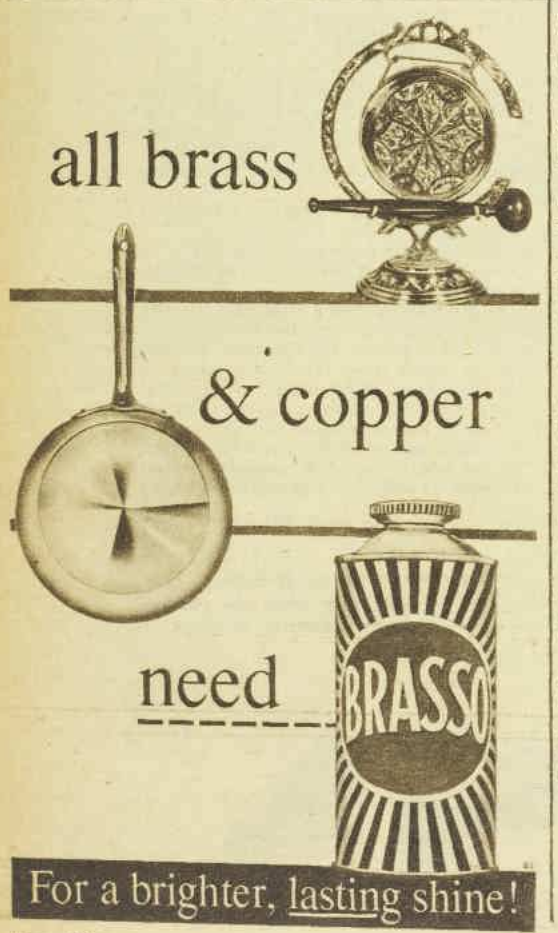

For a brighter, lasting shine!

DECISION ON THE MOUNTAIN

THERE was a strange whistle above the sequoias. Then a plop in the water, and a queer little spout of steam rising from the icy mountain river. Dr. Mark Brandon stared at something like a pale green fish—dead, twisted, metallic.

Twisted, metallic! With an eerie crawling of his spine, he knew what it was. It was a piece of an aeroplane, torn apart at jet speed and hurtled smoking hot down into these ancient forests. One of the jets must have disintegrated, scattering fragments everywhere. And the pilot . . . ?

Ostensibly, Mark Brandon, M.D., flight surgeon and captain, United States Air Force, had come up into the hills to fish and to debate whether he must quit the service. But for more than an hour the Air Force's newest one-man bombers —the "Emmies"—had been tearing white rips across the blue-washed sky as they shrieked their promise for some visiting brass at Todd Air Force Base.

They chalked their turn over snow-tipped mountains and then swooped down towards the base nearly eighty miles distant. And Mark Brandon had kept looking up, thinking —one of them is Riffley.

Then he would stare at the water, white with its spring torment, and he would think that actually his problem had three facets. The decision to leave the service was only one. Entwined with it was: what else can you do when you love another officer's wife?

And above all, emphasised by the three jets that mocked him with their sound, was: and when that officer is Riffley?

Mark had heard no final thunder of the plane. But he had perhaps been deafened by the cataclysmic decision he had reached the instant before the fragment of death fell before him. For he had begun to think of Karen.

Across from him a small water bird was bobbing in rhythmic ecstasy upon a wet boulder, dazzled with spray and spring enchantment. The doctor thought how Karen would enjoy seeing the bird. He realised how seldom she was out of his consideration.

He wondered where she was. Watching the sky from some hot official reviewing stand? Seeing her husband removed farther than ever from her and other groundlings? Feeling—what? Fear? Awe? Jealousy?

Whatever she felt, Mark thought, it would be of no concern to Lieutenant-Colonel Hal Riffley. For he would be enraptured with this "Emmie," his new, silvery, demanding mistress streaking with him into the ecstasy of the world beyond words. Then, for Hal Riffley, Karen would not even exist.

Mark Brandon, who had once been so dedicated to his own career, felt a strange resentment towards Riffley's single-mindedness. That alone, he believed, was enough to make Riffley unworthy of Karen.

"I love her, I want her. All the time," he said to the bird. "He loves her when he wants her, some of the time. For him she's just the other woman—his wife."

With a flirt of its tail, the bird plunged into the water. The young doctor watched it emerge upstream, jaunty as ever, and its triumph seemed to him symbolic. "I'll ask Karen to marry me. Leave Riffley. Come with me, back to a nine-to-five, earthbound world . . ."

There was the sudden whistle, then, above the trees and the sizzle as the metal hit the water.

Except for feathering vapor trails the sky was serenely blue beyond the dark tips of redwoods. There was no other sign of the "Emmies." Not any scarlet shower like a Fourth-of-July salute. Not any puff of black smoke like the ack-ack Mark could remember from his waist-gunner days before he ever went to medical school. No more showering debris.

Trying for a wider view, he ran from the stream bank to a grassy clearing. There, a mile to the north, he could see something floating above the jagged rocks of the snowy peaks.

A parachute, hardly bigger at the distance than a cotton-wool puff. Beneath its grotesquely festive orange and white canopy he could make out a dangling black figure. Then it vanished behind the immediate forest.

Mark Brandon caught up his rod and ran. Not towards the north, but south where he had parked his car on a logging trail. It was not far, half a mile perhaps.

His emergency kit was in the locked trunk of the car. He got it, wishing frantically he had some plasma extender. But there was none. The bag held a minimum — but that would be better than nothing. If the man was alive. For the first time, Mark thought: What if he is Riffley?

For a moment he leaned against the car door to catch his breath. He realised there was no point in trying to drive any farther. Logs, rocks, mud of melting snow had halted him here in the first place. He must race back as he had come, on foot, searching for a man who was probably already a corpse. He shuddered, recalling the twisted metal fragment that had plunged into the stream.

The aircraft must have disintegrated, to hurl such a diminutive bit of wreckage. Its new automatic ejection system might have functioned to free the pilot. The parachute could have opened mindlessly, too.

But to eject at that speed, at that altitude, in explosive emergency . . . the man's chance to survive was one in a hundred.

And there was one chance in three that he was — had been —Riffley. Mark's heart thudded. If Riffley was dead, then the way would be smoothed for Mark and Karen. Free of scandal, shame, guilt.

His professional control then asserted itself. He returned to the car. The thermos bottle of coffee his nurse, Lieutenant Peggy Hayes, had surprised him with that morning — it would be valuable if the man was alive, could swallow.

The olive-drab blanket, too—dirty, but warm. Mark draped that over his shoulders, slipped the thermos bottle under his armpit, then caught up the scarlet can of emergency gasoline he always carried in his car. In the other hand he held his black bag. So, head bent, he plunged back into the forest.

Only conscience drove him. He admitted no hope. He was feeling, actually, the despair that had sometimes recurred since his teenage waist-gunner days when they had lost their bombardier in the B-17 on a Schweinfurt raid. A throat wound, it had been, and a tracheotomy might have saved him. But who was there to attempt it?

That had been when Mark Brandon had vowed to go into medicine if he himself should live. When the war and college ended, he went on from medical training to the Air Force School of Aviation Medicine to earn the wings of a flight surgeon.

He had dreamed, then, of being another Stapp, of being, in his field, as dedicated as Hal Riffley was in his.

But at his first base there was a polio epidemic that left three fine young men ruined. (And it seemed to Mark Brandon that only the next day there came the announcement of the Salk vaccine.) Then a jet trainer cracked up on take-off.

Apparently unhurt, the pilot walked away from the wreckage, only to die from shock and internal hemorrhage four hours later. And next was the young, horribly burned airman whose life Mark Brandon fought for so desperately. So successfully, he thought for a while. But no.

Dr. Mark Brandon came to think, then, that he was doomed to be forever behind in his skill, that the demands of God and death were mounting debts he could never meet.

Now he feared this frantic rescue attempt he was making was another such foredoomed affair. But still he climbed on and up across the giant fallen trees and the huge grey rocks.

Every breath cut like knives into his chest, and there was soon the coppery taste of blood at the back of his mouth.

He fell a dozen times with his awkward load, and he was wet and chilled from snow banks and soaked ground foliage.

Mark wondered if perhaps he had imagined it all — the fragment, the parachute — out of his desire to emerge somehow with honor from the triangle in which he was involved.

But overhead two — only two now — "Emmie" jets were sweeping the area. Back and forth they ranged. There was a poignancy about them, their third member missing. They were like geese trying to coax a dying bird into tropic flight once more.

So Mark stumbled on into the granite treachery of the crags above the river. He thought he was nearing the stone projection he had marked when he saw the parachute. But there was no further sign of wreckage from the jet.

How strange if it had been Riffley's body which had been floating down! Mark had the strongest conviction that it had been. Except that one did not associate disaster with Riffley.

Hal Riffley was, in his mid-thirties, an ace of two wars, with the Distinguished Flying Cross with clusters, and the Silver Star. But he was more than a killer shark attracting attention in peaceful waters. He was a jet pioneer, both brilliant test pilot and inspired instructor.

Riffley was one of those comets that flash occasionally through the Services, living legends, rare even in space. But since he seemed to view himself and the men who worked with him as machines, mathematically, predictable as the jets with

Desperately he searched his heart to know if the risk he must take was too high a price to pay for this man's life

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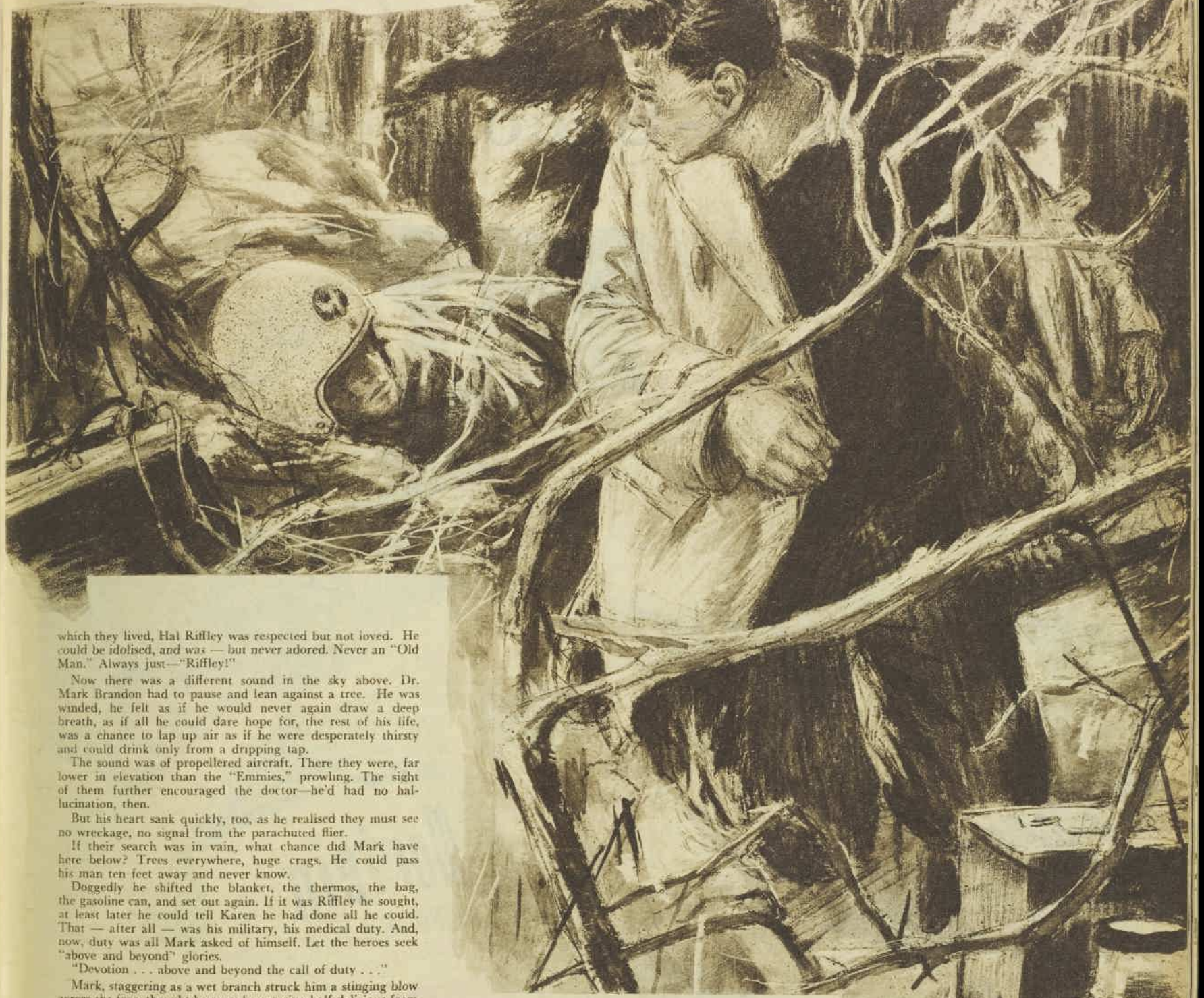
A dramatic short story

By RUTH TEMPEST



which they lived, Hal Riffley was respected but not loved. He could be idolised, and was — but never adored. Never an "Old Man." Always just—"Riffley!"

Now there was a different sound in the sky above. Dr. Mark Brandon had to pause and lean against a tree. He was winded, he felt as if he would never again draw a deep breath, as if all he could dare hope for, the rest of his life, was a chance to lap up air as if he were desperately thirsty and could drink only from a dripping tap.

The sound was of propellered aircraft. There they were, far lower in elevation than the "Emmies," prowling. The sight of them further encouraged the doctor—he'd had no hallucination, then.

But his heart sank quickly, too, as he realised they must see no wreckage, no signal from the parachuted flier.

If their search was in vain, what chance did Mark have here below? Trees everywhere, huge crags. He could pass his man ten feet away and never know.

Doggedly he shifted the blanket, the thermos, the bag, the gasoline can, and set out again. If it was Riffley he sought, at least later he could tell Karen he had done all he could. That — after all — was his military, his medical duty. And, now, duty was all Mark asked of himself. Let the heroes seek "above and beyond" glories.

"Devotion . . . above and beyond the call of duty . . ."

Mark, staggering as a wet branch struck him a stinging blow across the face, thought he must be growing half-delirious from fatigue and haste. Old quotations, snatches of songs, fragments of memories collided in his brain.

Devotion, to him, was no longer a word to be used in conjunction with a duty. Devotion was what he could give a woman — Karen. What Riffley would never give her.

He recalled clearly their first meeting. It was on a rushed, rainy winter day at the overcrowded, understaffed base hospital. Although he was a flight surgeon, Mark had given his services that morning to the dependents' clinic.

Lieutenant Hayes — Peggy was her name, although he never thought of her that way — had brought in a dozen case folders to his desk.

Then, a curious flush along her high cheek bones, she had held the door ajar, murmured, "Come in, please," and had vanished.

The girl who entered was tall and beautiful. She wore a red plaid raincoat and pulled off a little red plaid hat as she faced him. Before he looked at the beige folder in his hand, Dr. Brandon noticed that her eyes were panicky.

When she began, hesitatingly, to tell him she was depressed, sleepless, jittery, he thought it the familiar nerves. A new bride of a pilot, only beginning to realise the terrible potential in her vow. "Till death us do part." Then he opened the folder and saw her name. And realised: Riffley's wife!

Of course, he had heard Riffley was married. But the man seldom visited the club, seemed to have little social need after his daily communion with the sun. Mark found it hard to think of that Riffley as a man who would marry a child such as Karen. But as they talked, he realised that perhaps she had married him.

Too young to have survived hero-worship from either war —she was twenty-one—Karen had met Riffley at a party in Washington for officers there for a flyover. And she was quite old enough to enjoy testing her loveliness on a man who—just walking into the room — caused everyone to whisper, "There's Riffley!"

As she went on in her deep voice, Mark gathered there were still moments of soaring excitement in her marriage. But for Riffley those were only moments out of a lifetime of explosive triumphs.

To Karen, they were her marriage, her life. So, feeling baffled and forsaken, she had arrived at the hospital seeking sleeping-pill oblivion rather than recognition of her inadequacy.

When Mark suggested she talk to her husband, try to see whether they could take a short vacation together, panic returned to her eyes again. "No — I don't want him to know I've been here."

She mumbled something about the new aircraft in the squadron he commanded. These were the one-man bombers, the next step, the Air Force believed, to the manned missiles of the Final World War. They were an XB-number, of course, but the men at Todd had begun calling them the M.M.'s. Then, finally, "The Emmies."

Her excuse was a parrot's. Doctrinaire. Her man must never be needlessly disturbed. But Mark Brandon, from his

To page 23

When Mark looked at the injured man lying in the wreckage of the plane he recognised Riffley.

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Just one 4-second stroke of Mortein Pressure★Pak will blast every blighting insect in the room. The miracle Mortein Pressure★Pak mist penetrates everywhere . . . quickly killing all these dangerous, dirty, damaging, irritating pests—in or out of sight. Only Mortein Pressure★Pak is so thoroughly fatal to insects, yet so utterly harmless to YOU.

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Continuing . . . DECISION ON THE MOUNTAIN

from page 21

personal solitude and disillusion, had guessed what the girl actually feared.

Engrossed with his passion in the skies, he might be only unconcerned, indifferent to her troubled heart. Karen—needing only to be cherished—could not bear such knowledge.

Now Mark reflected that if he had said anything else to her they might never have realised their mutual need.

Then one day, horseback riding, Mark came on her when she had dismounted to shorten a stirrup.

The day was sunny and warm. Blackbirds gurgled by the rice fields. Overhead the ever-frantic jets screamed and twisted. Karen's hair was silken in the sun, delicate as a flower, and perfumed, too. And Mark Brandon suddenly caught her to him and blurted the words Riffley would never say, "I wish we could be together always."

So, then, they were terribly aware when they met. And they met often, although discreetly. But Mark knew they could not go on. If there was anything real between them they must face it. Riffley must be told.

It was to think it out that Mark had come up into the hills. But in his present exhaustion and feeling of futility, he wondered whether he would ever think rationally again.

Then he tripped and fell once more. He lay, almost sobbing, and knew he could go no farther.

He would light a signal fire here, using the gasoline to pour on wet wood. At least the sky searchers could pinpoint their hunt by mountain, by canyon.

With an effort he sat up and looked around for a suitable pile of rubbish. And then, above and beyond him on the mountainside, he saw a flash of color.

AT first he thought it was some bird. Then it signalled again in the mountain breeze. Orange. The parachute!

He did not believe he could possibly run. But Mark struggled up, gathered his equipment, and ran.

The pilot had come down somehow between trees so close it would not seem even a pine cone could penetrate them.

He was alive when he came down.

The parachute shrouded one tree side like a giant cocoon, but because of taller trees it was probably not visible from above. The parachutist had been suspended by it, perhaps eight feet off the ground, and had taken his sheath knife, had cut himself loose, and dropped.

There he lay, dead-still, looking like a lifeless green lizard in his tight-fitted pressure suit. Blood had soaked the dark ground even darker about him.

The man was Riffley. His face was battered, but Mark recognised him. Indifferently—for all that he was seeking was life. And life was there.

Mark had no chance, however, for relief. Or, in an instant, for hope. For next he saw the source of the blood and the old despair entered his heart once more. Once again — too late!

Riffley had broken his right leg ejecting from the plane. Perhaps the fracture had been compounded then, perhaps when he had cut himself loose from the tree and fallen. But jagged bone had torn the leg mortally.

He must have retained consciousness for a while. And even in his agony and his awful solitude, the young colonel had made a gallant further effort to save his life.

He had attempted to put a tourniquet upon his leg, using the yellow scarf the men of the "Emmie" outfit affected. But in his weakness he had not tightened it sufficiently.

Slowly he had continued to bleed all the time Mark was trying to reach him. Now he was dying.

Mark did all the things he could do for Riffley with what equipment he had in his bag. Stopping the bleeding — too late, too late mocked the flies, echoed by the jets buzzing overhead. Ripping down the parachute and placing Riffley upon it in shock position, saving a section for a windbreak between two trees.

He covered him with the blanket; his own jacket, too. But Riffley's grey, sunken face seemed to dwindle before his eyes, the pulse barely perceptible, the breathing rapid.

Oh, for plasma, for whole blood!

There was no more he could do. Except to summon help. And overhead the planes which could bring it were still maintaining their lonely sweep.

Mark snatched the gasoline can and dashed from the chapel of trees. He noticed some rubbish set off fairly well from the forest, so that his fire might not be spread from it by wind. He doused the gasoline on it and tossed a match.

The wood and brush were very soggy. There was smoke, then, although not so black as he could wish. But if they were alert up above . . .

Then he abruptly realised what he should have done before he set the signal fire. It might attract the attention of the aircraft. But they could not know he was here. They would assume he was Riffley, miraculously safe.

Mark staggered down the slope to where there was a snow area, saved from thaw by a shield of mighty trees. He was familiar with the C.A.A.'s ground-to-air emergency signals. But he knew there was no time to trample an SOS in the snow before his signal fire burned out.

The gound-to-air emergency code calls for symbols at least ten feet high. He should have thought to hack out orange strips from the parachute . . . but it was too late for regret.

He began to trample out a long dark line in the snow. How ironical — NEED DOCTOR, it meant. Doctor needs doctor, "officer needs help."

A plane circled. Mark began a parallel strip beside the first. The signal would then read, NEED MEDICAL SUPPLIES.

If he could just explain he needed blood plasma desperately! But they were probably not equipped to drop the stuff to him.

He had hardly begun the second line when the plane came racketing down.

Smoke still gusted from his fire. That was what the aircraft had spotted. It flew nearer. Mark Brandon stood in his snowfield by his inadequate signal and waved his arms. The plane was over him now.

And then suddenly he saw the plane rock its wings. It soared up, banked, rocked its wings again, and flew towards Todd. Message received!

The doctor hurried back to Riffley. If only he could tell him help was coming. If only he was still alive.

The man still breathed. Barely. When Mark saw the ghastly, skeletoning face, heard the struggling breath, he lost what momentary elation he had known. He had at last to admit: All he had been able to do was not enough.

As a flight surgeon he knew Todd Air Force Base was not equipped to parachute medical help. Now that they knew where Riffley was, they would send help by car. Eighty miles from the base. Then the long tortuous hike that Mark himself had made! Riffley would never live that long.

But since Mark had signalled for a doctor — they might, aware of emergency, try to send in a helicopter. Unfortunately, the nearest air-sea rescue squadron was on the coast, two hundred miles from Todd in flying distance.

There was a chance that a helicopter had been dispatched from it the moment word was sent of the lost jet.

Mark could not know. He suspected the call for a rescue chopper would have gone out only now — with the signal that Riffley was alive.

Shivering without his coat, Mark picked up the quart thermos bottle Lieutenant Peggy Hayes had given him. It had been for her a rare, bold gesture. "Fishing again, I suppose? Here's something to warm your heart. Think of me!"

He started to pour himself a cup of coffee. A small comfort in his death watch. He thought his heart would never be warmed again. God and death would bankrupt him this time.

"Think of me," Peggy had said. Mark pictured her suddenly as she had once helped in emergency surgery. Competent, intent, hurrying with the life-saving bottle of whole blood.

Hastily he opened the neck of Riffley's pressure suit and caught up the dog tags within. Blood type — A POS, it read.

Mark Brandon was blood type O, the universal donor. Positive Rh, too.

Somehow, could he try making a blood transfusion from himself to Riffley?

He dared not attempt it. He thought of the careful cross-matching required in hospitals. Determining sub-types, rechecking . . . He saw this man racked with chills, convulsed, killed by a desperate, deadly gift.

But what did Riffley have left to lose — but his life? It would be at least two hours before any help could reach him. He could never last that long. His time was numbered now in minutes, not hours.

> **In extreme danger fear turns a deaf ear to every feeling of pity.**
> ***—Julius Caesar***

There was no choice. Well, only one. The doctor made that one — he prayed. "Oh, God, help us!" Not God and death, then, any more. He and God — against death.

Pour out the coffee. Was it hot enough to sterilise the bottle? Well, he had a little alcohol. Needle. Pressure band. Tube. The thermos bottle had — thank heaven — a thin plastic cap rather than a cork. Tight-fitting and easily pierced.

But the blood had to have an anti-clotting agent. And Mark had nothing to substitute. Then he remembered back during the early days of his training when glass beads were used to keep the blood from clotting.

He took Riffley's dog-tag chain from his neck. It was issue—tiny steel pearls. Dipped in alcohol, tossed into the bottle, the pellets might work if he could keep them agitated.

Finally Mark Brandon's own blood began to fill the bottle. He lay, trying for calm, knowing the time he must take to give and listening all the while for Riffley's last breath.

He could almost imagine what Riffley must have felt, suspended in nowhere, bleeding to death, aware how remote his chances for rescue must be, and still trying with a terrible valor to prolong his life. To fly again . . .

A solitary man in a lonely struggle. Mark had never thought of Riffley before as lonely. Now he wished the man could know there was a friend beside him.

Mark dared not fill the whole quart bottle. He knew he had given far more than a pint, though. When he began to prepare to make the transfusion he was swept with dizziness and nausea. And then he thought he would never find a vein in the colonel's frame.

A vein, and the needle in. The blood began to flow. Mark Brandon knelt by Riffley's side, shivering with chill and bouts of giddiness, shaking the thermos bottle filled with the anti-clotting pellets.

It was working! The miracle of transfusion began to show, as if a tight bud unfurled. No color in the white face, but the look of ashes going.

MARK BRANDON knelt and gave away his blood to the man he had wanted to despise. His head bent. "Thank you, God."

He had no idea any more of time. An hour — two hours — he was numb with fatigue. There was a buzzing in his head. But the transfusion was complete. And Hal Riffley actually moved ever so slightly and murmured something.

"Karen," he whispered.

The buzzing seemed to grow louder. Finally Mark realised it was a rescue helicopter, circling, and now dropping towards the snowfield for a landing.

On the way back to Todd in a staff car Mark realised that until Riffley spoke her name he had not thought of Karen. Not when the big job was there to be done. With a rueful smile he thought, I am truly Riffley's blood brother, then.

When he reached the hospital Karen came to meet him. She did not look so young any more, but her face, with the gently patient expression some Service wives wear, was even more beautiful. She said formally, "I must thank you. They think he'll make it."

All he felt was weary, pleasant release, as he said: "I'm glad. For both of you."

The lovely eyes that had not as yet wept looked into his. "Mark — waiting, wondering — I — I knew how much he means to me. The time he has for me — if that is all he has — is better than no time at all."

Mark Brandon had one more hurt to mend. "Karen, the only thing he spoke —"

"Yes?"

"Your name. 'Karen.'"

Her hand flew to her mouth. Her eyes brimmed. Then she was gone, back to her husband.

Dr. Mark Brandon sat alone, never so tired in his life before. But not too tired to savor the peace in his heart.

A nurse entered. Peggy Hayes. "Doctor — they want you to rest."

He said very sternly, "The coffee you gave me. You said to think of you. I did. But I never got to drink any."

The familiar flush touched her cheeks. Why, how pretty she is, he thought. She offered quickly, "I'll get some now—"

Gently he pulled her back. He wanted to talk, to share his day with this girl who would understand, this girl who had saved the day for him. "No, Peggy," Mark said. "There's lots of time for that. Plenty of time for us."

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Maggie was a square and the beat generation was way out to her, so naturally she didn't dig it when he called her a real cool cat . . . an amusing short story

BEAUTY AND THE BEATNIK

By HARRIET FRANK, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

THE first time I saw him he was making a still life out of himself, a United States Navy hammock, a bottle of beer, a stack of magazines, a ginger cat, and what appeared to be a pyramid of assorted sandwiches. He was wearing Army pants, a ski sweater of Tyrolean design, a battered straw hat, and a look of absolute beatitude. It was nine o'clock of a Monday morning.

"He's gorgeous," murmured my room-mate Milly. She propped herself on the window sill of our apartment and sighed languorously into the pale California sunshine. I made a small moue of disdain.

"It's Monday," I said. "Most people go to work on Monday."

"He's putting suntan oil on his face," said Milly. She has a marvellous talent for the irrelevant. She turned a rapt, excited face to me. "You know what I think?" she demanded.

I gathered up my books and my lunch. "Yes, dear," I said wearily, "you think he's unmarried, rich, eligible, kind, clean, and trustworthy. You think one of us should make a move in his direction. Well, lots of luck, pet. I'm late for work."

"He just stood up," announced Milly triumphantly, "and he is at least six feet two inches tall. In his stockinged feet!"

I cast a cursory, contemptuous glance out of the window. "He's tall, all right," I said, "but I have a strong feeling that he is also unemployed."

"He's got a terribly intense face," murmured Milly. She peered near-sightedly out the window. "I think he's probably one of those beatniks."

"Milly, dear," I said, "I work a fifty-eight-hour week, retire late and rise early. I am, as a matter of fact, somewhat out of the main stream of American life. What," I demanded, "is a beatnik?"

"Don't you keep up with anything?" sighed Milly.

"Listen, lambie," I retorted, "I am employed by the gas company five days a week. From seven to ten I attend night classes at S.C. Saturdays and holidays I work on my doctor's dissertation in the public library. I see my dentist twice a year. How am I supposed to know about beatniks?"

"A beatnik," said Milly, "is a member of the beat generation."

"A rose is a rose is a rose. You'll have to do better than that," I said, "or I'm out the door."

"The beat generation," said Milly with some asperity, "is sick and tired of everything. Except basics."

I regarded her blankly.

"Basics," she reiterated. "You know. Food, sex, jazz—stuff like that."

"Oh," I said, "you mean tramps."

"Not tramps. They just spend most of their time thinking about how terrible the world is and all. Some of 'em write books and some of them play the guitar.

"There's a whole bunch of 'em in San Francisco, but they're beginning to spread out all over. We've got quite a few down here now."

"Heaven help us," I said tartly, "if that male specimen taking his ease next door is beat. He's all yours. I won't be home until late tonight. I'll be at the university."

"You're getting to be a regular drudge, Maggie, you know that?"

"Milly, my lightheaded friend," I said gently, "I come from hard-working stock. My father hasn't had a vacation from his law practice for thirty-five years. My mother was named Woman of the Year in Salinas because she never stops.

"My brother is working his way through medical school. My grandfather is the oldest practicing geographer in the United States. Our family motto is, 'Drop in Your Tracks.' Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll get on with it."

"You're twenty-five, and you're not married," threatened Milly.

"Ah," I said, "but I am, I hope, a useful, solvent, active member of society, which is more than I can say for your languorous friend out there."

"You haven't even eaten your breakfast," cried Milly maternally.

"Haven't time. I'll nibble an orange on the bus."

I ran down the stairs—it takes me one minute and ten seconds—and rushed down the path to the gate.

"Morning," drawled a soft male voice somewhere to my right. "Great day, isn't it?"

I glanced over my shoulder. What I saw was straight out of a Gauguin painting. A bronzed male, arms behind his head, surveying the world from a supine position in the hammock. I nodded my head briefly and struggled with the latch.

"My name's Pete Cass," he said genially.

I digested the information in stony silence. I've begged our landlady to fix the gate. It slows me down half a minute every single morning.

"Give you a hand with that?" He rose to a half-sitting position.

"Please don't disturb yourself," I said with a slightly critical edge to my tone.

"I've got all day and nothing to do," he said and got to his feet. He moved gracefully to my side, made a few desultory motions over the latch and it swung open. "That's the work for today," he said, grinning down at me.

"Well," I said, trying to edge past him, "I'll leave you to rest from your labors."

"You get off with this speed every morning, lady?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Punctuality is the courtesy of kings," I said.

"It'll kill you." He lounged across the gate. "A young, pretty thing like you." He shook his head ruefully. "You ought to slow down. Day like this—walk to work. Listen to the bird song."

"I am expected at my place of business at nine-thirty, sharp. It's now nine-twenty-seven."

"Well, off you go," he said lazily. "Me, I'm going to work a double crostic. See you tonight."

"I return very late," I snapped, "very late indeed."

"Boy-friend?"

"Gainful employment!"

"You stop for dinner?"

"Of course."

"Care to have it with me?"

"Mr. Cass, you are a complete stranger to me."

"You know the lady next door?"

"Certainly. Mrs. Taylor."

"Nice old lady."

"Very nice."

"I'm her nice young nephew. Where do you work? I'll pick you up."

"Southern California Gas Company," I murmured in some astonishment.

"Meet you at five. Long dinner hour. Very relaxing." He turned his back on me, sauntered to the hammock, collapsed into it with an audible sigh and closed his eyes. I ran for my bus.

My day at work was not entirely satisfactory. The girl at the desk next to mine had just got engaged and sat staring into the unfathomable mysteries of her diamond ring for the greater part of the morning. Someone across the room had last night's gardenia pinned to her dress, and the office air was heavy with its penetrating odor.

The clerk-typist whistled airs from Franz Lehar, and the safe, sane world of public utilities was suddenly enveloped in the atmosphere of a Viennese spring. I found myself absentmindedly dabbing cologne behind my ears, and for the first time in my life I watched the clock hands edge towards closing hour.

He won't show up, anyway, I told myself, and even if he does there is no room in my life for indolence and hanky-panky. I am a budding young economist with my feet on the ground and my face turned towards the future. Beatniks are for the birds!

"Anybody for pizza?"

I looked up. He stood on the threshold of my workaday world with, so help me, a guitar slung over his shoulder and one of those earthy-looking bottles of red wine tucked under his arm.

"I've come to take you out of all this," he said, grinning.

"Mr. Cass," I said faintly, "I have thirty-five minutes for dinner. Then I am due at the university for a seminar in postwar economic trends."

"They're inflationary," he said, "and we won't even get through the hors d'oeuvres in thirty-five minutes. I've got some swinging friends in a pad out Santa Monica way who will dig you the most. Come on."

The next thing I knew I was seated in a very advanced-type sports car and we were headed into the sunset. The palm trees made a dramatic pattern against the colorful sky. The traffic, bumper to bumper, was a necklace of light unfolding before us.

"Now are we with it or are we not?" inquired Mr. Cass with a pleased smile on his face. "Only squares live on Grub Street. I give you this lovely world at day's end. I give you the prospect of the fatted calf, wit, and wine."

"Where are we going?" I asked plaintively.

"Carol and Jimmy Ellenbogin's. A buddy and his frau without peer. Quality folk."

"But they don't know me," I protested.

"Open house from sunup to sundown. Cricket on the hearth, pot on the boil. No problem."

"But I'm due at the university. Mr. Cass, I am eight weeks away from oral examinations. I have study and research to complete."

"Life," said Mr. Cass sonorously, "is meant to be lived."

"Yes," I retorted tartly, "with some purpose in mind."

"You give the old grindstone quite a workout, don't you?" he asked with a shrewd sidelong stare.

"I suppose you know the fable of the Grasshopper and the Ant," I countered.

"Yeah. Very downbeat-type story."

"I suppose all this indolence is a tenet of your — well, your cult."

"My what?"

"Your social group. The so-called 'lost' or 'beat' generation of which you are a member."

"Well, if we're talking about the same tribe, most of my friends understand the fine art of planning it cool. Yes, ma'am."

"I see," I said with a disdainful sniff.

"You don't now, lady, but you will."

He swung the car into a precipitous driveway that ended in a small beach house which looked as if it had been deposited there by the forces of wind and water.

A girl wearing blue jeans and a polo shirt with the legend Jefferson Junior High emblazoned across it emerged from the door. She had a baby tucked under one arm and a loaf of French bread under the other.

"Pete," she shouted joyfully, "low life, how are you?"

"Rare, very rare. Are we invited for dinner?"

"Sure. Jimmy's got a bouillabaisse going in there." She came up and leaned on the car. She looked at my nine-to-five dress, and suddenly her manner became diffident and shy. "I don't know your friend, Pete."

"Don't fret, honey, neither do I . . . What is your name, by the way?"

"Pete's just terrible," confided Mrs. Ellenbogin.

"I'm Maggie Warren," I said, "and I'm afraid this is a terrible imposition."

"I don't see why," said Mrs. Ellenbogin. "There are twenty-eight others in there right this very cotton-pickin' minute." Her little boy began to squirm and scream.

She thrust him at Pete. "Play him something atonal on that guitar while I bring in some firewood. The natives are really restless tonight." Pete took the baby, hoisted him expertly on his shoulder and beckoned me to follow him inside.

First, let me explain that I grew up in a household furnished with golden-oak furniture and The Blue Boy hanging over the fireplace. My mother is also very fond of family portraits in silver frames suitably tinted. I was not, in any sense of the word, prepared for the Maison Ellenbogin.

To begin with, there were the walls. They were painted from floor to ceiling with a kind of frenetic abstraction in green and red. At first glance I thought it was the work of the children, maddened by confinement on a rainy day. Then I saw it was signed by none other than Jimmy Ellenbogin himself.

There were no chairs. There were no tables either. Cushions and stools, a burning brazier in the centre of the room and Chinese paper lanterns made it look like The World of Suzie Wong. Our host, wearing a Churchillian siren-suit, was tending a large cannibalistic-appearing pot out of which rose the smell of fish smothered in fish.

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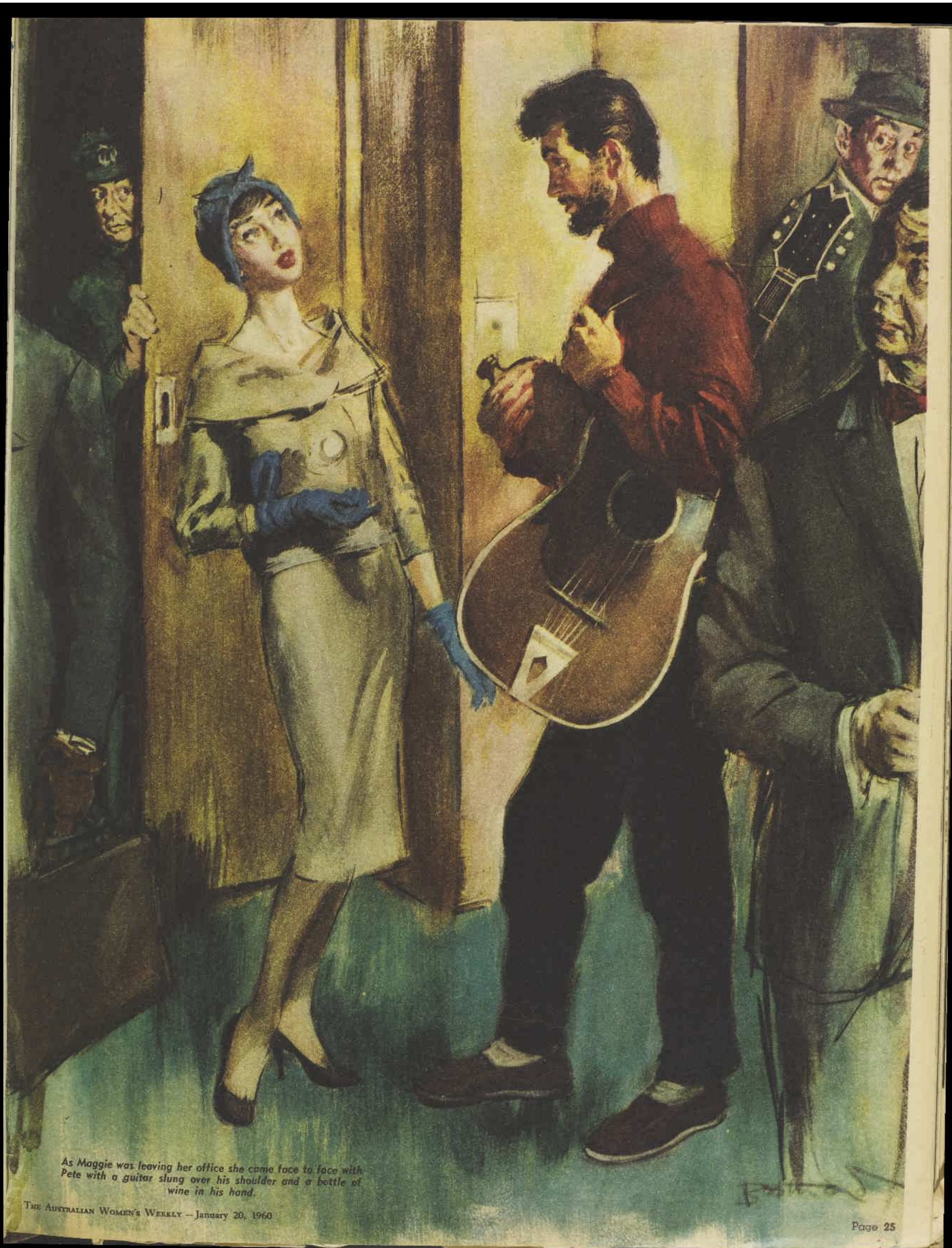

As Maggie was leaving her office she came face to face with Pete with a guitar slung over his shoulder and a bottle of wine in his hand.

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The Rescuers

Concluding our serial for children

By MARGERY SHARP

SUCCESS at last crowns the efforts of the three brave mice, MISS BIANCA, BERNARD, AND NILS, members of the Prisoners' Aid Society, hidden in the Black Castle to rescue a poor Norwegian poet. Miss Bianca finds a few words in Norwegian written on a scrap of paper hidden in the fur of MAMELOUK, the wicked cat. She also learns from Mamelouk that the gaolers are all off duty for a New Year's Eve party. Then Nils discovers an old water-gate leading into the castle's dungeon corridor from the river itself. However, they find every door set in solid rock, and there is no way for them to get in unless they have a key. They determine to make their rescue attempt on New Year's Day, and when it dawns they pack up their possessions and leave the mousehole in the Head Gaoler's room, where they have hidden for so long. NOW READ ON:

ALONG the corridor they hurried, down some stairs, along a corridor and down more stairs again. It was all strange territory to Miss Bianca, but Nils and Bernard, after their explorations, ran on unhesitatingly. Not a soul besides themselves was about.

Empty stretched the corridors, unguarded the stairs: all gaolers save one, as Mamelouk had foretold, lay, still a-bed, quite unable to lift head from pillow . . .

But where was that one?

As the mice approached the corridor above the dungeons they began to take more care. At the last flight of steps Nils crept on in advance while Bernard and Miss Bianca waited halfway down. "I hope he won't be long!" whispered Miss Bianca — for now that even their own footsteps were stilled the silence was frightening, the whole weight of the Castle seemed to press down on them like an enormous million-times-magnified paw . . .

Then back Nils called in triumph, they hurried after, and beheld inert against an iron door — holding it open like a door-stop — the gaoler with the food pans!

He had just got so far before collapsing. The pans and their contents lay scattered all about. To Miss Bianca's extreme relief there was obviously no need to use force on him, for he was sound asleep.

What a moment that should have been! —what a half-moment, indeed, it was! But scarcely had the mice savored their triumph than they perceived something they hadn't bargained for.

There was no bunch of keys at the fat gaoler's belt. The key-ring dangled far out of reach overhead, where he had left it in the lock of the smooth iron door.

No mouse can run up smooth iron.

"Now what do we do?" muttered Nils desperately.

"Think!" said Bernard.. "We can't be beaten now!"

Enormous above them, like a mountain, loomed the bulk of the big fat gaoler. Like a mountain! Bernard had been mountaineering with Nils half the previous day; and the top of the gaoler's head lolled only an inch below the lock . . .

"Stand ready to catch!" cried Bernard recklessly.

The Duke of Wellington would have been proud of him, as Bernard now acted on the inspiration of the moment. So was Miss Bianca proud of him, as Bernard, without the slightest hesitation, leapt up on to the gaoler's outstretched foot and ran up his leg, and then across his big heaving stomach — it heaved like an earthquake — and then up on to his shoulder.

"Oh, pray take care!" called Miss Bianca — almost too far below to be heard! Bernard waved back and mountaineered on. Across the gaoler's face was a traverse to dismay the most expert, where beard-stubble gave place to bare flesh it was like traversing polished rock.

Bernard only just managed it — and only just in time. The mountain turned volcano as the gaoler sneezed; but Bernard, his foot at the roots of bushy hair, had plenty to hang on to.

The gaoler sneezed, but in his sleep. Courageous Bernard plunged ever on. He attained the flat top of the gaoler's very cap, and then with a supreme effort launched himself at the dangling keys above. Twice and thrice he swung his full weight from them; then out they came from the lock, and he and key-ring together cascaded jangling down!

"Over to you, Nils!" gasped Bernard.

Nils instantly ran on. There was no time, now, for praise or congratulations. Bernard and Miss Bianca followed, dragging the keys between them. Beyond the comatose gaoler stretched the dungeon-corridor itself; with, set in its floor, at intervals of two or three yards, the gratings over the dungeons.

Nils ran swiftly from one to the next, calling through each a word of Norwegian. The suspense was almost unbearable, for suppose the gaoler should really wake? An age seemed to pass before at the very last Nils halted. Had someone answered? Evidently yes! "The keys!" cried Nils.

Between them they pushed the keys through the bars, easing them side by side on the ring, then easing the ring through, too, and heard it fall below. "Norway for ever!" cried Nils — and unhesitatingly launched himself after.

So did Bernard. Miss Bianca, peering down, in a matter of seconds saw his handkerchief stretched to receive her. Fortunately it was a very large handkerchief, more like a young tablecloth, but even so she had to shut her eyes before she could nerve herself to follow. Indeed, only a joint cry of "Be brave, Miss Bianca!" gave her the necessary impetus. But it did. She shut her eyes and jumped.

A moment later they were all three together in the Norwegian prisoner-poet's dungeon. The first stage of the unachievable had been achieved.

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Brave Bernard began carefully to release the keys.

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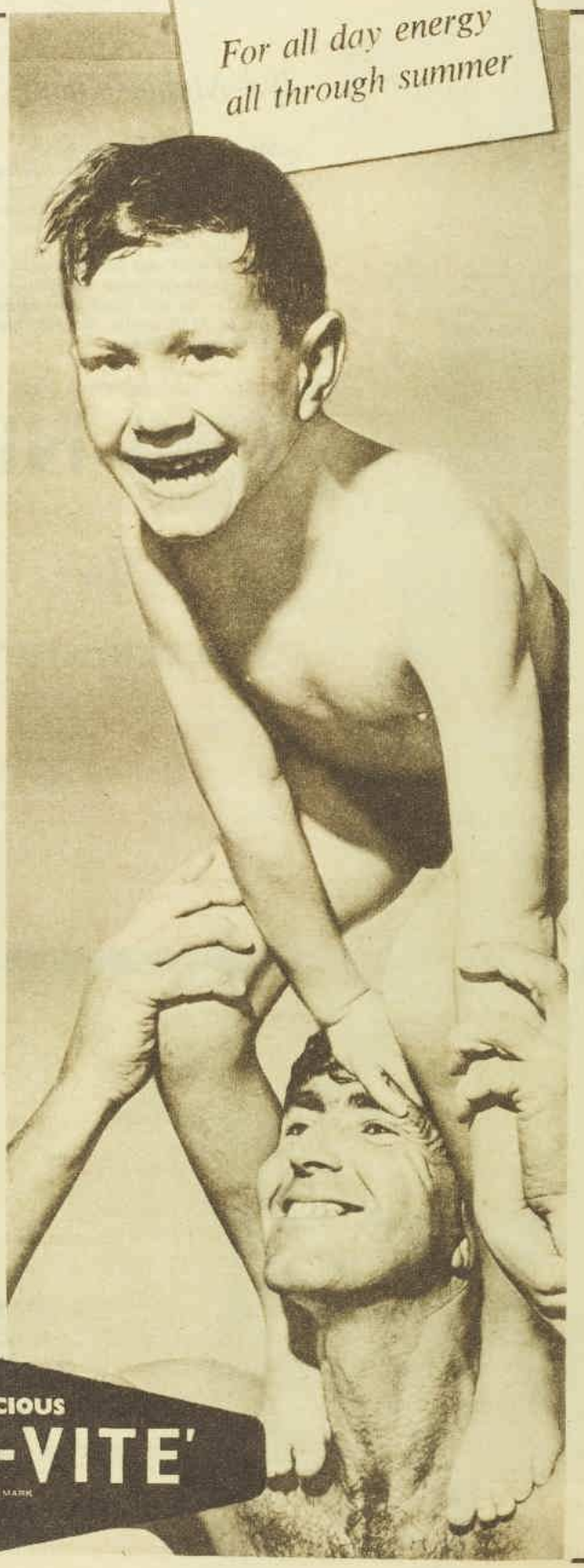

A daily glass of 'AKTA-VITE' builds up energy reserves for those trying summer days!

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'AKTA-VITE' is easy to take

There are a variety of appetising ways in which to take 'AKTA-VITE' . . . straight from the spoon; sprinkled on cereals or sweet dishes; in sandwiches; but the most popular at this time of year is in a long glass of cold milk—*whenever you feel like it!* This has a refreshing, invigorating effect.

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The expectant or nursing mother needs more vitamins than normally. 'AKTA-VITE' is the surest way she can get them. Also, 'AKTA-VITE' milk drinks have been found to be invaluable in helping mothers breast-feed their babies by improving the milk supply.

FOR GROWING YOUNGSTERS
Growing children literally "burn" energy . . . and vitamins are essential to help build up their reserves. 'AKTA-VITE' gives them the vitamins in a delicious form children like. Children who dislike milk, love it when 'AKTA-VITE' is added.

FOR STRENUOUS SPORTS
People playing sport place an enormous strain on reserve physical power . . . they need all the energy their bodies can produce from the food they eat. The vitamins in 'AKTA-VITE' help the body use the food efficiently. 'AKTA-VITE' is recommended during training for any strenuous sports.

FOR TEENAGERS
The combination of growing, studying and "going out" is one which can tax a teenager's reserves severely. Meals often become mere snacks. 'AKTA-VITE' is a valuable vitamin supplement during these years . . . helping to keep vitamin reserves at a safe level for growth, energy and resistance.

FOR CONVALESCENTS
The 'AKTA-VITE' way to rebuild is a sure and natural way, because it ensures full amounts of vitamins A, B, C and D. Moreover, the pleasant taste of 'AKTA-VITE' has a particular appeal at any time when many are inclined to be more "finicky" than usual.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE
The housewife nowadays bears a heavy burden and often feels far from well, though not actually ill. It is in these vague conditions that 'AKTA-VITE' can be of great value.

ASK YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST HE KNOWS

A power for health
Daily 'AKTA-VITE'
costs only 2½ d. a day

DELICIOUS
'AKTA-VITE'
TRADE MARK

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LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

Migrant's plea for friendliness

ON behalf of New Australians, particularly fellow Italian migrants, I beg of you Australians to help us enjoy your beautiful, wonderful country. Most Australians shun us because we are foreigners. Maybe we dress and speak differently, but underneath we are the same as you. If you were to help us understand your ways, which are new and strange to us, we would not form "Little Italys" and "Little Germanys."

£1/1/- to Miss Anna Gionese, North Hobart, Tas.

Jolly stout idea

WHY are men and women the only creatures we don't like to see fat? We like chubby children, plump little chickens, a lovely fat cow, a sleek horse, roly-poly puppies, fat lambs, cuddly pussies, and even fine fat fish. But let a man get fat and he is deemed stout or, even worse, corpulent. And the overweight woman is insulted with the term "obese."

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. M. Hart, Atherton, Qld.

Give her a name

PERHAPS "Anti-Mum," who objected to men referring to their wives as "Mum," would like her husband to use the name by which my husband often refers to me—"The Managing Director." Australian men, with their lack of sophistication, cover their real feelings by using these somewhat odd names, but I like it.

£1/1/- to M. Martin, Mildura, Vic.

Gentle Japanese

I AGREE with Miss Edna Courtman that a Western woman would be deserted if she docilely fussed over her husband. But I would also like to point out that Japanese women do not fuss over men. A Japanese woman's attention often goes unnoticed by her husband because she is cool and dainty in her approach to tasks over which Western women make themselves hot, untidy, and disagreeable. It is not the docility but the femininity of Oriental women that men like.

£1/1/- to "Feminine" (name supplied), Fairfield, Brisbane.

ANSWERING Miss Edna Courtman, I for one would not hold an Oriental wife in contempt. I'm searching for one. As an Australian man nearing forty, I would love and appreciate an Oriental girl as a wife. Australian girls should copy Oriental females for happier males.

£1/1/- to Fred Davison, Enmore, N.S.W.

Real Mums don't

WHY is the dressing so glamorous in advertisements which show women working round the house? Housewives do not work in silks and high heels.

£1/1/- to Beverley Harding, Windsor, Vic.

READERS IN CLOVER

● If four- and five-leaf clovers are good omens, luck has come to Letter Box. Several readers have sent pressed leaves (above, a sample) in reply to "Clover Picker," who asked if finding 11 four-leaf clovers and six five-leaf in seven months was a record.

I DOUBLED "Clover Picker's" score in a couple of minutes, and still they grow. Where? Just a few paces from the back door where I live. What luck — good or bad — who can tell?

£1/1/- to Mrs. Kathleen Chase, Toongabbie, N.S.W.

IN the last month I have found 30 four-leaf clovers. It might be hard to believe, but I did. I'm very proud of my collection.

£1/1/- to Miss Lorraine Hogan, Lindsay View, via Kyogle, N.S.W.

DURING the past ten years I have not found any four-leaf clovers, or any five-leaf clovers. And I have not found any anchors, either. Beat that!

£1/1/- to T. L. Pemberton, Balwyn, Vic.

SINCE November 5, 1959, I have found 17 four-leaf clovers and five five-leaf clovers. I am enclosing one of each for proof, and also sending a three-leaf clover.

£1/1/- to "Clover," Wauchope, N.S.W.

Space for science

IT is fortunate that scientists and world leaders are not as near-sighted as "Earthling," who wants to halt space discovery until all the problems on this planet have been conquered. History has proved we must progress mentally and physically all the time and not wait for perfection to be achieved in one small corner of the world. Scientists working on space travel have nothing to do with those engaged in the elimination of disease and hunger, whose work will continue whether space is conquered or not. Let's stop being stagnant and complacent, and give all scientists encouragement and respect.

£1/1/- to Nerolie Champion, Villawood, N.S.W.

Delinquent dogs

I AM a dog owner, and an advocate of leash laws. Our dog does not tramp through other people's property, committing nuisances, or tip over garbage pails in the street. As delinquent children are the offspring of lazy parents, so are delinquent dogs the product of so-called "dog lovers," who find it easier to let neighbors supervise the activities of their canine friends!

£1/1/- to Mrs. Noella Espuler, Forest Hill, Vic.

Broken pledge

IN the marriage service, a bridegroom vows he will endow his bride with all his worldly goods. This being so, how can a husband later make a will bequeathing only part of his estate to his wife? She should be entitled to everything. A widow's future is often at the mercy of some caprice of her late husband.

£1/1/- to "Trudy" (name supplied), Kingsway, Vic.

Ross Campbell writes...

ONE good thing can be said about diseases and disasters.

They make the art of family letter-writing possible.

When I write to relations in distant places I find it hard to fill the required amount of paper with cheering information.

It is not that I have a particularly unhappy life. But it seems boring to mention such items as: "I enjoyed dinner last night very much—kippers, yum, yum!" If I refer to food it is in a different strain: "Poor Gwen had a bad gastric turn after dinner last night. I think it must have been the kippers."

Because I emphasise the darker side in my letters, the people who receive them think life at our place is more gloomy than it actually is. In this respect we are like the Peruvians.

You have probably noticed that nothing nice about the Peruvians gets into the papers.

They can have birthday parties, win lotteries, or dance in the streets without anyone taking notice of them.

WOE ! WOE !

But let some of them get killed in an earthquake or shot during an election and you will see headlines saying: "300 Die In Peru." Shaking your head, you mutter: "Poor old Peruvians! In strife again!"

The reason is that newspaper correspondents follow the same rule as private ones—bad news is interesting news.

Some families, which are more

than usually prone to illnesses and accidents, enjoy an advantage in their letter-writing. Our friend Mrs. Dorkins belongs to such a clan.

Often she drops in to read us the latest letter from her mother. On her face is a look which means: "If you have tears, prepare to shed them now."

Mrs. Dorkins' mother usually begins with a deceptively light touch. She may say: "We are glad to hear that Nell's baby has stopped having convulsions."

But she soon warms to her work, and the casualties mount rapidly.

"Poor Charlie is having more kidney trouble," she said in her last epistle. "He looks just a bag of bones now. I fear he is not long for this world.

"I suppose you know that old Mrs. Harbucket passed away. It was a happy release after all she has been through.

"Norah's boy Clarrie has broken his leg again. He fell out of a window at a New Year's Eve party." And so on.

Not many of us have access to such rich letter material as Mrs. Dorkins' mother does. We can only try to make the most of the small miseries that come our way.

I have a touch of lumbago that is coming on nicely. It should make a couple of paragraphs when I write to Auntie Belle.

I'm the Brent Serviceman! I've got the easiest job in town because . . .

BRENT NEVER GOES WRONG!

Ask any plumber! He'll tell you that's why you should install a Brent Cistern in your home.

Brent's patented flushing action is so simply designed it just can't go wrong and the solid drawn brass case guarantees a lifetime of service. And you'll like the pleasing design and beautiful glossy colours that wipe clean so easily.

Recommended by Architects, Builders & Plumbers.

STANDARD FLUSHING CAPACITIES—2½ gallons (Vic., N.S.W., Tas., S.A.) 2 gallons (W.A.), 3 gallons (Qld.). For areas where septic tanks are used, Brent Cisterns are available in 6 pint (7½ pint in N.S.W.) and normal flushing capacity models.

Available from all leading Builders' and Plumbers' suppliers

BOURNE SUPER LIQUID PLASTIC is available from LEADING HARDWARE STORES and FLOOR SANDERS everywhere.

Sole A'asian Agents: KEDNOR Pty. Ltd., 513 Elizabeth St., South Sydney. MX5455.

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"No other beauty soap quite so gentle"

says Claire Kelly

Now Lux bath size comes in four exquisite pastels in addition to famous white Lux toilet soap, which has guarded the complexions of the world's famous movie stars for over 30 years.

CLAIRE KELLY starring in M.G.M's "ASK ANY GIRL"

That's the beauty of LUX

The specialness of Lux is the gentleness of Lux. It radiates in the softness of the world's loveliest complexions. Like Claire Kelly's. Like those of 9 out of 10 Hollywood stars who use Lux regularly. Discover for yourself the *natural gentleness* of Lux . . . the *caressing Lux lather* that makes your skin feel so smooth . . . and the quiet *Lux fragrance* that blends so softly with your own perfume. Be a little lovelier each day . . . use mild, creamy Lux toilet soap — it can do as much for *you* as it does for any Hollywood star.

Lux pastels add a note of colour to your bath.

L207

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WORTH REPORTING

HOW does it feel to be a company director at 25?

Wonderful — according to Shirley McKay, Cynthia Moore, and Paul de Leuil, who must be among the youngest company directors in Sydney.

They're a designing trio, too. Qualified textile designers, they recently pooled their savings and bought the company they were working for.

"One night a week we stay behind to cope with correspondence," Shirley McKay told us. "I type the letters, Paul deals with the banking side of things, and Cynthia puts in an extra evening of designing."

At first they had a few sleepless nights wondering if they could really make a go of it. But now business is increasing.

They watch European and American trends in designing —now it's the Oriental influence—and often work together if a pattern is proving tricky.

"Most of the time we forget we're our own bosses," they said, "except when there's a rush order. Because it's our own business we work day, night, and weekends if necessary.

"And paydays are a little sparse. We draw just enough to cover necessities and plough the rest back into the company."

DIRECTORS . . . they had real designs on the company they worked for . . . Shirley McKay (top), Paul de Leuil, and Cynthia Moore.

Men are so cunning . . .

OF course, we always open every letter we get straightaway. After all, you never know, do you?

But are we an exception?

A Sydney stockbroker told us the other day that he always gets his secretary to address important business letters to women clients by hand.

"Some women are more businesslike than men," the stockbroker explained.

"But others dislike business affairs so much they won't bother to open an envelope with a typewritten address for weeks."

Story with a mice ending

NEXT time you're in London (we can dream, can't we?) wander down to Cheapside.

There, on the corner of a building off Philpot Lane, is a curious memento of Victorian times . . .

When the building was going up two workmen kept missing their midday meal of bread and cheese.

Each accused the other of theft. They fought; one of the men was seriously injured and the other went to prison.

And then, when the building was completed, the real "burglars" were discovered. Workmen found large nests of mice with the remains of the bread and cheese.

With a touch of sentimentality, all this is recorded in the stone model of a lump of cheese with two mice on it.

INCIDENTAL information (it might come in handy some day): The highest recorded jump of a flea is 17⅞in. vertically.

When silence is scoldin'

ACCORDING to an English psychiatrist, nagging isn't merely the continual yakkity yakkity yak.

No. "It can be done by banging doors, by dark looks, or by just sitting innocently," he said.

"A friend of mine told me the other day that his wife had an incredible gift for just sitting, obviously **not** nagging.

"It was far worse than anything she could have said."

We've always been wary of talking too much.

Now we're terrified to stay silent.

And because we aren't ferocious by nature (and we don't know any good-tempered spiritualists) we just can't strike a happy medium!

★ ★ ★

SHE was feminine, fey, and flustered. "Ice - blocks," she muttered, rushing round the kitchen. "Ice-blocks. Where did I put . . . they must be somewhere."

They were. We found them. Under the griller.

Well, it's a new idea. Try cold drinks with hot blocks sometime.

Down-to-earth glamor

"GRACIOUS living is back," said one of our friends after a shopping expedition.

"Smell," she commanded, waving a new pair of shoes in front of us.

Cautiously we sniffed. There was a definite, exotic sort of aura round the shoes.

Our friend explained that she'd been about to leave a shoe store, clutching her purchase, when the saleswoman gave an appalled yelp.

"I forgot," she said. And rushed off.

She came back armed with an atomiser—and whiffed some expensive French perfume on shoes, shoebox, and the carry-all bag.

Facing up to success

LET'S face it — South African character Sidney James had to. And Mr. James triumphed; a good deal of his success on British TV is due to his leathery, lugubrious FACE.

"I don't think I stood much chance with a dial like mine," he said recently, "but I've got to confess it's done me proud."

Sid used to be a boxer: "The biggest purse I ever got was fifty bob. And it was in that fight I had my nose busted.

"The doc fixed it up. But it broke again. Then my ears were a bit puffy after other fights and I cried finish.

"I'm not complaining, though; it's certainly helped me.

"Mind you, I've had to work on it a bit.

"Late nights, card games, plenty of gin, irregular eating hours, and worrying about the tax man . . ."

★ ★ ★

A BACHELOR we know, who is given to day-dreaming, presented us with a soulful blueprint of his ideal girl:

Ava Gardner's back, Gina Lollobrigida's front, Marilyn Monroe's derriere, Marlene Dietrich's legs, and Greta Garbo's face (as photographed 20 years ago without sunglasses).

"Whose waist?" we asked. But he wasn't fussy — just as long as his arm would fit round it.

We're very busy now—working out our (composite) ideal man . . .

An Aussie bar in Italy

GUY WARREN, of Randwick, Sydney, tells us that on a recent tour of Italy he found something new in wayside bars.

It's the "Australia Bar" at Jesolo Lido, a fast-growing holiday resort on the Adriatic Coast, and it's run by a young Italian couple, Frank and Iris Melchiori.

FARAWAY BAR . . . it looks as though it should be deep in the heart of Australia, but it's really in a resort town in Italy.

"They lived in Melbourne for nine years, but Iris contracted arthritis badly, so they decided to return to Italy's drier climate," said Guy.

"Frank used to work in a shoe factory at North Fitzroy. Now he makes beach sandals for the tourists. Iris looks after the bar.

"And they said it was only natural to name their new venture after Australia."

Which skin problems do you "put up with"?

☐ *"Nylon" feet*

☐ *Shaving chafe*

☐ *Heat rash*

☐ *Underarm chafing*

☐ *Friction nappy rash*

☐ *Itches and prickles*

☐ *Burning feet*

☐ *Girdle chafe*

☐ *Ammonia nappy rash*

New Johnson's Medicated Powder gives you sure relief with

dual-antiseptic action!

Now, new Johnson's Medicated Powder — with two antiseptics — is the new pleasant way to stop skin irritations.

Johnson's "Dual-antiseptic action" destroys more kinds of harmful skin bacteria — promotes healing instantly. Regular use *prolongs* protection for hours.

Be sure to get Johnson's Medicated Powder for baby and for all the family.

Only 3/3d.

NEW **Johnson's Medicated Powder**

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY. LTD.

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Midsummer patterns

● *These five new designs are specially styled for hot weather comfort and glamor. The fashions include a shirt-waist, three party-cum-afternoon dresses, and one resort dress. Order now for summer sewing. Address orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please state number and correct size.*

5558.—American shirt-maker designed with a tailored front-buttoned bodice and soft unpressed skirt pleats. The waist is belted in leather. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

5559.—Afternoon dress (left) designed with pretty skirt width and a figure-flattering midriff section and moulded top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¼ yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

5562.—Resort dress for on and by the sea designed with a cool, sleeveless bodice top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4¾ yds. 36in. material and ¾yd. 36in. contrast material. Pattern price 4/6.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

January 20, 1960

Teenagers' WEEKLY

Alana Ladd and Frankie Avalon

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly Not to be sold separately

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LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Our cover: *Singing idol Frankie Avalon and Alana Ladd, daughter of film star Alan Ladd, who are the romantic young pair in "Guns of the Timberland," an outdoor drama for Warner Bros. Both will be making their acting debut.*

In Ceylon they really go for Elvis

IT may surprise you to receive a letter from a T.W. reader in Ceylon. I get the magazine from my pen-pal who lives in Queensland. I am a teacher who is just out of school and I find teaching very interesting. I am a fervent Elvis Presley fan and I have a collection of 740 photos of him. Believe it or not, but some of my students have helped me to increase my Presley photo collection. I like music, painting, and sewing. I spend my spare time writing short stories and poetry.—*Miss Toni Jansze, "Bernadette Villa," Asgiriya, Kandy, Ceylon.*

Exam pay-offs

WHY are so many parents so unkind, in all good faith, as to promise their children rewards for passing exams? If they fail they have the double disappointment of missing the reward, too. I am now a teenager and have never been influenced by a reward, but I have been taught it is better to try without succeeding than not to try at all. — *Phillip Donoghue, Muswellbrook, N.S.W.*

Punctual pussy

ABOUT three years ago our old cat had seven kittens — all girls. Because they were born on Mum's birthday we kept one. Shortly after this the old cat died. The following year our new cat had her first batch of kittens — on Mum's birthday. Since then puss has had six lots, four of which have been born on our birthdays and one on Christmas Eve. Have any other teenagers had such a string of coincidences with their pets? — *"Catty," Redland Bay, Qld.*

Mexicali Rose

WHY doesn't the Government bring out more Spanish and Mexican migrants so we could learn to rhumba and dance the samba? It would be a change from rock-'n-roll, and Mexicans have the most wonderful singing voices. How nice to have a dark handsome Mexican serenade one. — *Alice Gronow, Bowning, N.S.W.*

ALICE GRONOW
. . . wants to rhumba

Diet deceit

I THINK girls, when on dates, only make out they are dieting because they feel self-conscious about eating in front of boys. Girls don't want to admit the fact that they are self-conscious, therefore say they are dieting. — *"Tassie," Smithton, Tas.*

Stayed put

HOW many readers have gone through the stage where they wanted to run away from home? Once I took some of my belongings and hid behind the settee just to frighten my parents. To my surprise they did not seem to miss me? The only thing I missed was my breakfast! I didn't realise what a funny situation this was till my young brother told my mother he was leaving. When my mother offered to pack his bags he didn't go. — *"D.H.," Lismore, N.S.W.*

Second-helper

I THINK boarding schools ought to be more particular in the way they cook and serve meals for their boarders. There should be some variety for one thing, and there should be more of it — enough for second helpings, as growing boys need plenty of food. Girls may diet but boys don't. — *"Food Lover," Canberra City, A.C.T.*

Classical fan

I THINK music appreciation should be taught in all schools. My parents have taught me to love classical music, but it is surprising the number of my friends who think it is all stupid and not worth listening to. Many of them have changed their minds after being shown what to listen for at school. — *Sue Manders, Kew, Vic.*

Same interests

I WAS surprised to read a letter saying overseas people think Australia is a wild and outback country with kangaroos hopping about the place. I come from Malaya and all my Asian friends in Australia as well as at home think very highly of your country. When I first arrived I was asked many questions about our way of life — whether we live on treetops, and how we dress, etc. I was surprised that most Australians think we are different from them. We enjoy the same things as you do and even have the same hit tunes. — *Rosita Tan, Geelong, Vic.*

Pamela's goats

I WONDER how many readers have such an unusual job as I have? I work on my parents' goat dairy and my job is to help feed, milk, raise, breed, and train them. We have almost 40 young kids and we are milking 33 does, the highest milk producers giving 12 pints, but we have had does giving 15 and 16 pints a day. There are five stud bucks. We are the largest Toggenburg breeders in N.S.W. and we also breed Saanens. The goats in the photograph are maiden does, but since the photo was taken they have grown into lovely little milkers. — *Pamela Rogers, via Liverpool, N.S.W.*

THOSE GOATS
. . . lovely milkers

Holiday snaps

• *There is still time to enter your favorite holiday picture in our Holiday Snaps Contest—so send it now.*

THERE will be a first prize of £20, two prizes of £5 each, and £1/1/- for all other photographs published.

The conditions are simple:

- The contest is open to anyone under 20 years of age.
- Every print must have the name, age, and address of the photographer written on the back.
- Attach a description of the picture in no more than 50 words.
- All prints entered become the property of Australian Consolidated Press.
- Address all entries to "Snap Contest," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.
- **CLOSING DATE: JANUARY 20, 1960.**

Working holiday

AN excellent job for a boy during the Christmas holidays is to work on a farm. This is healthy work and, as well as acting as a pick-me-up after the exams, provides a considerable amount of pocket money. — *"Country Life," Kew, Vic.*

Embarrassing

ALL the best part of a milk shake stays on the bottom of the container and it makes a most embarassing noise to have to suck it up with a straw. — *Robyn Williams, Fiule, S.A.*

Brothers, really

WHY all this talk about Australia being a "Little America?" After all, the Pilgrim Fathers sailed from Southampton, and Australia's forebears were mainly British. Having the same ancestors and both countries being allowed to develop democratically, why shouldn't we enjoy similar living conditions and pastimes? — *"Dinkum Aussie," Springsure, Qld.*

BATTLE OF THE BARD

• Most readers disagreed with "Leaving Student" (T.W., 23/12/59), who said schools should study modern writers such as Graham Greene and Hemingway instead of the literary masters of the past like Shakespeare.

FOR . . .

WHEN you go to work in an office or behind a counter after you leave school you don't need to know about Shakespeare. In school hardly anyone digs his talk, although I agree that Shakespeare was a great writer. We are living in a modern age, not hundreds of years ago, and Shakespeare used many words that are not even spoken nowadays. I do not think his literature should be compulsory study. — *Kerry Nuttall, Albury, N.S.W.*

. . . AGAINST

"LEAVING STUDENT" probably has not read enough Shakespeare. I did not appreciate Shakespeare fully either until I started English Honors. I was awakened to the more subtle, hidden meanings which give his works the master touch. Enjoyment was gained by detailed analysis and comparison of plot and character of the four major tragedies and several other of his plays. I also enjoyed being in the cast of our school production of "King Lear." Shakespeare is also good light reading or for providing a basis for deeper thought into the hidden meanings from which dozens of books have been written. — *"Honors Student," Adelaide.*

SHAKESPEARE'S "A Midsummer Night's Dream" is a delight to any student, "King Lear" reveals deep tragedy in a broken old man, and "Julius Caesar" takes us back to the days of ancient Rome. Yesterday's playwrights are necessary to the student who wants to understand the works of modern authors. — *Kay Kranz, Caltowie, S.A.*

I DID my Leaving this year, too. Once I dreaded the thought of Shakespeare and Dickens, but now I understand and enjoy reading their works. Writers such as Greene and Hemingway are good, some very good, but they have not got Shakespeare's gift of words. — *"No Square," Kew, Vic.*

ON what basis does "Leaving Student" evaluate the works of Hemingway and Greene? He must use the works of the past, and that is why we study yesteryear's literary masters. All literature is a comment on life and human nature. Shakespeare's works provide us with a knowledge of how people lived in his time. As a student I aim to range as widely as possible and to read as many works of the past as well as the present. — *"Student," Tamar, Tas.*

SHAKESPEARE wrote some of the finest literature ever written. If "Shakespeare haters" find they can't understand the play they are studying, I suggest that they try to see a performance of it. I didn't like Shakespeare until I saw two performances of his work at school — and I became so interested I forgot it was Shakespeare! — *Kathleen Lister, Liverpool, N.S.W.*

THE beauty and vivid simplicity of Shakespeare's finest passages can never be surpassed and his insight into the aims and ideals of life is often amazing. The works of Greene and Hemingway are good, no doubt, but in a hundred years' time will scarcely be remembered. "Interesting" may be the word to apply to their works, but Shakespeare's plays are magnificent in their very simplicity. He is truly master of our language. — *B. Hanna, Mudgee, N.S.W.*

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THE FLAT

—or the art of living with others

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD

● That girl opposite you in the tram . . . youngish, pretty, and worried. The boy-friend? No. She's probably worried about kitty...

WEEKLY CONFERENCE to discuss finances, grocery lists, who's going to entertain, is essential. Carol Tattersfield (centre), who wrote this article, plans the week with flat-mates Sandra (left) and Anne.

KITTY isn't her cat. It's the weekly budget for the household of two or three working girls like her. For "The Flat."

Now the flat is a funny thing. It's a way of life, with its own peculiar — sometimes very peculiar — problems.

Like the odd cockroach, the erratic shower, or the girl who just can't help raiding the fridge when she comes in late at night.

Yes. All this and fun, too. For whether it's the flat in an oh-so-respectable Australian city suburb or the basement of a mansion in London during the trip abroad, the experience is . . . well, it's just the experience of a lifetime.

Going to try it this year? Here goes, then — if you can bear a bit of advice from a seasoned flatter.

You've been asked to join an established flatful of friends? Leap at the chance. Being a greenhorn you can learn a lot from the others. You won't have much say in the running of the household but you won't have that much responsibility, either.

Supposing you don't know any other girls in flats that you can join, that you're more or less a stranger in the city, and you want to get your own flat. What then?

Friends first

Forget about the flat for the moment. Finding a flat — even in a city like Sydney — is chicken-feed compared with finding someone, or some two, with whom you can live. CAN live.

You feel you'd be happier living in a flat on your own? The bachelor career-girl set-up? Better stop feeling like that.

For unless you're a terribly self-contained, mature type living alone can be quite lonely. And a bit boring.

And a bachelor-girl flat, unless you're making a fortune, is a bad economic proposition. Usually, the only satisfactory ones around cost the solid-gold earth.

And you shouldn't pay more than a quarter of your income in rent. A third is the absolute maximum.

Don't forget you've got to eat sometimes and have some presentable clothes, too.

What sort of person or persons should you share a flat with?

Generally it is better to share with others of the same age-group and set of values.

Essentially, someone you like. Someone you can feel at ease with if you both happen to be stuck in the flat at the same time, and whose friends fit in quite well with yours.

It's not wise to share a flat with a girl who is doing the same sort of work, has the same set of friends, and is sensitive to the same things. Life can be too nerve-racking.

So you've found her. And she can cook, too. That's wonderful, because if she can't it's annoying to have to teach her.

Don't rush it

Now you've got to find the flat. Obviously, two sets of eyes scanning the local newspapers are much better than one.

But the most reliable way of finding just the right flat is to try the estate agents. Go to one in the district you fancy and tell him what you want and how much you want to pay.

His job is to sift the flat market for you and save you a lot of time and tram fares. And his services are usually free for the flat-seeker.

Of course you'll have to change your ideas about the "ideal" flat. It probably doesn't exist — not on **your** income.

But if the selection is too frightful it is worth waiting till something better crops up. And when it does, and you've checked that it's not too noisy, that there'll be enough air, that the furniture won't collapse the first time you use it, make sure that the previous tenants have paid the electricity, gas, and telephone bills up to date before you move in.

But wait a minute, the agent says you have to sign a lease! Don't panic. He'll probably handle all that for you, but make sure you read through the lease, clause for clause, before you sign it, and if you have a family lawyer consult him.

Now everything's organised. You've actually got the key of the door, and you've arrived. But there's not a thing to eat.

Who's going to pay? Best get down to brass tacks straight away. You can't afford to be shy or haphazard about the money question.

A halfway system seems to be best for a household of three. Each one uses the same amount of soap powder, salt, pepper, and basic groceries, so why not buy all those things together and divide the bill.

But when it comes to the perishable stuff, the chops and everyday nourishment, it seems best for each girl to buy her own.

Lot of reasons for this, starting with the good old proverb "One man's meat is another man's poison."

Another reason is that with a communal kitty for food you have money problems about the friends who come to dinner. It's almost impossible to work out the extra cost for repayment into kitty.

It may happen that you want to have combined dinners or music evenings at home, and ask another flatload along. These evenings can be terrific fun—and a lot less effort with two or three playing hostess.

The chores

But all this makes work. Who does the chores? Each one is responsible for her own bedroom, laundry, and doesn't mind lending a hand with the dish-cloth and tea-towel. But cleaning the bathroom and lavatory, the kitchen floor and that mucky stove are horrible jobs. No one wants to do them.

Why not see if your income can stretch to having a reliable cleaner in for a couple of hours once a fortnight?

But if you can't stretch to that luxury it's best to have a roster system for the dirty work.

Another problem is the telephone. Something MUST be done about the way one of you makes a hundred times more calls than the others.

A little book in which to record all calls will enable you to divide the bill equitably.

Of course, there'll be constant little irritations. And you really won't be able to see why Jane has to spend such hours in the bath, when a shower only takes YOU a couple of ticks.

Don't take it all too seriously, though, this flatting game really is fun.

COOKING is compulsory when you share a flat. Anne's trying a special recipe in time for dinner.

GUESTS will be arriving soon, so Anne checks the flowers and table-setting

For boys

the bachelors' flat set-up is usually more of a trial and less fun than it is for girls.

True, the same community-type organisation of "the flat" applies, but there are a few more complications, such as finance (boys usually can't afford to spend as high a proportion of their income on rent) and cleaning (boys just don't take kindly to it).

But think what a wonderful school for husbands it is.

Boys have to learn to cook, to "do" for themselves. They learn where "the housekeeping" goes each week. And if the flat doesn't teach them a thing and they hate the experience, it makes them realise how much nicer it would be to have a little wife to keep house for them!

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PRETTY Reyna Cohen, of Northbridge, Sydney, has packed more than a dozen jobs into her 21 years.

Worth Reading

PYGMALION, by G. B. Shaw

"PYGMALION" is the amusing play which two Americans turned into the successful musical "My Fair Lady." Shaw's play has less sentiment and more dry wit than the musical version. He wrote it, about 50 years ago, to convey one of his pet theories, namely, that class barriers in Britain are largely due to differences of accent.

There is reason to think that he may have got the idea for the plot — an attempt to turn a slum girl into a fine lady — from a short story by Ethel Turner, the author of "Seven Little Australians."

"Pygmalion" is Shaw's most popular play. He wrote many others, usually full of characters arguing cleverly about problems of the day. Two of the best are "St. Joan" and (in a frivolous mood) "You Never Can Tell." — *Ross Campbell*

A GIRL OF MANY PARTS

By Carol Tattersfield

● When Reyna Cohen talks about being a cat on a pair of ice-skates, a cake-demonstrator, and a chorus girl, you wonder whether her life-story is all a bit of an act.

IT is. "You can call me an actress," says Reyna. "That's what I'd rather be. I mean I've done all sorts of things in my time."

Her "time" has been a bare 21 years, and "all sorts of things" have been packed in so enthusiastically that it's hard to disengage her life's facts from the acts.

For instance, there she was, only a little thing of five feet one — that's fact — telling me that a couple of months ago she was living next door to a Melbourne terrace house in which all sorts of drama was going on.

REAL drama, this. Reyna played Bubba in the last Sydney production of "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll."

But she now stands most of the day as a shop assistant in her brother's store on Sydney's North Shore.

As well as being a singing student at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music and a model for television commercials. (Fact!)

"I have to be someone's wife giving my husband some biscuits, and I have to eat cakes and cakes of chocolate and drink bottles of fizzy drink. I have to be about 24—with my hair up, smoking a cigarette (that was quite a schermozzle, because I don't smoke in real life)," Reyna rattled on.

But all this was a TV "act" (for which she's paid £9/10/- a time).

Here are some facts:

Reyna's a Sydney girl, born and bred to take the limelight. At the age of three her photographs, taken by photographer Jack Carney, won prizes in competitions throughout the world.

As a 13-year-old schoolgirl at Kambala School, she decided to become a model, walked into one of the city's largest department stores and was signed on for their juvenile fashion parades.

"I filled in school holidays modelling all over town," she said. "As a matter of fact, at £4 a parade I earned more money than I do now. One week I remember I had eight jobs. That's how I had enough money to go to Africa."

Fact? "Africa" wasn't just an act?

Reyna grinned. Africa was real enough, but a lot happened before her African expedition.

She'd left school early to go to the Conservatorium for singing, piano, and violin lessons —she'd been learning the violin since she was six.

Then, at 17, she started to teach the violin, was still taking singing lessons at the Con, was still modelling, joined the Independent Theatre Group as a student, and played in a couple of their productions.

The next year Reyna won a singing scholarship at the Conservatorium, was chosen for the Independent Theatre Workshop group, won an eisteddfod scholarship, joined a couple of opera groups for chorus singing, and decided she'd have to get down to some real business as well.

So she became a chemist's assistant — that's a fact — fitting in her drama round the dull old working hours of 9 to 5.30.

And while she was doing all that she also polished up her skating and appeared in a couple of pantomimes on ice.

"I don't really know how I managed to do it all," said Reyna, looking as bright and unworn as a new button.

By the time she turned 19 she'd collected a cosmetic consultant certificate from her training in the chemist's shop.

She'd collected enough money and acting experience for that trip to Africa, too.

At last the facts about Africa.

"Yes. I really went to stay with relatives in Capetown," said Reyna, "but after a couple of weeks I found myself in Johannesburg playing one of the four starlets in the musical comedy 'Grab Me a Gondola.' We were five months there and then we toured."

On tour in Africa

In Durban, where "Gondola" ran for a month, Reyna did a couple of nights as the juvenile lead and on the strength of that she got the leading role in a South African revue titled "Ever Since Eve."

"Then, I saw everything," Reyna continued. "The show toured Pretoria, South Rhodesia, and finally back to Capetown. I was well paid, too—£22 a week, plus travelling expenses.

"But the shows were only at night," she added. "I just HAD to do something during the daytime."

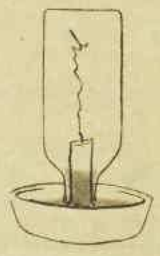
No, it wasn't an act. I could see that with Reyna's vitality she had HAD to work as a cake-demonstrator, an assistant hairdresser, cosmetician, and typist-receptionist as well as acting at night.

"Now I'm back home I want to break into professional acting here. I'm keeping my fingers crossed for a TV series."

For all her acting, her talent for being 14 one minute and 26 the next, in actual fact Reyna's as natural as a just-opened oyster. Prettier, though.

For young scientists

● You'll need: a candle, a bottle with a neck slightly bigger than the candle, a dish of water.



TO find out how much oxygen the air contains, put the candle on the bottom of the dish and make sure that a good bit of it stands clear of the water. Light the candle and place the bottle over it.

The candle keeps on burning, but the flame gets smaller and at last goes out. As the flame gets smaller the water gradually rises.

Burning is nothing more than the material undergoing a chemical combination with the oxygen of the air, setting heat free in the process. The candle goes out when it has used up all the oxygen in the bottle.

As the oxygen is used the pressure of the air in the bottle is reduced and the place of the oxygen is taken by the water, which finally fills about one-fifth of the bottle. This shows that about 20 per cent. of air is oxygen.

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Industrial design for (his) living

by Mary Coles

● *Dark-haired Ian Edgar is an industrial designer all the time — not just nine to five. Even his bush-walking outfit is a specially designed functional garment in brilliant yellow plastic leather, which protects his gear from rain.*

IAN designed the cape himself. It has a back roomy enough to cover the hump of his hiking pack and its color would act as a beacon for searchers if he should ever become lost in the bush.

The outfit is an example of how 19-year-old Ian's mind "ticks over" as an industrial designer.

In this important and comparatively new profession, an article — whether it is a tractor or a lipstick case — must combine specific usefulness with good appearance and economy.

Ian, who lives at Lane Cove, Sydney, did the Leaving Certificate at North Sydney Technical High School.

Then he was taken on as a cadet automobile stylist at the Sydney factory of an English motor company.

As part of his job, he attended East Sydney Technical College, studying color, composition, perspective drawing, and sculpture, and North Sydney Technical College for maths and chemistry as a preliminary to an engineering course.

Three basic rules

Several months ago he transferred to a radio and TV firm, when he got an opportunity for promotion and a widening of his experience. Now he is in the fourth year of his cadetship in the design section.

"In designing cars, radios, or household gadgets, the same fundamentals apply," he told me when I saw him at work.

"The article must be functional, anticipate public taste, and be economical to mass produce," he said.

The chief of Ian's department, Mr. Harry Widmar, said early hand craftsmen put great beauty into their work.

"Then came ugly mass production," he said.

"Now the industrial designer has emerged to bridge the gap between oldtime craftsmanship and mass production.

"Besides being skilled as an artist and having a knowledge of engineering he must understand production and how to apply market research to his work, and be able to deal with management at top level.

"A lad who can't get ideas across to executives in their own language isn't worth training, however talented he may be at the drawing-board.

"Already we have Ian sitting-in on office conferences to learn how to present his work at management level."

One of Ian's current projects is planning a radio set specially for teenagers.

Besides thinking up a design with an eye-catching appearance, Ian is taking into consideration that the set must have enough volume to provide music at a party without additional amplification, and the machinery will need to be protected in a sandproof case, so it can be taken to the beach.

Before he settles on the final design he will also have long conferences with marketing experts, electrical technicians, and the production department, examining materials which could be used for its manufacture.

The firm wants Ian to produce a set which will combine elegance of line and color with durability.

And it must suggest youth.

A tricky side of industrial design is anticipating public taste — particularly in colors — 12 months in advance of the marketing of a new model.

"Every side of business and domestic life has to be watched —from furnishing schemes of contemporary homes to new and popular colors in cars," Ian said.

"The thing to strive for is to be always just a little ahead of current fancy.

"Yet a style or color too far ahead of its time is likely to flop badly."

Ian's firm, which has been manufacturing locally designed products for 35 years, believes that Australian taste strikes an individual pattern of its own, halfway between English and American trends.

Tremendous scope

"This and the fact that big Asian markets are opening up means there is tremendous scope for highly qualified industrial designers in Australia," said Mr. Widmar.

Australian companies keen on promoting the training of young men in this field are pressing for industrial design to become a University course.

At present the basic training is gained by working as a mechanical draughtsman or engineer, and doing a technical college art course on the side. Or by becoming a commercial artist, then getting a job as an engineering cadet, or taking an engineering course at a University.

"One of the most important aspects of the job is being able to read blueprints and transform technical drawings into model form," Ian said.

Although in idle moments Ian's favorite pastime is drawing futuristic cars, in real life he is devoted to vintage models and owns a 30-year-old "bomb" which is his pride and joy.

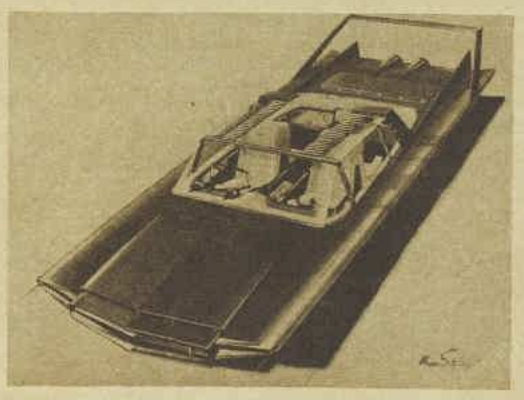
His car, learning panel-beating as a hobby, scouting (he is Assistant Scout Master with the local Burns Bay troop), bush-walking, and acting as business and production manager for a Church of England Youth Fellowship magazine account for Ian's free time.

He smilingly admits he still takes his turn once a week at doing the washing-up at home.

"I've got three sisters, but I haven't succeeded in training them to spoil me yet," he said.

INDUSTRIAL DESIGNER Ian Edgar wears his own functional design for bush-walking—a waterproof plastic cape which fits over his hiking-pack.

AT LEFT: Ian at work at his drawing-board in the design section.



AT RIGHT: This is one of the futuristic cars Ian designs in his spare time.

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Love is a SCIENCE

"Put a boy and a girl next to each other for long enough and they're bound to fall in love," she said. "It's a scientific fact."

A CURIOUS thing happened to Elizabeth Barrett Schultz and me after we started State University. For a while we went together and everything was fine, and then all of a sudden it wasn't fine. Something went wrong—something deep and basic.

Like we were sitting on a bench on the campus one night — a beautiful, starry, balmy night — and I was feeling all soft and shimmering inside and I said, "Elizabeth Barrett, what would you like to do tonight?"

And she said, "Let's go down to the cinder track and run a few laps."

And I was full of sadness and disappointment, and I said, "No, Elizabeth Barrett, I don't want to go down to the cinder track and run a few laps."

We were quiet then for quite a long spell and finally she said, "Dobie, do you think we are growing apart?"

"Do you?" I said.

"Yes," she said, nodding her big muscular head. "No offence, Dobie, but I would frankly prefer a more athletic type."

"No offence to you, Elizabeth Barrett," I replied, "but I would frankly prefer a less athletic type."

"Dobie, leave us part friends," she said, and gave me her big calloused hand to shake, which I did, and she went trotting off into the night and I took out my copy of Percy Bysshe Shelley.

It is well enough to sneer at poetry when you are a callow high-school youth, but when you are a man of eighteen summers, as I was, you suddenly discover that poetry is beauty and beauty is truth. All at once I dug poetry—not only dug it but lived it. I knew, in short, that I had a fine, sensitive soul.

I should have known it all along. I mean anybody who loves girls the way I do has got to be studded with sensitivity like a ham with cloves.

But it takes time for a soul to emerge. All these years my soul has been like a rose in night-time—closed and asleep—but now, suddenly, the sun was up, and like a rose at morningtide my soul was open and alive.

I felt pure and lambent and attuned to the universe. I would see a cloud and fill up with rapture. The folding of a leaf induced spasms. A sonnet by Keats, a white sail against a blue sky, a budding azalea, a Mozart quartet, the flight of a tern, a church in the wildwood, the head or haunch of a girl—all of these made my heart glow and swell and leap with exaltation.

Then one day, thanks to the alphabet, I met Angela Gilbey.

AT State University it is customary in most classes to seat students alphabetically. Thus I, Dobie Gillis, found myself in freshman English sitting next to one Angela Gilbey.

For a man of my sensitivity, sitting next to Angela Gilbey represented a very real hazard. Every time I looked at her, there was more than an outside chance that I would expire from sheer delight.

The human constitution was never meant to carry such a burden of joy as Angela Gilbey heaped upon me. When I looked at the perfection of her skull and mandibles, my pulses raced like the torrents of spring.

When I regarded the symmetry of her torso, my eyeballs whirled like flywheels. When I observed her faultless legs, lithe and twinkling, it was as though a young furry animal were scampering under my breastbone.

The very first time I looked at Angela I was so stirred that I wrote her a poem. This is how it went:

I'd be so jolly,
Angela Gilbey,
To play Svengali
If you'd play Trilby.

I reached over and placed the poem on Angela's desk. She read it. She smiled.

I watched her eyes of Lake Louise blue crinkle at the corners. I watched her damask cheeks dimple. I watched her succulent, scarlet lips part to reveal her gleaming dentition. Giddy with ecstasy, I fell heavily against her.

"Sorry," I murmured, blushing.

"You're cute," she said.

"You are the sun and the moon!" I cried.

"You're a little goofy," she said. "But cute."

"Will you go steady with me?" I said.

"That depends," she said.

"On what?" I said.

"We'll talk about it after class," she said.

"I'd appreciate that," said Mr. Pomfritt. He is the freshman English instructor.

So after class we went over to the School of Animal Husbandry and sat on the green lawn, where I took Angela's white hand and looked into her blue eyes and said, "Now to the question. Will you go steady with me?"

"Let me ask you a question first," she said.

"Yes, my love?" I said. "Yes, my great tawny animal?"

"When are you going to stop writing poetry?"

"Stop?" I exclaimed, casting her a look of wild surmise. "Why, I could no more stop writing poetry than I could stop breathing."

"So long, chum," said Angela, making as if to rise.

I clutched her calf and held her on the turf. "Angela," I asked, "what have you got against poetry?"

"Name me one rich poet," said Angela.

"Well, let me think," I said, and scratched my head for a longish interval.

"You see?" said Angela triumphantly. "You can't because there aren't any. Well, kid, it's been nice knowing you." She rose.

I seized the hem of her dirndl. "Angela," I said, my lip curling in horror, "is that what you're interested in—money?"

"That's it, buddy," she answered.

"Ha!" I said, giving a bitter laugh.

"Ha what?"

"That such an estimable body should contain such a sleazy soul!"

"I have a perfectly lovely soul," replied Angela, bristling. "In fact, that's why I can't get mixed up with you."

"How's that?" said I.

"Look, Dobie," she said, sitting down again, "you're a little goofy, but that doesn't bother me. I mean, that's what boys are — a little goofy."

"Well?"

"What bothers me is that you're sort of cute. I mean you're kind of loose and disorganised and helpless. I could go for you with no trouble at all."

"Angela, baby!" I cried, lunging at her.

"Down, boy," said she, fending me off. "What if I did fall in love with you? Then where would I be?"

"On Cloud Number Seven," I replied. "With me."

"In a pig's eye," said she. "I'd be at Twenty-one Twenty-three South Fremont Avenue, that's where I'd be."

"What's that?"

"That's where my family lives," said Angela. "I've got an older sister. She married a boy just like you — cute and goofy and unemployable. Now he lives with my folks and eats his own weight every day. My folks made big sacrifices to send me to college, and for just one reason—so I could do better than my sister. Don't you see, Dobie, I've got an obligation. Much as I'd like to go with you, I just can't do it to those poor, sweet parents of mine."

"But I'm going to make money," I protested. "I'm going to be a very important poet."

"No," she said, shaking her head positively. "You can't do both. It's either poetry or money. What's it going to be?"

"Angela!" I cried, full of anguish.

"Or let me put it another way," said Angela. "It's either poetry or me. Make your choice."

"Angela!" I cried, fuller of anguish.

"THINK it over," said Angela, and rose and left me, and as I watched her walk into the setting sun, the light playing on her copper hair, her dirndl switching and undulating, her excellent legs sleek and quick and golden, I knew that I would give up poetry—or life itself—for Angela.

"Angela," I called, "come back!"

She returned to me. "Yes?" she said.

"I am giving up poetry," I said.

"Good man," said Angela, clapping my back. "What are you going to do instead?"

"I haven't the vaguest idea," I confessed.

"I have," said Angela. "Come along."

She took me over to the engineering school. She took me to a bulletin board

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THE LIFE AND LOVES OF DOBIE GILLIS — *by Max Shulman*

in the lobby. "Look," she said, pointing at a profusion of notices posted on the bulletin board.

I looked. The notices were offers of jobs to qualified engineers from General Motors, General Electric, General Dynamics, RCA, Boeing, Lockheed, Motorola, Minneapolis Honeywell, hundreds of electronics, aircraft, automotive, and industrial firms.

Big salaries were promised — job security, pensions, paid vacations, free housing, paid-up life insurance, stock options.

"Very interesting," I said to Angela. "What about it?"

"Don't you see?" she asked excitedly. "There's a terrific shortage of engineers. The whole country's competing for them . . . Oh, Dobie," she exclaimed, her blue eyes shining, "when you get out of engineering school you'll be positively rolling in money!"

"But I don't know anything about physics and chemistry and calculus," I said truthfully. "I'm a poet."

"You were a poet," she corrected. "Come on."

"Angela," I said earnestly. "I'll never get through. I just haven't got that kind of mind."

"You'll make it," she said.

"Never," I said.

"For me," she said.

I looked into her eyes, incandescent and entreating. I remarked her roundness, her softness, her suppleness, her creaminess. I sighed. "I'll try," I said.

AND try I did. For the next few weeks I concentrated maniacally as my professors talked of ergs and vectors and torsion and ionisation and cosines and Maxwell's equation and Mendelecv's table.

But it was no use. My brain, an absolute sponge when it came to odes, sonnets, and quatrains, dried up and shut tight when it came to science. No matter how earnestly I tried, how furiously I listened, nothing penetrated.

Nor did it help my morale to watch Zelda Gilroy every day. Alphabetical seating had placed me, ironically, next to a girl who was a positive whiz at science.

During lectures her pencil would fly over her notebook, filling page after page with nuggets of information, while I sat and drew pictures of my initials and Angela's locked in a heart.

When called upon to recite, Zelda was a trove of facts, while I stood and blushed in silence. Her homework was always ready; mine never. She was invariably prepared, forever informed, and I was filled with helpless admiration.

The admiration, let me add, was only for her mind. Her body would take no prizes. It was all right, mind you; there just wasn't enough of it.

Her head also was nothing to warm the blood. It was a perfectly adequate head; it's just that Zelda didn't take care of it. The nose shone, the lips were unlipsticked, and the hair was always stuck full of yellow pencils.

Zelda, it was obvious to me, was a girl so preoccupied with science that she had no time for the softer things of life.

I was, therefore, more than a little startled when at the end of six weeks of sitting next to Zelda she turned to me one day and said, without preliminary, "I love you."

I made the only possible reply, "Huh?"

"That's right. I love you," she repeated.

"Zelda, I am, of course, flattered," said I, "but—"

"Don't get a swelled head," she interrupted. "You're nothing so special. You're dumb as an unborn marmot, you're pigeon-toed, and you'll be bald before you're thirty."

"Madam, I do not wish to be unkind," I said frostily, "but you are no traffic stopper yourself."

"Yup," she agreed, "we're a couple of dogs, all right. But still and all, we're not too repulsive. And anyway, what's the difference? We're victims of propinquity."

"I beg your pardon?" said I.

"Propinquity," she said. "Nearness, closeness. Sigafoos and Wembley of Harvard, in a study of 2900 married couples, proved that in an overwhelming majority of cases the couples first fell in love because of propinquity. You put a boy and girl next to each other for long enough, and it's bound to happen; it's a scientific fact."

"But I don't love you," said I with more truth than gallantry.

"You will," she said confidently. "You're Gillis and I'm Gilroy. We'll be sitting next to each other for the next four years. You might as well give up now. You can't beat science."

"I can try," I said, and that night when I took Angela to our trysting place behind the School of Animal Husbandry and smelled her luminous hair and kissed her alabaster throat I knew that resisting Zelda would be one of the easier tasks of my life.

The next morning before class Zelda handed me a box of chocolate-covered cherries. "What's this?" I said.

"A gift," she said.

"But why?"

"To soften you up," she replied. "It's not that I don't have confidence in propinquity; it's only that I'd like to speed it up a little."

"Zelda," I said, returning the candy, "thanks a lot, but it's no use. Won't you please believe me?"

"A stubborn case," said Zelda, shaking her head gravely. "But if there's one thing I've got it's perseverance."

This on Tuesday. On Wednesday she brought me a pair of beaded moccasins. On Thursday she brought me a silver-headed walking-stick. On Friday my world collapsed.

Friday was the day of midterm exams. My marks, it pains me to report, were the lowest in the history of the engineering school. The whole campus was talking about it—including Angela.

"This," said she to me, "is the end."

"Oh, no!" I shrieked.

"Oh, yes," said Angela firmly. "You won't even get through the first semester. You'll flunk out and go back to poetry, and you'll never make a living, and you'll move in with my father, who is sixty-two years old and has a kidney condition. Dobie, goodbye."

"No, Angela, no!" I cried, restraining her. "I'll get through the semester, I promise you."

"How?" she asked.

She sure had me there. "I'll get sensational marks from now on," I said.

"How?" she asked.

SHE sure had me there, too. "I'll do it," I assured her, taking both her hands in mine. "Trust me, Angela, trust me."

"Well," she said, after a long, nerve-racking pause, "okay. But remember, now, if you don't get through the semester it's absolutely and positively the end."

"Yes, my darling," I agreed, kissing her knuckles. "Yes, my golden love object."

I went forthwith to my room and opened my books and proceeded to study with superhuman concentration. I studied until my eyeballs were red as cranberries and my cerebellum dropped with fatigue, and at the end of twelve unbroken hours I climbed into the bed, spent and full of despair, with my science-proof brain just as dumb as when I had started.

Oh, how was I going to get through the semester, thought I, tossing in agony. How was I going to keep Angela? How?

The next morning before class Zelda was waiting for me in the corridor.

"Here's a present," said she, offering me a gold-plated, six-bladed Boy Scout knife.

"No, thank you," I said dully.

"The trouble with you," said Zelda, "is you've got a closed mind. If you'd just open up a little, propinquity would do the rest."

"Oh, go away," said I, being in no mood for any of her propinquity nonsense.

SHE grasped me by the shoulders. "What can I do to please you?" she demanded. "Cook your meals? Scratch your back? Do your laundry? Do your homework? What?"

"Yes!" I shouted, feeling life and hope and courage return to me. For the answer to all my troubles had suddenly been put into my hands! "Yes, Zelda," I said happily, "you can do my homework."

Because if she did, I'd get good grades, pass my courses, and Angela would be mine forever!

"All right," said Zelda, "I'll do it. We'll find some cosy spot and get together every night and do our homework and maybe a little smooching on the side."

"Oh, no!" I said hastily. That was not at all what I had in mind. My nights were reserved for Angela, and only Angela.

"No what?" asked Zelda.

"I can't see you at night," said I.

"Why not?"

I thought fast. "Because I've got a job."

"Where do you work?" she asked. "I'll come sit with you. The more propinquity the better, I always say."

"You can't do that," said I.

"Why not?"

I thought fast some more. "I'm a lifeguard at the Y.M.C.A. pool," I said glibly.

"Oh," said Zelda.

And so the poor woman was persuaded to do my homework every night all by herself, while I carried on with Angela behind the School of Animal Husbandry. Every morning Zelda would bring me my homework, all neatly and correctly done, and she would ask, "Well, Dobie, is propinquity working yet?" and I, heaven forgive, would answer, "Well, Zelda, it's too early to be sure, but I think I'm beginning to detect a few signs."

I had to give the wretched girl some encouragement, otherwise she might get tired of doing my homework, and then where would I be?

What about my conscience, you ask? I'll be frank. At first it raged and squalled. But finally, in Angela's arms, it slept. After all, I told myself, Othello had murdered for love and Menelaus had started a whole war. Next to theirs, my sin was pretty small potatoes.

Besides, it was only temporary. Once I had Angela hooked so firmly that she couldn't escape me, I intended to get out of engineering and back to the Arts College where I belonged.

Then I wouldn't have to flimflam poor crazy Zelda any more, and I would tell her the whole hideous truth. Actually, thought I, consoling myself further, I would be doing the unfortunate woman a favor if I convinced her that her propinquity theory was nonsense.

With this kind of thinking I held my conscience at bay, and life became good again. Best were the nights—the sweet sessions with Angela—but even the days were marked with pleasure.

With Zelda doing all my homework, there was no longer any need for me to try to follow the lectures during class. I just sat back and relaxed and thought tender thoughts of Angela.

I even dashed off a few poems. One of them, I honestly believe, ranks with the most moving things I have ever done. It is called starkly "I Love You," and it goes like this:

I love you with all my power,
I love you with all my might,
I love you at any hour,
I love you by day or night.

I hope we will soon be married,
But if I should die before,
See to it that I'm buried
Somewhere near your door.

Strew roses on me humbly,
And heave a frequent sigh.
Though I grow grey and crumbly,
I'll always be your guy.

How I wished I could have shown this poem to Angela! But of course I could not. I just folded it up and stuck it away in a book, for Angela had to believe I had given up poetry and was concentrating on science. Otherwise she would leave me posthaste, and that, of course, I could not risk.

So, with untaxing days and idyllic nights, the weeks passed agreeably.

Then it came time for final exams. "Dobie," said Zelda to me one morning, "do you think you can get some time off from your job at the Y.M.C.A. pool? Final exams start soon, and I'd better help you get ready."

SO I went and told Angela I would not be available for several nights because I was studying for exams. Naturally, I didn't tell her who I was studying with. It didn't suit my purposes at all for Angela to know about Zelda—or vice versa.

Then began several nights of intensive tutoring. Zelda and I found a quiet corner in the library, and there with boundless patience Zelda gave me a cram course.

For me it was like learning Choctaw. I didn't understand one single word that was said. "Don't try to understand it," Zelda said. "Just remember it, because these are the things that will come up in the exams."

And that's the way I did it—learned it by rote, committed it to memory, syllable by meaningless syllable, as Zelda repeated it over and over and over.

And, just as Zelda predicted, the things she had drummed painfully into my head were the very things that came up in the exams. And I was ready.

This time, thanks to Zelda, I had the answers. With speed and confidence I whipped through the exams and walked, whistling gaily, from the room.

Imagine my surprise, then, when the grades were posted and I learned that I had flunked every single exam. And not only flunked them, but flunked them each with a big round zero!

"You look green," said Zelda as I stood, quaking, in front of the bulletin board.

Wild-eyed, I turned to her. "Zelda, I don't get it. I answered those questions exactly the way you told me."

"Yup," she said.

"What do you mean, 'yup'?"

"I mean all the answers I told you were wrong."

"But why," I cried, totally bewildered.

"Because," said Zelda, "you are a no-good rat."

"I don't quite follow you," I said nervously.

"I'll start at the beginning," said she. "One night a couple of weeks ago while I was answering the problems in your lab manual, a sheet of paper fell out. There was a poem written on the sheet of

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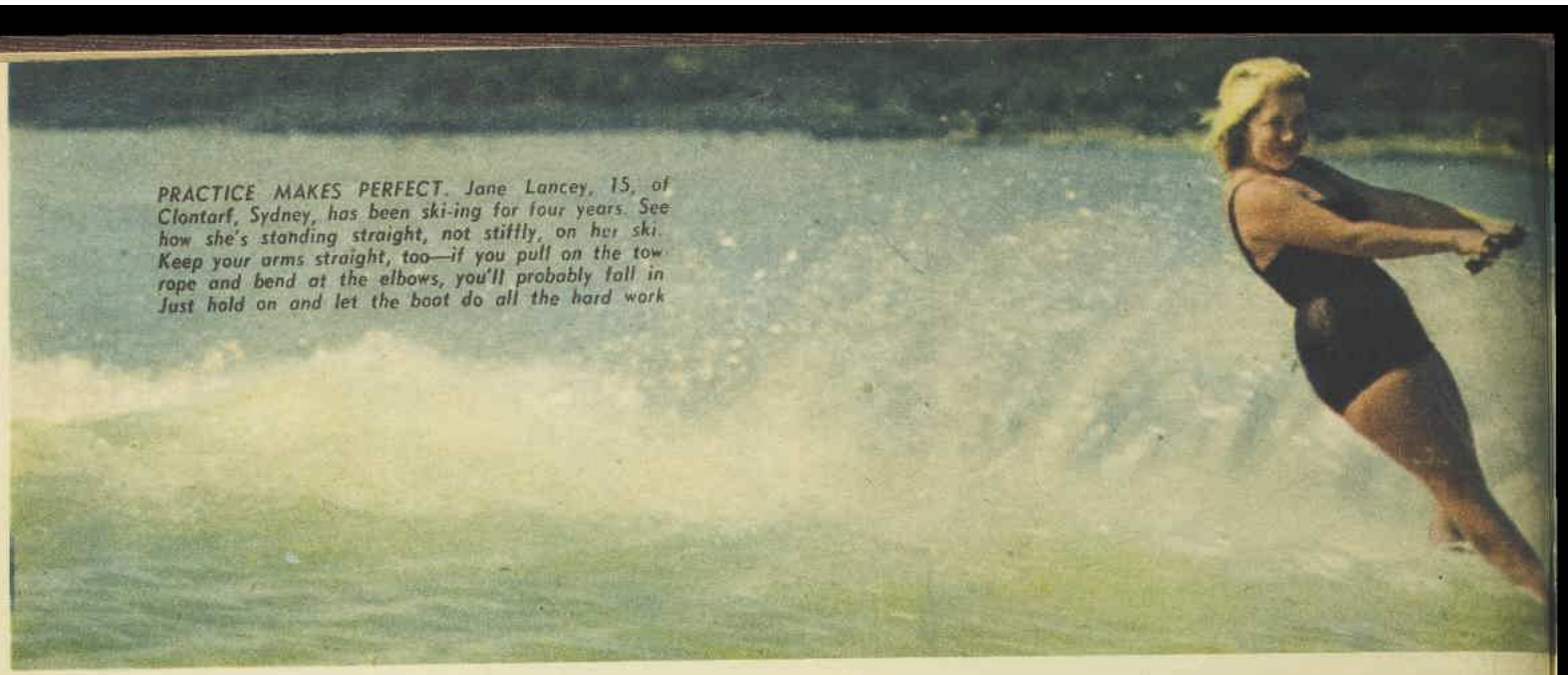

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT. Jane Lancey, 15, of Clontarf, Sydney, has been ski-ing for four years. See how she's standing straight, not stiffly, on her ski. Keep your arms straight, too—if you pull on the tow-rope and bend at the elbows, you'll probably fall in. Just hold on and let the boat do all the hard work.

Water-ski this summer?

● *Water ski-ing is IN for summer. And how! Beginners have lots of splashes and spills, but it's just as much fun treading water as eventually zipping expertly by. You'll only learn by falling over, so don't worry when you spend more time in the water than on it — even the experts go splish, splash once in a while.*

FOOTGEAR must grip securely to give perfect balance. Here, boat-owner Phillip Deaton, of Manly, adjusts Jeanette Drew's ski. Some skis are adjustable to fit all sizes. These pictures were taken by staff photographer Jim Ellard at Manly Reservoir, Sydney.

ON-SHORE BRIEFING for Jeanette. Phillip tells her to crouch down, hands her the tow-rope, and begins to pull —this gives her some idea of the jolt to expect when the boat starts to move. He also reminds her to keep her knees slightly bent, arms straight.

READY TO MOVE OFF. Jeanette
To help the skis rise to the sur
the tips of her skis above the

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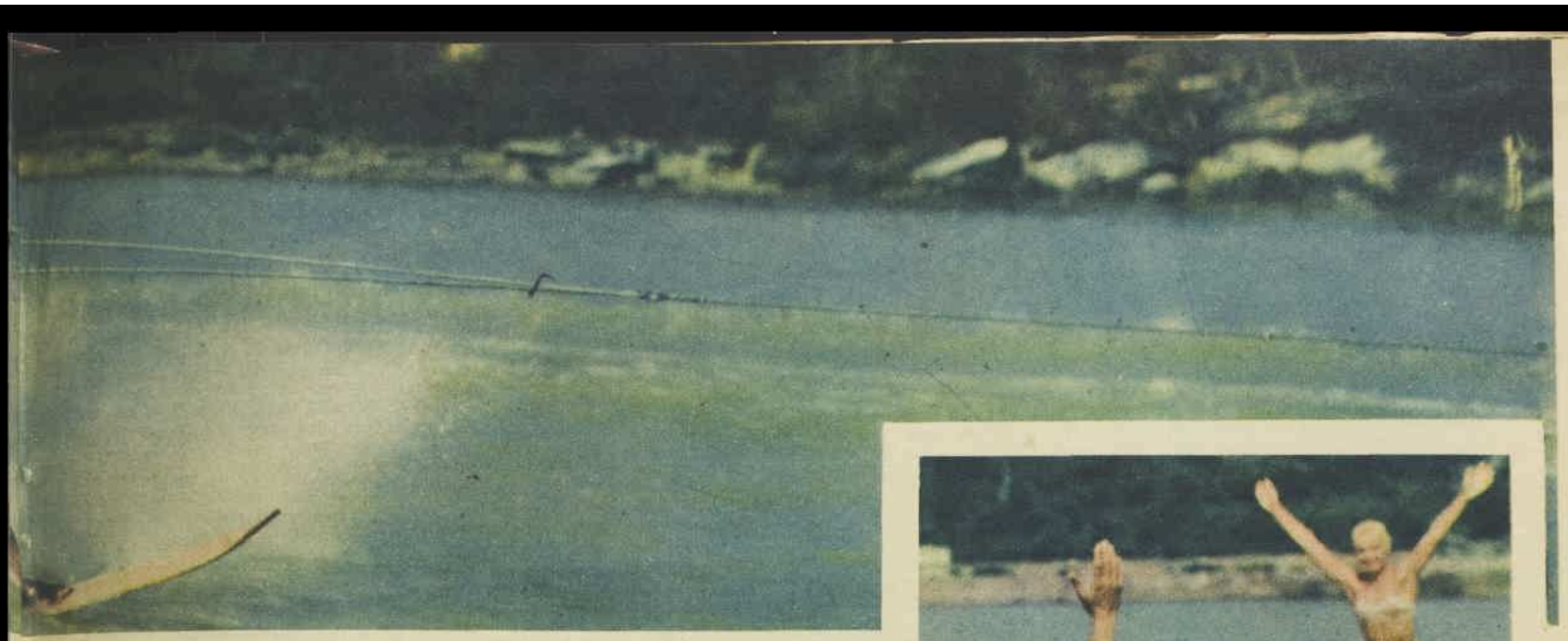

Here's how . . .

TAKE-OFF demonstrated by aqua ballerina Win Neale, of Mosman. Remember that the boat will shoot off at a minimum speed of 12 knots, so beginners should remain in their original crouched position.

BACK TO SHORE. Fling the tow-rope aside as the boat zooms past the beach, set your course, and the speed you've been travelling will send you back to base. Win coasts past Betty Leighton, of Balgowlah.

...s up the same crouched position in the shallows. ...when the boat moves off, Dick Logan (left) holds ...f, and Phillip prepares to lift her from behind.

BARBECUE on the beach after a day's water ski-ing — just the right way to end the day. Beginners are usually rather stiff for the first few weekends, but that soon wears off. After ski-ing regularly for about six months, they'll graduate to a single ski, like Jane in the top picture.

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Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Anxious bridesmaid

"I AM to be my girl-friend's chief bridesmaid in March. My problem is that I do not know any of her friends or relatives other than her parents and fiance. It is to be a large wedding, with 200 guests. I am told that one of the duties of the bridesmaid is to circulate among the guests at the reception, introduce them to one another, and generally make them feel at ease. Is this necessary? I am very shy. I won't meet any of her friends or relatives before the wedding, because I am going away for a holiday beforehand. What are the duties before and at the wedding? The wedding is to be in a High Church of England. I am Presbyterian. Will there be much difference in the service?"

"Anxious," S.A.

As the bridesmaid you are one of the stars at the wedding, and your duties are like those of a lady-in-waiting to royalty. You are by the bride's side all day, helping her dress, pack, holding her bouquet during the ceremony, helping her with any little problem, and helping, too, to make the wedding reception as happy and successful as possible.

It doesn't matter a bit that you don't know the bride's friends and relatives. Being her bridesmaid is your passport to the friendship of all her friends at the reception. Today weddings are far less formal, and it is not part of wedding reception etiquette for the hostess to see that everybody meets everybody.

Indeed, with 200 guests, the hostess wouldn't have time to do anything else but introduce people. She wouldn't have a moment to enjoy herself. This applies to you, too. But it is quite correct for you, as bridesmaid, to walk into a group and introduce yourself and get people sorted out. For instance, ask them are they a friend of the bride or the groom, and aren't the presents wonderful? Or something like that. Guests are flattered when the bridesmaid notices them and will do their utmost to entertain her.

The first duty of the bridesmaid before the wedding is to pay for her dress. The bride and bridesmaid generally choose the style together, but, as it is the bride's day, she usually has the final say in what the frock will be, although the bridesmaid pays for it. The thing the bridesmaid has to do is look pretty, but not too pretty; she must on no account outshine the bride.

See that all the wedding finery is ready a week before the wedding—and this is the time for you to give a pre-wedding shower tea if you are going to. If you do — and the bridesmaid generally does — ask the bride for a list of the guests she would like invited.

A shower tea is a girls' party, an afternoon tea party to which the guests bring gifts for the bride. You invite the guests, although you may have never met them before, and tell them what sort of tea it is after you have consulted the bride about what sort of tea she would like. It could be a kitchen tea, a hanky tea, a recipe tea; there's no end to the type you can give. But if it's a tea that the guests have to buy a gift for, it is a good idea to ask all the guests to limit the price of their gift to, say, 5/- or 7/6.

On the wedding day the bridesmaid helps the bride finish her packing for the honeymoon, sees that arrangements have been made to have the luggage picked up, checks the bride's going-away clothes, and sees that they are wherever the bride will change after the wedding.

She helps the bride dress for the wedding, and when she arrives at the church checks that before the bride enters it, sees that every detail is perfect, the veil straightened, and so on.

During the ring ceremony the bridesmaid holds the bride's bouquet, and after the service she goes to the vestry with the best man and signs the marriage register. After that she takes her place in the bridal procession from the church, and at the reception sees that the bride and her guests are as happy as she can help make them.

If she's still got the strength she helps the bride change into her going-away clothes, packs her bridal gown away, and then waves the bridal couple off to live happily ever after.

As you can see, you have so many duties you won't have time to be shy. Caught up in all the excitement, you'll enjoy every minute of the day.

As far as the church service is concerned, the Church of England service is different from the Presbyterian, but it is easily followed, and, as the bridesmaid stands throughout the service, she has no worries about kneeling, sitting, or standing in the right place.

His roving eye

"I AM in love with a boy who is 16, a few months older than I am. I have liked him for a year and I am sure he did like me the first two months, as he asked me out a couple of times. After that he liked about 10 different girls. I am not jealous, but I do not know what to do, as every now and then he keeps coming back to me. What should I do? I would not like to let him go."

"Unhappy," N.S.W.

Gather rosebuds while you may should be your motto. This boy is just a normal male playing the field. You should do the same. Go out with him if he asks you and you want to. But there is nothing you can do about him. And how can you let him go? You don't seem to have a hold to let go. Just relax and you'll enjoy life much more.

She can't forget

"SIX weeks ago I and my boy-friend decided to finish up. I did not want to, but he insisted. We were very much in love with each other and were ideally happy. He did not give me any explanation, but I suspect that it was his mother who forced him into it. He has been going out with other girls, but he just cannot hold them. I have been going out with others, but I keep comparing them with my old boy-friend. I love him very much. Could you please help me out of this mess. I start thinking about him and I either burst into tears or get such a fit of depression that I just cannot go on with my work. I am almost desperate."

D.C., Vic.

I can't help you at all; only time can. You won't believe me now, but in three months' time you'll wake up one morning and realise that it is true that time even mends a broken heart.

And don't doubt that you've got one. You certainly have. Every symptom is there. The tears, the depression, and the way you are seeking round to find excuses for him. You are trying to blame his mother, trying to paint a picture of a young man trying to console himself with other girls and failing because he really loves you. None of this imagined picture is true. The truth is that he no longer loves you, no longer likes your company. You must accept this and wait for the wonderful touch of time that smooths the hurt away.

If it is any comfort to you, and I'm sure it isn't, it is a rare girl who hasn't been through such a time. It is part of a girl's emotional education, part that is painful and awful to live through. But everyone does live through it and lives to love another boy just as much, just as richly.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

GOT a friend in hospital you are planning to visit? Study the rules that make you a good hospital visitor before you go, and then stick to them. Here they are:

- **Don't go unless you've inquired first from the hospital or his family whether visitors are allowed.**
- **Don't go if you've got a cold. A card is better than a sneezy, germ-laden visit.**
- **Don't go barging along looking in wards here and there when you get to the hospital. Ask the first nurse you see if there is no inquiry desk.**
- **Don't outstay your welcome. Even if the visiting hours say "From 3 p.m. to 4 p.m.," that doesn't mean you must stay all the time. Make your visit short and sweet and call again a few days later.**
- **Don't talk about your problems and how sick he looks. Happy talk is the note, but not hilariously happy. Laughing hurts when you've got stitches.**
- **Don't take the gang with you —go by yourself. Too many visitors make the patient weary, wear him out.**
- **Don't sit on his bed; it's for him, and the slightest movement could cause him pain. Sit on a chair where he can see you without moving in the bed or craning his neck.**
- **Don't take food as a present without inquiring if he's on a special diet. Books and magazines are a safe present.**
- **Don't smoke. It may be taboo; it may upset the patient (even if healthy he smokes heavily) or other patients close by.**
- **Don't make your goodbye a long-drawn-out farewell. Leave on a happy, hopeful note (I know you'll look even better next time I call) and ask if there's anything you can do for him, like posting a letter.**

DOBIE GILLIS

• From page 7

paper. It was called 'I Love You.' Do you remember it?"

I licked my dry lips. "Yes," I said.

"Well," continued Zelda, "I thought you'd written the poem to me. I thought propinquity had finally started working on you. I was very happy. I wanted you to know how happy I was. So I phoned the Y.M.C.A. and asked for you. They never heard of you."

I nodded my head sadly. "So you went looking for me."

"And found you behind the School of Animal Husbandry with Angela. So I made some inquiries about Angela, and I learned you were using me to stay in science so you could keep her. So I decided to fix your waggon."

"Well," said I with a wan smile, "you did it."

"You sore, Dobie?"

"No," I sighed. "I guess I had it coming."

"Oh, cheer up," said Zelda, slapping my back. "You don't belong in science anyhow. Go back to the Arts College and start over. You'll be happy there."

"Happy without Angela?" said I, with a bitter laugh. She was lost to me now, irretrievably and forever.

When I went back to the Arts College, I would have to start all over from the beginning, which meant that Angela would be a half a year ahead of me and we wouldn't be in the same class any more.

Not that it mattered; Angela had made it abundantly clear that we were finished if I flunked the first semester of science, which I thumpingly had.

"Forget her," said Zelda. "You've still got me."

"That," said I, "fails to put the roses back in my cheeks. No offence."

"It's all right," said Zelda. "I'll get you yet. I'm Gilroy and you're Gillis, and I'm transferring to the Arts College with you."

"You still on that propinquity kick?"

"Absolutely," she declared. "It's a scientific fact. It can't fail!"

You know something? Zelda was right.

Propinquity works like a charm. Today I am happily going steady with Harriet Gilmore, a lovely, sensitive girl, who was placed by alphabetical seating between Gillis and Gilroy.

Zelda, after fussing for a bit, has gone back to science, where she belongs, and today she is going steady with a very decent fellow named Clyde Gillingwater. We double-date often.

NEXT WEEK: Wildcat or the Lady?

This series of stories is from Max Shulman's book "I Was a Teenage Dwarf," by arrangement with the publisher, Bernard Geis Associates.

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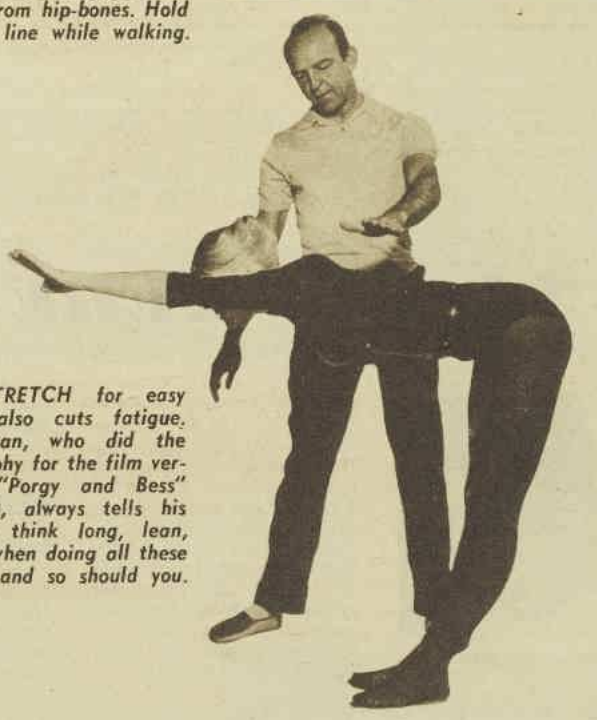
Hollywood way to new beauty

● *Girls, if you want to look like a dream walking, try the exercises shown here by famous Hollywood dance director Hermes Pan and young English dancer Carole Bryan. Added grace and poise and a figure as supple as a dancer's will be your reward for the time and attention you devote to these basic movements. It may take time, but keep at it.*

By Carolyn Earle

PERFECT POSTURE is a straight line between back of head, shoulders, and outline of buttocks. The stance is achieved by sliding hips forward and stretching up to lift the rib-cage as far as possible from hip-bones. Hold this upright line while walking.

WAIST-LIMB stretch, done first on one side then on the other, is excellent for limbering. For best effect, throw the whole weight of torso on to hip of extended leg and stretch arms way out as if reaching for imaginary objects placed just beyond the fingertips.



BACK STRETCH for easy carriage also cuts fatigue. Hermes Pan, who did the choreography for the film version of "Porgy and Bess" (Columbia), always tells his pupils to think long, lean, and lazy when doing all these exercises, and so should you.

FLEX FOOT and firm calf by putting weight on forward leg. Push other heel towards floor in short, bouncing movement. Reverse leg position and repeat, alternating action at least four times each. This is especially good for girls who wear high heels for long periods.

RAG-DOLL FLOP for upper torso. Let head, shoulders, arms sag to one side, then rotate to front, opposite side, and back with arms falling freely so that a full circle is made. Repeat on opposite side and be REALLY lazy about it.

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Bob's a boomer

● 1959 was a pretty good year for Bobby Darin. In February he came to Australia bottom of the bill for a Headliners' show and by December he was awarded the Record of the Year Award for his singing of "Mack the Knife" and labelled the best new arrival by the Academy of Recording Arts and Sciences.

BOBBY DARIN helps Connie Francis with her make-up before a TV show.

THERE'S little doubt that Bobby impressed Australian teenagers the same way he impresses the kids in America—as one of "the greatest."

Twenty-three-year-old Bobby is the boy to watch if you want to see anyone going places, but fast.

This young New Yorker is impatient for success in virtually every phase of show business.

Already a smash hit as a recording star and hit-song writer, Bobby yearns to conquer in many other fields as well.

He wants to win an Oscar for top-acting honors in Hollywood, an Emmy for similar laurels in television, to become a dramatic actor, a dancer, an all-round entertainer — in short, to come as close as possible to the heights scaled by Frank Sinatra.

Like so many other young singers, Bobby holds Sinatra in awe as the ideal entertainer. Although not consciously imitating the older man's singing style, Bobby has been influenced by Sinatra's suave approach to a song, his phrasing, and, above all, his selection of songs.

Bobby, of course, sings (and writes) rock-'n-roll music, but in addition he sings established "standard" songs, particularly when appearing before audiences older than teenagers.

Bobby has never had a singing lesson in his life and cannot read music.

Nevertheless, he has taught himself to play the piano, vibraphone, bass viol, guitar, and drums. He composes music by picking out the tune on the piano and having an arranger write down the notes.

His hit songs (for which he has written both words and music) include "Splish Splash," "Early in the Morning," "Queen of the Hop," and "Dream Lover."

He also wrote "That's All," which is the title of his very popular album of both rock and pop songs.

All told, Bobby has written more than 150 songs. His first to be put on wax was "My First Real Love." His good pal Connie Francis, America's top girl singer, made the recording for Bobby. But it was not a commercial success. Bobby refers to it wryly as "My first real flop."

Like so many American singers — Frankie Avalon, Perry Como, Frank Sinatra, Fabian, Tony Bennett among them — Bobby Darin comes from Latin-American stock. His real name is Walden Robert Cassotto.

Bobby was brought up in the crowded Bronx area of New York City and attended the Bronx High School of Science. Although not particularly interested in science, Bobby's energetic attention to his studies won him a free-tuition scholarship to Hunter College, a city university.

He attended Hunter for one year, but his heart was not in higher education. He wanted desperately to go into show business.

Bobby's first big "break" came on the Tommy Dorsey TV Show in 1956, where he sang several of his own numbers so effectively that he received immediate offers of further television work and nightclub appearances.

Since then Bobby has been a young man on the way up. His record sales have steadily increased, and he is one of the most-sought-after nightclub entertainers in America. He can give any audience exactly what it wants—the mark of the top-flight entertainer.

His repertoire ranges over ballads, standards, special-material songs, calypso, folk songs, and rock-'n-roll. His obvious sincerity appeals to each type of audience.

Because of his age, Bobby is a special favorite of the teenagers.

"I give them lots of rock-'n-roll because it is their particular art form," Bobby says. "It's a healthy thing for them, in my opinion. I don't agree that it leads to juvenile delinquency. Kids who go wrong don't do so because of music."

Bobby's brown-eyed, brown-haired good looks appeal to the girls, but he has no time for serious romance.

"I'm too busy working," he explains. "Marriage can come later."

LISTEN HERE—with Ainslie Baker

ROD LAUREN

LOCAL TALENT: Owing to one thing and another it's taken me quite a time to get round to mentioning "My Teenage Love," sung by one of my favorite rockers, handsome **Warren Williams**, one of the Big Show boys. Flip to this Festival 45 is "Where My Baby Goes." It's The (not so) Squares you hear with W.W.

POPULAR Sydney vocalist **Alan Dale** has one this time that will delight his supporters. On a Columbia 45 he sings the dramatic "Torment" and "You Threw a Dart," a solid rocker that Alan makes sound really good. With him are The Casuals and The Four Shores.

POPS: Stand by for a new, young, dark, and good-looking rave in the ballad world. He's **Rod Lauren**, who makes his bow on an R.C.A. 45 with "If I Had A Girl" and "No Wonder," with Shorty Rodgers' orchestra, and choir. Rod is 19, has hazel-brown eyes, and is 5ft. 11in. tall. He goes in for archery, weight-lifting, and skin-diving, plays piano and trombone. And his father wanted him to be a dentist!

WITH so many good singers around, I still think **Conway Twitty's** got something extra. M.G.M. has put out a set of three Twitty EPs. Vol. 1, "It's Only Make Believe," offers also "Hallelujah, I Love Her So," "First Romance," and "Make Me Know You're Mine." Vol. 2 is "Sentimental Journey," together with "I Vibrate," "The Story Of My Love," and "I'll Try." As well as the "Mona Lisa" of Vol. 3, you get "You'll Never Walk Alone," "Don't You Know?", and "My One And Only You."

THAT man in Liz Taylor's life, **Eddie Fisher**, is out on an R.C.A. 45. He gives the big romantic waltz-time treatment to the old "The Last Mile Home," and tackles "I'd Sail A Thousand Seas" in a fairly robust manner.

CLIMBERS: Good news for teens fans of **Annette Funicello** is the issue of a Disneyland 45 of her popular "First Name Initial" and "My Heart Became Of Age," both big numbers in their own right and ideally suited to Annette's youthful style of delivery.

TWO numbers from top girl singer **Connie Francis** that are bound to be around for quite a while are her revival of "Among My Souvenirs" and "God Bless America." They come coupled on an M.G.M. 45.

MOVIE MUSIC: At the Melbourne premiere of "On The Beach" I was most impressed with the fine background music composed for the film by Viennese-born Ernest Gold, whom Stanley Kramer usually asks to do the score for his productions. You can hear the original "On The Beach" soundtrack, conducted by its composer, on a Roulette LP. Gold's use of "Waltzing Matilda" for the orchestration should please even the most dyed-in-the-wool patriots.

A MEMENTO of **Pat Boone's** "Journey to the Centre of the Earth" is on offer on a London 45. Pat sings his movie ballad "My Faithful Heart" and "Beyond The Sunset" — with a spoken middle section. Billy Vaughn's Orchestra and chorus.

ARTHUR MILLER, lucky man, has got Marilyn Monroe. But at least you can have jazz guitarist **Barney Kessel** leading a big-name sextet in a modern jazz performance of songs from Marilyn's movie. "Barney Kessel Plays Some Like It Hot" (Vogue LP) is good free-wheeling stuff, quite a disc. Both Kessel and drummer Shelly Manne were in the orchestra which recorded the film's soundtrack.

PERSONALITY: One that no one can afford to pass over is **Nina Simone's** Pye LP "The Amazing Nina Simone." On its dozen tracks this remarkably mature 26-year-old singer stakes a further claim to fame with "Chilly Winds Don't Blow," "Willow Weep For Me," and "Solitaire." It's one worth saving for.

JAZZ: You mainstream in this department? Then you're going to like the sound of **Milt Jackson** and **Ray Charles'** "Soul Brothers" (London LP). Jackson's the vibraharp, piano, and guitar player who worked with Dizzy Gillespie, Coleman Hawkins, Woody Herman, and The Modern Jazz Quartet. Charles, blind since the age of six, is a composer (for Presley, the Everley Brothers), bandleader, and vocalist, and on this occasion is heard on piano and trombone. There are two originals by each man, plus the traditional "How Long Blues."

NOVELTY: Got a yen for romantic places? Well, Festival's stereo LP "The Magic Islands" will be just your dish. Real dreamy stuff, with the sounds of tropic seas, tropic rains, old island instruments, and such haunting songs as "Lovely Hula Hands" and "Sweet Leilani." The jacket carries a glossary of Hawaiian words — just in case you ever get there in person.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4882936

ANNE WAS MAUVE FROM HEAD TO HEM

by Sheila McFarlane

● Anne Cahill's pretty enough to turn heads any time, but with her straw-colored hair tinted pale mauve to match her mink she literally swivelled heads at San Francisco's airport.

ANNE'S the 17-year-old Melbourne lass who recently won a television competition sponsored by the British Nylon Spinners.

The prize was a three weeks' trip to America, plus the nylon imitation mink (worth £90) and an all-nylon wardrobe of dresses, accessories, slacks, twin-set, swimming-costume, and lingerie.

She had her hair tinted pale mauve to match the coat before she left.

"I'd been told tinted hair was all the rage in America, but only saw one other mauve girl while I was there," she said.

Anne decided during her 21-day trip that besides being a bit dull about trying daring hair colors, the American girls were way behind us in dress sense.

"They'll dress up for a party in a lovely formal dress—plus socks and flat shoes!" she said in horrified tones after she arrived back in Melbourne wearing a new orange-coffee nail varnish to tone with the elegant nylon-mohair jacket-dress which was part of her prize wardrobe.

Her own spike-heeled scarlet court shoes have the newly fashionable diagonal strap across the instep.

The newest hairdo

"But, in contrast with their dress sense, their manner is far more sophisticated than ours."

Anne was also amazed at some Americans' idea of Australia.

"A Spanish hairdresser in Los Angeles gave me a beautiful hair style — piled high on top with wisps falling round my face — but he was shockingly ignorant about us, and asked me what language we spoke, and if we were British!

"On a tour of Honolulu an American woman told me she would love to visit Australia, but has enough trouble speaking English without having to learn another language!"

Anne took with her a Candy Hardy dress offered through our service, and wore it when she went to an exclusive Los Angeles shop to choose a glamorous evening gown.

"The saleswoman was ecstatic about my frock, and most surprised to hear it was an Australian creation," she said, "so I spent ten minutes telling her just how wonderful our clothes are."

In Hollywood Anne couldn't believe her luck when she realised her heart-throb, Roger Smith, was sitting right behind her and her mother, Mrs. W. T. Cahill, during lunch at Warner Brothers' studio.

"I took a few minutes to steady my nerves, a deep breath, then spun round and asked for his autograph," she said.

"I also met Peter Brown, the deputy sheriff in the television show 'Lawman' — he told me to eat up the salad, because it was good for me, but I'd lost my appetite — and Tom Gillson, who is making his own television series, which isn't out here yet."

Anne also visited Disneyland and the Walt Disney studios, where, she says, it takes one and a half weeks of drawing to put ten seconds of cartoon on the screen.

Anne's 13-year-old sister Gay is the envy of all her friends, too, since she received a "consolation prize" from Anne of three Hollywood-made dresses, a white leather coat lined with red fur and several pairs of shoes.

One of the best shopping sprees Anne had in America was at a bargain sale of LP records, where she bought ten discs for the record club she and girl-friend Heather Madden run at their church in Bentleigh, Melbourne.

Cute souvenirs

Among her personal souvenirs of the trip are a watch on a bracelet which looks like a string of gold sixpences, and a bracelet with a miniature music box dangling from it, which plays "Take Me In Your Arms Again" in tinkling bells.

Although she was too overcome to eat for the first few days in the States — she lost a stone in weight through excitement — Anne recovered in time to eat a Thanksgiving Day dinner of turkey and cranberry sauce.

Now she's back at her typing job in a Melbourne stockbroker's office, and saving madly so she'll get to see the rest of the world. Soon

PRIZEWINNER Anne Cahill received a toy kangaroo from Mr. J. Constable, of the Australian National Travel Association, before she left.

BELOW: Anne wears a foam-green sheath dress which was one of the eight in her glamorous all-nylon wardrobe.

IT'S not mink, but nylon fur fabric, in Anne's luscious full-length prize coat.

THIS dreamy dance dress of pale pink flock nylon is one Anne bought in Los Angeles

FROM Anne's own wardrobe — our Candy Hardy dress. Anne has it in white nylon.

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A GUY on a new kind of tomboy says...

A GIRL's a man for all that!

● A tomboy was once a female freak, regarded by her Mum and her more feminine friends as a rather queer dear. And even the she-he felt more than somewhat self-conscious about the boyish side of her split personality.

NOW, however, although there are more tomboys than ever before in history, girls take it in their (men's) stride(s).

This is because nearly all girls (from the ages of seven to seventy!) are now tomboys! No kidding. For all their talk about the beauties of being belles they're obviously finding more joys in being like boys.

Here's proof that being made of slugs and snails and puppy dogs' tails apparently now appeals to girls more than the former formula of sugar and spice and all things nice . . .

Most noticeably "clothes make the man"—of the cutie!

Think of all the mannish modes girls have appropriated. They really wear the pants now as they shake a leg in slacks. And they've even invaded the bull-ring to debag the matadors.

Oh, and what about that other current female fashion — Bermuda shorts and knee-length socks? The long (socks) and short (pants) of them is that they were originally strictly male clothes, until they became a womanly weapon in the craze to make a madam more like Adam.

And even when girls do revert to the skirt they still try to cling to other new-found g(lad) rags. Many girls' blouses are, in fact, male shirts. And often their sloppy-joe sweaters are **really** Joe's!

Pyjamas are doing better in the belle business than their sleeping partner, the nightdress. And men had pyjamas on their own once.

There's more to (really) boot! Going from sleepy head to toe, lasses have said shoo to their own dainty shoes.

Desert boots started as boys' clog togs, but the sands soon ran out on male monopoly on the style. It only took about a month to per-suede girls to sell their existing **soles** and make a **welt-er** of the boys' boots!

And, whereas in the old days the odd tomboy in her jeans and boys' shirt used to elevate female eyebrows, now no one worries.

The modern mannish miss' mother and aunt don't complain—can't, in fact—because odds-on they, too, are as keen on slacks as on Sacks.

Hence the expression "The **aunt's** pants!"

(By the way, there can be no argument against my claim that girls pinch men's dress fashions. Even a girl who swears she always wears skirts is condemned out of her own mouth. For Scots laddies had kilts long before Lassies Came Home with knee-length skirts.)

Of course, clothes aren't the only ways in which girls will be boys. They have, for instance, taken up (ch)arms and copied that essentially male domain, the Army. I refer to marching girls who have taken over the parade trade, left-right, left-right and centre.

(Not that I don't approve of this. I'd rather have had a pretty drum-majorette giving me orders than my old Regimental Sergeant-Major!)

Turning the electric shaver into a leg-shaver is yet another way in which girls are really trimming down the list of things once meant for men only.

Yes, girls are looking and acting more and more like boys every day. How far can they take this dis-guys? Maybe it'll get to the stage where girls will accept the responsibilities that go with boys' clothes. For instance, the woman might **really** pay!

But there could be a drawback. Up until now a girl can ward off my attempts at stealing a goodnight kiss by saying, "Robin, I can only be a sister to you."

The way things are going, however, if the sister jazz doesn't deter me she'll have another defence. "Robin," she could say, "I can only be a **brother** to you!"

So, girls, go back to the old ways and look **at** blokes—not **like** 'em!

—Robin Adair

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4882938

THOSE BOUNCY IRISH BHOYS

● When the orchestra strikes up "The Wearing of the Green" three black-stockinged, green-clad leprechauns, known as the "Amazing Monahans," fly into action on the stage.

TUMBLING TRIO, the "Amazing Monahans" (from left), Bob Butler and his nephews Joe Casstevens and Chris Reason, dressed as leprechauns, wearing emerald-green breeches and weskits and black stockings.

LIKE india-rubber dolls, they hurtle through the air in highly hazardous aerial tumbling acts at the rate of fourteen separate quick-succession tricks in thirty seconds.

"The kids are absolutely safe — we never take chances. All our stunts are exactly calculated," says leader of the troupe Bob Butler, referring to the gymnastic gimmicks of his teenage nephews, Joe Casstevens and Chris Reason.

"I'm more worried about the boys clowning with other kids on the beach than I am when they are working," says Bob.

The three are now appearing at the Tivoli in Sydney after a Melbourne season.

Before taking on the identity of the "Amazing Monahans" they performed as Hungarians in national dress and also as Spaniards to a background of "bullfight" music.

"We became 'Irish' after acting in the Disney film 'Darby O'Gill and the Little People' and getting leprechaun-minded," they explain.

Bob Butler and his nephews are actually Californians. They are old hands at film-making.

The boys have appeared in nearly 200 screen and TV films as stunt characters, "bit" players, and as doubles for youthful stars in such popular features as the Donna Reed Show, Leave It To Beaver, and the Buckskin series.

Chris' father, Rex Reason, is TV star of "Man Without A Gun," and his mother, Bob's sister Joan, has lately taken up modelling in Hollywood.

Joe's parents have a turkey ranch in California.

Sixteen-year-old Joe, who has been following in his Uncle Bob's footsteps since he was six, is a former National Novice Trampoline and Ground Tumbling Champion of America.

Stunt diver

He is also a magnificent stunt diver.

Chris, who is 14, did not take up acrobatics until he was 11, but his uncle is proud of the way he has trained his muscles to react to split-second directions.

Bob Butler, who is in his thirties but looks about 25, became crazy about acrobatics as a six-year-old, when he watched with wide eyes the flips and flaps of another small boy performing in a travelling show.

He set about learning how to do tricks himself, and, by the time he was 12, he was spending his school holidays working as a "pro." in circuses.

After graduating from the University of California, he spent two years working as a teacher in a junior high school.

When Chris and Joe are on tour, Bob keeps his hand in at teaching, supervising their correspondence school lessons.

In Australia they have enrolled with a Victorian correspondence coaching college.

"We have to work hard, but the results are good," the boys say.

When they are at home they attend the Hollywood Professional Children's School. It caters for children who have to cram lessons between film making.

Television film work is very high-pressured, according to the trio.

"Usually, several scripts are being studied and rehearsed at the same time, and then 'shot' by the cameras on the unit's filming days, once or twice a week," Bob explained.

"Unlike movie films, where scenes are shot and re-shot, in television production costs have to be kept to a minimum, and everyone has to be word perfect first time facing the cameras.

"There is just no such thing as forgetting your lines in a TV film!"

Just before coming to Australia, the "Amazing Monahans" teamed up with the Marx Bros. — Groucho, Harpo, and Chico incongruously playing the roles of angels in a TV film.

Being so much at home in the air, the "Monahans" were selected to double in long shots for the "angelic" flying operations of the Marx Bros.

"The toughest thing about it for me was having to puff away all day at a great cigar, doubling for Groucho," said Bob. "I'm a non-smoker!"

How to fall

Bob has lost count of the number of films in which he has stunted and taken all the risks for big-name stars.

They date from the days of Jack Oakie comedy hits. Falling from a high building is completely old hat to him.

"The technique of falling from a height is not landing in a net, but on to a stack of empty cardboard cartons covered with a tarpaulin," he explained.

"The tarpaulin keeps the air escape controlled to cushion the impact, so that the cartons gently crumble under my weight."

A chilling "spot" in the "Amazing Monahans'" repertoire is performed by Joe, standing on Bob's feet, flipping into a back somersault and landing on his uncle's feet again.

The trio wear made-to-order, soft, black kid, lace-up pumps with crepe rubber soles.

Practising to perfect difficult tricks, the boys also wear safety belts and work on a spring bed.

"This is so they can learn the mechanics of the routine without any fear of falling," said Bob.

The only accident they have had was off-stage. Chris nearly lost the little finger of his right hand when he jammed it in a folding bed at Riverside Hotel in Reno last year, when the trio was appearing there on the same bill as Jimmy Durante.

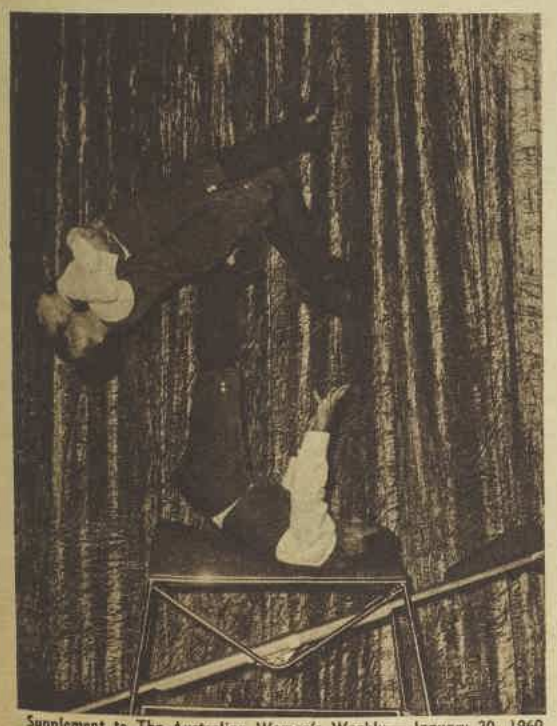
After their Australian season the "Monahans" will go to England and Europe.

Last year they covered more than 100,000 miles touring the U.S., Canada, Honolulu, Mexico, and the Caribbean islands with the Harlem Globetrotters.

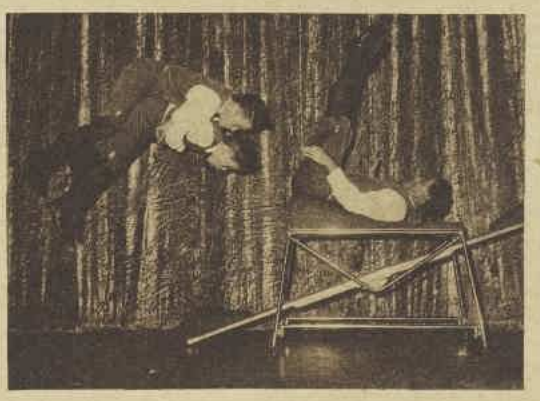
Although the "Monahans'" success has come in leaps and bounds before the footlights, to see them really fly through the air you need to be backstage when the curtain goes down.

Then they make a jet-propelled ascent up the three flights of stairs to the dressing-room at the Tivoli, where a tiny bundle of black silk anxiously waits for them.

The bundle is "Bodgie," a minute Australian terrier puppy who recently became a "Monahan."



TANDEM back somersault (left) is one of the highlights of the "Amazing Monahans'" aerial tumbling routine. Bob Butler developed the trick, which was first used by American showman Richard Risley 150 years ago. Risley was the first man to juggle a boy in the air and kick him up into a backward somersault. Bob has improved on the act by somersaulting two boys into the air. (Below): Landing after a double back somersault propelled by the feet of their uncle Bob Butler, Joe Casstevens and Chris Reason make a safe descent with Joe hugging Chris around the waist.



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BE REALLY REFRESHED...PAUSE FOR COKE

Add zest to outdoor fun

Wonderful weather for getting outdoors — perfect days to spend in the sun. And what could be better during the thirsty summertime than an ice-cold bottle of Coca-Cola. The lively sparkle is so refreshing — the lift so cheerful — the taste so delicious. Pause for Coca-Cola and get a real reward in pleasure.

Coca-Cola is bottled throughout Australia by independent bottling companies under authority of The Coca-Cola Company.

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CC495

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5561. — Luncheon - onward dress (above) designed with a soft bodice top, fitted midriff, and bell skirt. The pattern includes a short and ¾-length sleeve. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires, design with ¾-length sleeves, 5¼yds. 36in. material; with short sleeves, 4¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

5560. — Late - day - cum - party dress (above) designed with one of the new "puffed" skirt lines. The bodice top is perfectly tailored and finished with tiny sleeves. The waistline is circled with a contrasting cummerbund. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 36in. contrast material. Pattern price 4/6.

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by POND'S,

Capture and hold today's smooth, dewy finish with this longer-lasting liquid make-up

Angel Touch is the complete liquid make-up that captures *light*, and gives a woman's complexion breathtaking radiance — without any shine. You can wear it alone, or with face powder.
And Angel Touch contains special natural moisture . . . suits any type of skin. Give your complexion the lively, radiant look of today — with Angel Touch, by Pond's.

Angel Touch — in the exquisite squeeze bottle. Can't break, can't leak. Six heavenly shades: Natural, Golden, Honey, Bronze, Blushing, Tawny.

4/11

Another beauty product of Chesebrough-Pond's.

C308

Continuing . . .

BEAUTY AND THE BEATNIK

from page 25

A dozen or so people lounged against the wall. I made out a girl in black leather pants, a man in a yellow weskit, and, in the faint light, blond triplets. There were also some children being reared in the permissive tradition, scattering sand in the corners of the room.

Jimmy Ellenbogin looked up from his culinary labors. "Come join these happy few," he said. And then with an appreciative look at me, "Hey, who's the pretty girl?" He bore down on me, waving a spoon in the air.

"Easy, Ellenbogin," said Pete. "This girl has been gently reared. She knows nothing of your nether world."

"Aw, come on," Jimmy shook his head. "You trying to tell me this chick is a square?"

"Worse." Pete was solemn.

"Hell," said Jimmy magnanimously, "we all went that route at one time or another. It's nothing you can't get over if you put your mind to it. Now you take a good look at me. Would you ever think that I used to sell life insurance seven days a week, rain or shine?"

I glanced at his espadrilles and rope belt and shook my head dumbly.

"Member of the hundred-thousand-dollar sales club. Bleeding ulcer." He tapped his stomach with the flat of his hand. "Two trips to the hospital and I became the poor man's Picasso." He waved toward the walls. "I'm said to have talent."

"That's more than enough about you," Pete said, taking my elbow. "It's me she's interested in." He steered me out on to a rather saggy verandah which fronted the ocean. There was a line of diapers festooned gaily along the railing.

"He's really a great guy," said Pete. "And he's right about the talent. The Museum of Modern Art has some of his stuff. Never knew he had it in him till he eased off."

"Talented people need no defence," I said. "They are special cases."

"Wrong," said Pete. "Take a peek inside there. The guy with the yachting cap on backward?" I duly noted a gentleman of that description and nodded.

"Used to run one of the biggest advertising agencies in the country. Well, sir, my friend in there had about ten years of that and hit the psychiatric couch like a ton of bricks. His doctor told him to get some rest and recreation.

"He went sailing at Balboa, came home, sold his business, and now operates a fishing fleet out of San Pedro and wouldn't have it any other way. The shrinker hasn't seen hide nor hair of him since."

PRIMLY I said, "Well, all of us have to find our proper niche in society."

"That old man with the yellow weskit doesn't do a darn thing but classify wild flowers. His wife supports him."

"Yes, but—"

"Those triplets? Used to be chorus girls. Now they record folk songs, and they are the most!"

"Mr. Cass," I said tartly, "I've spent years preparing for my doctorate in economics. I've worked my way through college and graduate school at some sacrifice of my leisure time. I intend to hew to my purpose."

"What do you do for laughs?" inquired Mr. Cass, leaning against the line of wash.

"A utilitarian life does not lack for pleasure," I said stiffly.

"Are you trying to tell me that you're having a ball?" he asked, amused.

"Having a ball, as you put it, is not essential to me. Later on—"

"Aha," snorted Mr. Cass, "we get to it! Later on, say five or ten years from now, when the bloom is a little bit off the rose, you'll be whistling a different tune. But," he murmured darkly, "it'll be too late. You'll have missed the boat. Why, I might even be married."

"I doubt it," I said haughtily. "I really don't see where you'll work it in. I mean—your winters will be given over to ski-ing and your summers to skin-diving—"

"Then you'd better catch me now," he said, coming close.

"Chow's down," shouted Mr. Ellenbogin. "Come and get it."

I INCHED warily past Mr. Cass and took my place with the others inside. The food was marvellous, and after dinner we sat on the floor around the fading coals while the triplets sang madrigals in voices of surprising beauty.

I felt drowsy and replete and as free as the first moment you shed your girdle. We stayed till almost two-thirty.

On the way home Mr. Cass explored my reaction to the vie boheme. "Kind of a jazzy bunch," he said. "Did they get to you at all?"

"They have great charm," I said sincerely, "but the world —" I trailed off.

"What about the world, Miss Priss?" inquired Mr. Cass sardonically.

"The world is made by workers," I said. But for the first time I didn't sound entirely convinced.

"I'm going on a picnic Sunday," said Mr. Cass, detecting a note of weakness. "Catch a few butterflies, whistle a few songs, eat a chicken leg. Appeal to you?"

I felt a deep languor steal over me at the prospect. "I'm supposed to read Veblen's Theory of the Leisure Class on Sunday," I said dreamily.

"Forget it."

"Well, perhaps I could take a few hours off in the afternoon."

"All day," he said implacably.

"It will be the first day I've had off this year," I said thoughtfully, "except for when I had my wisdom tooth extracted."

"I'll come by around eleven," he said.

"Eleven? You said all day."

"That's when my day starts," he said lazily.

At twelve-forty-five on Sunday morning he had not shown up. I paced my apartment like an angry tigress, while my room-mate hovered anxiously by the window.

"I deserve it," I said grimly. "I richly deserve it for getting involved with one of those beat persons."

"Beatnik," corrected Milly gently, "and maybe he's sick."

"Sick, sick, sick," I snapped. "A loafer. A do-nothing."

"You could reform him," suggested Milly brightly, "Girls do it all the time. I mean—men are always doing things they don't want to because women tell them to."

"Not interested," I growled, "and it's all academic anyway, because I've been stood up and I'll probably never see him again."

"He's coming up the path right this minute," squealed

To page 36

3 WONDERFUL PRIZES EVERY WEEK

SOLVOL
"Busy Hands"
CONTEST

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It's quick! It's easy! It's fun to do!

Entry forms for this exciting new Solvol contest are at grocers and self-service stores *now*. Children can enter too, and contestants may send as many entries as they like. An opportunity none should miss!

SOLVOL GETS DIRTY HANDS *REALLY CLEAN*

S.19b.WW624

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A reproduction of this Nell Wilson painting, suitable for framing, is available free of charge on application to Shell Dealers only.

AYER'S ROCK . . . SENTINEL OF THE CENTRE

Rising over a thousand feet from the surrounding desert scrub country nearly three hundred miles to the south-west of Alice Springs, stands Ayer's Rock, the world's largest monolith. Each year this gigantic terra-cotta coloured dome attracts many holidaying motorists because of its stark breathtaking beauty. Although essentially an arid area, the variety of native flowers to be seen from time to time is both a surprise and delight to the visitor. Australia is richly endowed with such tourist attractions and people planning holidays or long-service leave will be well advised to seriously consider a motoring holiday in this interesting island continent in which we live.

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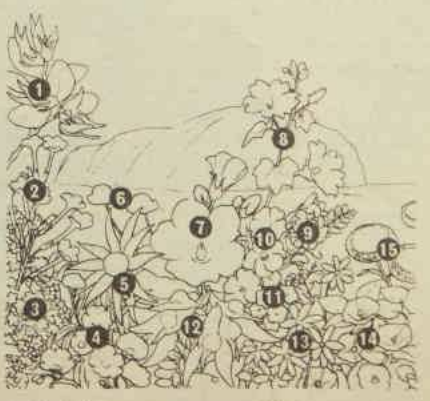

1. Bird Flower. **2.** Native Tobacco. **3.** Halgania. **4.** Parakeelya. **5.** Flannel Flower. **6.** Gold Hars. **7.** Red Centred Hibiscus. **8.** Tree Mallow. **9.** Darling Pea. **10.** Guinea Flower. **11.** Pink Bindweed. **12.** Sturt Desert Pea. **13.** Showy Groundsel. **14.** Convolvulus. **15.** Poached Eggs.

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New Modess...

the most trustworthy napkin ever created!

New...

a magic channel of protection

Now Modess has created a new feminine fabric—the newest and finest napkin cover ever devised. This new cover has all the features: the luxurious softness, the comfort of MASSLINN, *PLUS* the "Magic Channel" of protection.

"Magic Channel" is a panel of tiny perforations centred along the length of the napkin to give quicker absorbency and greater protection than ever before.

New Modess MASSLINN, with "Magic Channel" in the green package. Modess gauze cover in blue—in 12's—2/11; 18's—4/3; 24's—5/6.
Modess "Super"—super-absorbent, for those who need extra protection—in 12's —3/3.

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON—THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN SURGICAL DRESSINGS

Continuing . . BEAUTY AND THE BEATNIK

from page 34

Milly, "and he's carrying a kite."

He was, too—a large blue one. He stood under our window and smiled up at us. "Top of the morning, ladies," he said heartily.

I elbowed Milly aside and glared down at him ferociously. "You're late," I announced severely.

"Went to buy you this very superior blue kite. It's kite weather."

"Then go fly it, why don't you?"

"Jangled nerves, Maggie. That's what you're suffering from. Plain old jangled nerves. Now you just grab your bathing suit and some sunburn lotion and come with me. I'll iron you out in no time."

I must be simple-minded, because I allowed myself to be talked into joining him in a secluded cove where the waves gently lapped the shore and the sun filled the little hollow with warmth.

I HAD intended displaying disapproval and hauteur, but he was so cunning about the way he arranged things for my comfort that I was soon lying on my back, with the look of a cat being fed canaries.

"Now you just try this little pillow under your head," he said soothingly, "and I'll fix up a nice windbreak. Cold drinks at your elbow, sunglasses and me at my very best." He sprawled alongside me, propping his head on one elbow. "You look mighty pretty when you're relaxed, Maggie."

"All this is gross self-indulgence," I breathed weakly.

"Man, you must have had real Puritan forebears."

"Pioneer, not Puritan. My great-grandmother had twelve children, taught school, baked her own bread, helped establish a community church, and wrote a book on etiquette in her spare time. My grandfather has a street named after him in Salinas because he did so much for civic improvement, and my father has handled more legal cases than any other lawyer in Central California. They expect great things of me."

"You won't let them down. You're a great girl," he said softly. I blushed and evaded his eyes.

"I mean it," he persisted. "You're a real mover and shaker. Much too good for the likes of me."

I sat up and faced him earnestly. "You seem like a very intelligent young man. You're young and strong and—" I swallowed hard—"well, attractive. Surely you could make something of yourself. Haven't you ever worked?"

"Yeah. It was murder."

"What did you do?"

"I quit."

"No, I mean what kind of work did you do before you quit?"

"I'd rather not talk about it, Maggie. Let's face it. I'm a beatnik. Through and through. James Jones. Jack Kerouac. They're Dun and Bradstreet compared to me. I'm a real no-hoper."

"But you want to change, don't you?" I pleaded.

He rolled over on his back and grinned up at me. "Nope."

"Then there's nothing I can do for you," I said stiffly.

"Sure there is," he countered. "Be my girl. Come out and play when I knock at your door. Laugh it up with me. We can have some way-out times together if you'll just put down that pick and shovel."

"You wouldn't like it," I said sadly. "I'd just nag you to death."

"I'll chance it," he said. "Besides, I'll have you eating lotus blossom in no time at all." He picked up a handful of warm sand and covered my bare feet with it. "Yes, sir, every day will be Mardi Gras with us."

He reached into the ample picnic basket. "A jug of wine, black bread, and thou. Who needs anything more?"

Mesmerised, I accepted the food and chewed on it absently. "Who pays your bills?" I asked dreamily.

"Who owes any? Beatniks travel light."

"You see," I said disconsolately, "you're not even a consumer."

"I'm something a lot better than that," he said. "I'm a noncomformist. One of those guys who doesn't become an insurance statistic. The one that reads, 'American male longevity is forty-five years, two months,' or something like that. I'm going to have a long, happy life, Maggie, and I'd be very pleased to have you aboard."

"I couldn't marry you," I cried, "what would I tell my family?"

"Tell 'em I'm an American male of voting age, long of wind and gentle in manner. Tell 'em I observe Mother's Day and the traffic laws. I'm kind to dumb animals, bathe regularly, and sleep the sleep of the just. I wear glasses to read. I have lost my appendix and found my Shangri-La. That oughta hold 'em."

"The very first thing my father would ask is what do you do?"

"I'm a great fisherman and a tolerable golfer. I read Chinese. I breed goldfish."

"I'm afraid none of those things will do," I said icily.

"All right," he said, completely unperturbed, "I'll make a deal with you. You trot your family out and let 'em check me over. If I pass muster, you drop the reform movement and we get along just fine."

"There's no chance of that," I said. "My family hasn't left Salinas on a vacation in years."

"O.K. Take the mountain to Mohammed."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I have other, more pressing things to attend to." I stirred restlessly. "I'd like to get back now," I said. "I've got a lot of work to do."

PETE pulled me to my feet and into his arms. "All work and no play," he said, and kissed me deeply.

It was definitely a moment of truth, believe you me. I suddenly understood the laws of supply and demand, and not in economic terms, either. But I stood firm. "Take me to my books," I cried.

He nodded. "I'll be back to fight another day," he said. "Like tomorrow, for instance. One of my real gone friends has a motor-cycle. I'll take you for a spin. I'll throw a rock at your window at high noon."

The next day was the Fourth of July. Milly went off to light firecrackers with a friend—but no rocket's red glare for me. No ice-cream socials, no picnics, no brass bands. I drew the venetian blinds, took the phone off the hook and immersed myself in a weighty tome titled "The Evolution of the Middle Classes."

I was getting nicely through Employment Cycles in the 1920s when I heard a commotion in the street outside. A horn blasted loudly and cheerfully

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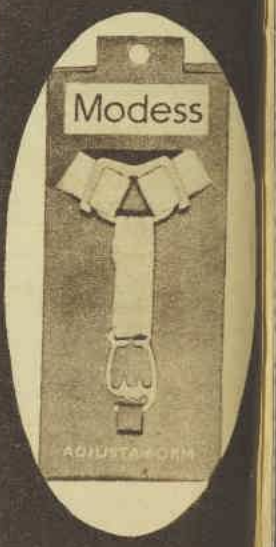

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"There's only two," he admitted. "Only two that matter."

But Hetty did not seem unduly put out.

"Then have them here," she told him. "Ask them round."

Mr. Bloot felt his whole mind lighten. He knew that he had behaved badly to Mr. Privett in having kept his romance concealed. And this would make it all right again.

Breaking the news to Mr. Privett proved easier than Mr. Bloot had feared. It was all done the following morning over a cup of tea. And Mr. Privett was delighted. Absolutely delighted.

The fact that he now shared his friend's confidence again was all that mattered.

"I'll tell Eileen tonight," he said. "She'll be ever so excited. You say which evening. And we'll come over."

But Mrs. Privett was not so delighted. Nor was she logical. Merely loyal.

"No, we don't," she said firmly. "Not until he's brought her here first. *I'm not* going chasing over to Finsbury Park just to please her. Think of Emily."

That made it very awkward for Mr. Privett. He hardly knew how to put it to Mr. Bloot.

"It's . . . it's just that Mother," he explained haltingly, "wants you to come over to us first. She . . . she feels it would be friendlier."

And that made it awkward for Mr. Bloot, too. Because he had already learnt enough about women to know that they do not like having their arrangements questioned.

But if Mrs. Privett had been obstructive, Hetty was nothing if not forthcoming. She enjoyed all parties. And naturally she

Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

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was excited at the prospect of this one.

"I hope you said 'yes,'" she told Mr. Bloot when he had delivered the invitation. "I could do with a bit of gaiety."

It was the following Monday they finally fixed on. Indeed, urgency had seemed to be of the very essence of the arrangement. But now that everything was settled Mr. Bloot began to suffer misgivings. He wondered what Hetty and Mrs. Privett could possibly find in common.

It wasn't even as if the Privetts played cards. Whereas as soon as Hetty sat down for relaxation with a few friends, out would come the pack and she would begin shuffling it

> **My motto is "Contented with little, yet wishing for more."**
> ***—Charles Lamb***

with that fascinating whirring movement that always had such a strangely hypnotising effect upon him.

Then again Hetty smoked such a lot, leaving the ashtray full to the brim after each rubber with inch-long stubs thickly daubed with rich gleaming lipstick. And neither Mr. Privett nor his wife ever smoked at all.

But it was the memory of all those pots of tea that Mrs. Privett used to make that really alarmed him. He panicked. He knew that Hetty could not be expected to survive an evening of the Privetts without something in a glass beside her.

And he began making desperate plans.

He would take her first into The Nag's Head and give her a little something before they got there. Or he would invent an imaginary ailment — pernicious anaemia possibly — from which his loved-one suffered, and ask Mr. Privett if a little burgundy or invalid port could just for once be laid on specially for the patient.

Mrs. Privett's misgivings were of an entirely different kind. She wanted everything to be nice, she kept telling herself. And, now that she came to review her surroundings, she was dissatisfied with them.

The curtains in the front room, for instance. They were old and faded. Then the rug in front of the fireplace, it was worn right down in the middle where Mr. Privett's heels — and Mr. Bloot's for that matter — had rested.

As Monday drew nearer, tension mounted appreciably on both sides. At elevenses Mr. Privett and Mr. Bloot continued to see each other regularly. But there was now a brooding sense of foreboding that hung over both of them. They kept catching each other's eye and looking down at the tablecloth again.

On the day itself, Mr. Privett could stand it no longer. He blurted out exactly what was in his mind.

"I . . . I hope tonight's going to be all right," he said. "I . . . mean I hope the lady's going to enjoy herself."

Mr. Bloot was in the middle of drinking. The tea was exactly right for once. Right temperature. Right strength. Right sweetness. Not too much milk. And it showed how keyed-up he was that he should interrupt himself to speak at all.

"Yes," he said. "Let's hope so."

Mr. Privett would have liked something more affirmative. But he was in no mood for false sentiment.

Mr. Privett took a sip at his own tea.

"Irene's going to be out," he said. Then he paused. "She asked me to apologise," he added untruthfully.

Mr. Bloot made a gesture with his hands that was at once gallant and dispirited.

"Our loss," he said.

But Mr. Bloot was not thinking of Irene. He was still thinking of Hetty and the drink problem.

And Mr. Privett was not thinking of Irene, either. He was secretly preoccupied by what he had discovered when he got home last night.

For, going into the front room as usual to make sure that the windows had been fastened properly, he had found himself fumbling about in thick folds of something that he had never encountered before. What he had expected was merely the smooth surface of rather threadbare cretonne. And when he had put the light on he could see that the window was now framed in thick drapes of russet-colored velvet.

This shock was followed closely by finding a new hearth-rug in front of the fire. The two of them together had left him strangely unsettled. It was evident that Mrs. Privett had been keeping things from him.

And this was doubly disturbing. Because, without telling Mrs. Privett, he had already bought a half-bottle of gin, a bottle of lime juice, a bottle of sauterne, and four glasses in readiness for the evening so that Mr. Bloot should really feel welcome.

That was why it seemed that someone had been overdoing it a bit when he got home and went into the front room. Because the pair of easy chairs that had been dark red for as long as he could remember now had blue covers with white piping.

Mr. Privett was now too curious to restrain himself any longer.

"What's been going on in the front room, Mother?" he asked.

Mrs. Privett, however, was busy in the kitchen. She merely gave a little wriggle of annoyance.

"It's nothing," she said. "Just a few odd bits and pieces I had by me."

If Mr. Privett had shown even the slightest discretion he would have left it at that. But he went on.

"Because you needn't have put yourself out that way, Mother," he said. "Gus knows all about us. And just because he's bringing . . ."

Mrs. Privett rounded on him.

"If you think I've been doing it because that woman's coming you'd better think again," she said.

Her voice rose shrilly with scorn at the sheer outrageous absurdity of such a notion. "Refurnishing for her, indeed! I'm doing it because this house isn't fit to be lived in. And I'm not prepared to live in it any longer like that, even if you are."

This time Mr. Privett had the good sense to say nothing. In any case, he had just remembered that he hadn't put out the cigarettes that he had bought.

Mr. Bloot, too, had been

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Continuing . . . BEAUTY AND THE BEATNIK

from page 36

and the sound of laughter drifted up toward me.

"Go away, Peter Cass," I said aloud. "No siren songs for me."

"Halloo!" hollered a deep male voice. "Any life on this planet?"

I sat upright in my chair. Those deep, judicial tones belonged to only one man. My father. I hurried to the window and drew up the curtains with a rush and a clatter. There, in a saggy and battered 1939 convertible, sat assembled my entire family. But not as I had ever seen them before.

My father was radiant in a Hawaiian-printed cotton shirt of a hideous orange-and-pink design. He wore a hat with a feather on it set squarely on his sage white head. My mother, that pillar of Salinas society, disported herself in a bright yellow sundress. There was a matching flower stuck over one ear.

My grandfather, clutching a fishing pole, was resplendent in faded blue denims of the Huckleberry Finn school, and my brother, heaven help him, cut a sinister figure in black leather jacket and matching pants.

Holiday paraphernalia of all kinds sprouted from various nooks and crannies of the car—I made out a butterfly net, a huge vacuum jug, a canvas tent, and a number of wet bathing suits dangling limply over the rear door.

And presiding over the entire spectacle, with all the geniality of a summer-camp director, was Mr. Peter Cass. Inclining his head courteously to my mother, he appeared to be in rapt conversation with her while my father stood by, nodding his head.

Then my father slapped him heartily on the back and draped a fraternal arm around his shoulders. At that moment they caught sight of my dazed face in the window.

"Maggie, come down and say hello to your folks," Pete said urbanely. "They've come quite a piece to see you."

Docilely I did what I was told and joined them.

My mother took one look at me and clutched me to her with little maternal outcries. Then she turned to Pete and patted him affectionately. "Bless this boy," she said warmly. "Bless his good, sweet, considerate heart. You should have heard the way he talked about you."

"Just what did he have to say?" I asked.

"He was worried sick about you, I can tell you that. He said you were pale and thin and overtired. He said you were running yourself into the ground and he just couldn't stand by and see it happen to a bright, lovely young thing like you."

MY father echoed: "Yes, sir, this young man used his head. Called us long-distance, introduced himself, expressed considerable interest in your welfare. Said we ought to take ourselves a vacation after all these years and see to it that you did, too. Well, that brought us down here at a dead run."

"Do tell," I muttered.

"Did more than that," my father went on. "Came right out and called a spade a spade. Said he was in love with you. Said he'd appreciate it very much if we'd have a look at him and see if he'd do. Said you had some reservations about marrying a bone-lazy man like himself."

"Well," I said tartly, "the shoe certainly fits."

My father smiled benevolently. "Honey, Mr. Cass here has been pulling your leg if he's led you to think he hasn't made his mark in the world."

"What's he been telling you?" I asked suspiciously.

"Not a thing. Didn't have to. Knew him straight off, minute I heard his name. He's too modest to blow his own horn, but I happen to know that this lad passed the bar at twenty-three. Wrote a brilliant book, called 'Jurisprudence and Justice,' at the age of twenty-seven. Became the youngest district attorney in Marin County last year, and from what I hear of him in legal circles he's just warming up."

Pete stirred the dust with his sandalled foot. "Very kind of you to say so, sir—"

"Boy's got horse sense as well," my grandfather chimed in. "Knows the value of hard work—but he also knows the value of leisure. That's what makes a rounded man."

Pete turned a pleased lobster-red.

"Then you've just been posing as a no-hoper," I quavered.

"There's a little of the beatnik in all of us," he said, smiling. "Doesn't hurt to let it out once in a while."

"That's the ticket," said my father. "As you can see from my costume, I've just come to the same conclusion. All things in moderation. Eastern placidity and Western drive. Fine combination for the modern man."

"Yes," chirruped my mother. "Gather ye rosebuds while ye may."

"Well," said Mr. Cass, turning toward me. "How about it?"

I looked at all of them. They were full of beans and the joy of life. "I'll just go get my bathing suit," I said, my capitulation complete, "and join the lost generation."

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Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

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buying cigarettes. He had thought of asking Hetty if he could buy two packets of twenty from her at cost price. But in the end he had decided against it. It might seem to savor too much of meanness.

Then he went along to get the bottles.

It was a bit of a rush because he had promised to call for Hetty. And he could not make up his mind. But the young lady behind the counter was the understanding sort.

And in the end she sold him a bottle of white wine and a small bottle of very bright red port. Then Mr. Bloot remembered that Hetty always liked to end up the evening with whisky. So he bought a half-bottle of that, too. By then it was nearly ten to seven.

He had the manner of the presentation all worked out.

"A little something for the ladies," he was going to say. "I'm not much of a drinker myself. I'd be glad if you'd relieve me of them . . ."

Mr. Privett had remembered more than cigarettes. He had remembered flowers as well. Two bunches of purple asters and one of white. But when he went to arrange them they were already there. White and purple asters standing on the side-table in the front room. He stood blankly regarding them. His own bunch drooped in his hand.

Mrs. Privett came in carrying something and he caught her eye.

"I . . . I just thought I'd buy you a few flowers," he explained lamely.

But Mrs. Privett was too busy even to say thank you.

"Put them in the blue vase with the others," she said sharply. "And then come with me. I need you."

It was to bring down the little table out of Irene's room that he was needed. Then he was to put the remains of the yacht-trailer out of the hall. The old mat out of the front room was to go at the bottom of the stairs. And, when he'd seen to that, she wanted him to put a new bulb in the hall light.

"You don't have to bother yourself, Mother . . ." he began.

But there he stopped abruptly. Not that Mrs. Privett had heard. She was far too busy. Out in the scullery she was washing four new wine-glasses.

It was while they were at The Nag's Head that Hetty suggested that it would be a nice idea if Mr. Bloot took the Privetts a few flowers. Every woman liked receiving flowers, she said.

FOR a moment Mr. Bloot thought of refusing. He was already making the Privetts a present of various expensive liquors. He did not see why he should start giving them bouquets as well. But the last thing he wanted was to upset Hetty. So he went over to a flower-seller in the doorway opposite.

It was asters that he chose. White asters, with surprisingly little foliage. Hetty said they gave her the creeps.

She was still going on about the flowers when they reached Fewkes Road. But by then it wasn't about the flowers that Mr. Bloot was worrying. It was about Hetty.

As he followed her up the short, flagged path to the Privetts' front door it occurred to him that possibly she was a shade too fashionable. It was the flounce of fur around the hem of the skirt, as well as around the collar and cuffs, that did it.

And, as he looked at her, he had misgivings. He could not help remembering the plain brown dress with pearl buttons that Mrs. Privett had worn almost for as long as he could remember.

But he was wrong. It was Mrs. Privett herself who opened the door. She was wearing a smart, obviously new, black dress with white collar and cuffs that gave her a brisk, rather waitressy appearance.

"Allow me to introduce my friend, Hetty . . ." Mr. Bloot began over Hetty's shoulder.

But he got no further.

"We were expecting you earlier," Mrs. Privett told him. "Fred was wondering what had happened to you."

The first part of the remark was not strictly true. Because, as they moved into the narrow hallway, Mr. Privett appeared in his shirt sleeves.

He had, in fact, been straightening the new pelmet. And by the time he had got down from the stepladder he was trapped. His jacket was in the kitchen. And before he could shake hands or even say how glad he was to see them, he had to sidle out of the room carrying the stepladder with him.

When he got back, Mr. Bloot was already making his presentation.

"A few flowers for you, my dear," he was saying to Mrs. Privett.

Hetty, however, had already glanced appraisingly round the room.

"You've certainly come to the right place," she said. "They collect them."

It was as she was saying it that she remembered her own little present. Just before setting out she had thrust a box of fifty cigarettes into her handbag as a kind of goodwill token.

"I say 'never go into a new home without a little something,'" she explained.

Mrs. Privett was on the point of refusing. The twenty that she had bought already were in the china box on the mantelpiece. And she had just discovered that Mr. Privett had been wasting his money, too.

"Thank you very much," she said coldly. "It was kind of you to think of it."

But Hetty was determined not to allow formalities to spoil the evening.

"Don't mention it," she replied. "I'm in the business."

As Mr. Bloot realised that the room was practically full of cigarettes already he decided to say nothing about the supply that he had brought along himself. Instead, he produced the parcel that he had been saving up for Mr. Privett.

"A little something for the ladies," he said. "I'm not much of a drinker myself. I'd be glad if you'd relieve me of them."

"Well, that's very nice of you, Gussie," he said as he unwrapped the bottles. "We'll have to . . . to drink it, won't we?" He paused. "Excuse me a moment. I . . . I've just remembered something."

This was quite true. He had just remembered the half bottle of gin and the bottle of lime juice that he had bought so that Gus' friend should be able to make a good start to the evening. He blamed himself for not having thought of it earlier.

"I'll be back later," he promised, as he reached the door.

Mrs. Privett watched him go. Then she turned to Hetty.

"You'll take a little something?" she asked.

It was in the corner cabinet that Mrs. Privett had been hiding the bottles. There was a small bottle of gin and a large green-looking lime-juice bottle. The glasses were on the shelf beneath. She had just finished arranging them on the table when Mr. Privett returned. He was just in time to hear Hetty refuse everything.

"Not for me, dear," she said. "Not after last night. I'm not touching a thing. But don't let me stop you. Give one to Gussie. He needs it."

The supper table's profusion astonished Mr. Bloot. It seemed that since he had last visited the Privetts their whole standard of living had gone up beyond recognition.

Hetty herself, however, did not seem to be eating anything. And Mr. Bloot was suddenly glad that he had got a cigarette

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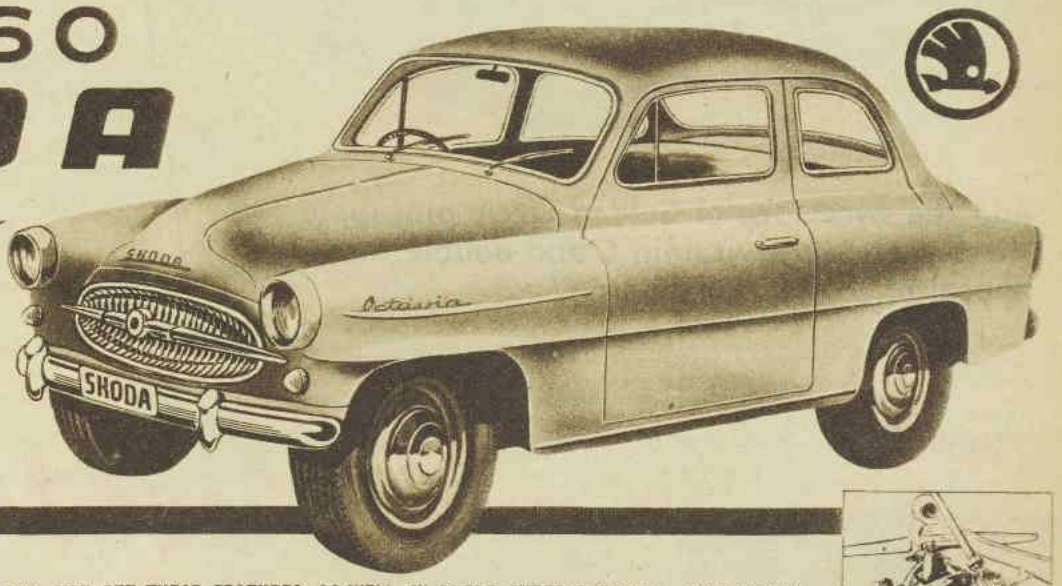

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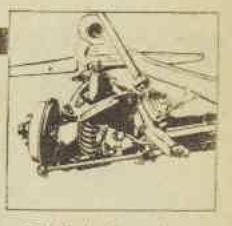

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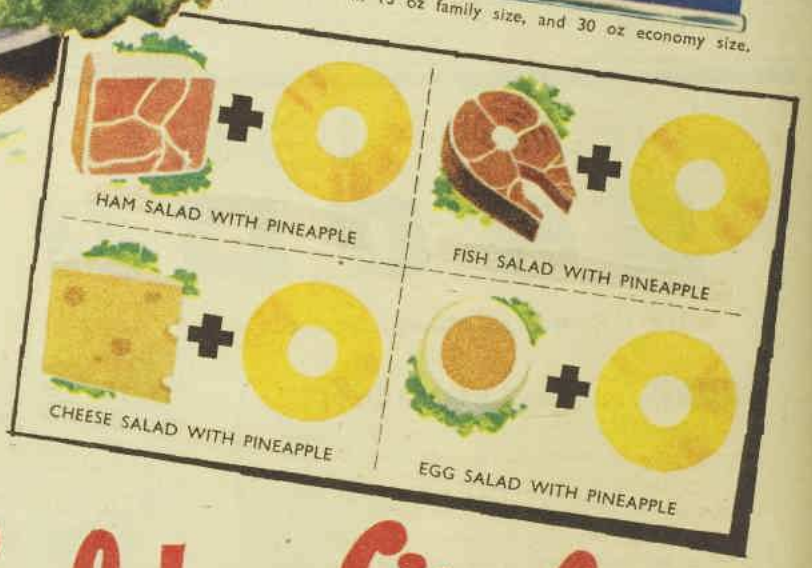

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Wash, scrub and dry 6 large potatoes. Bake in moderate oven till soft when tested. Cut a slice from the side of each; scoop out the hot potato, leaving a wall about ¼ in. thick. To the cooked potato add 2 tablespoons butter, 1 egg, 1 chopped onion, 1 chopped red capsicum, one-half of 15 oz. can well-drained GOLDEN CIRCLE Pineapple Pieces, 1 small can salmon, salt and pepper. Beat well. Refill potato boats with this mixture, garnish each with salmon and two choice pineapple pieces. Re-heat before serving with green peas and baked tomatoes.

Golden Circle

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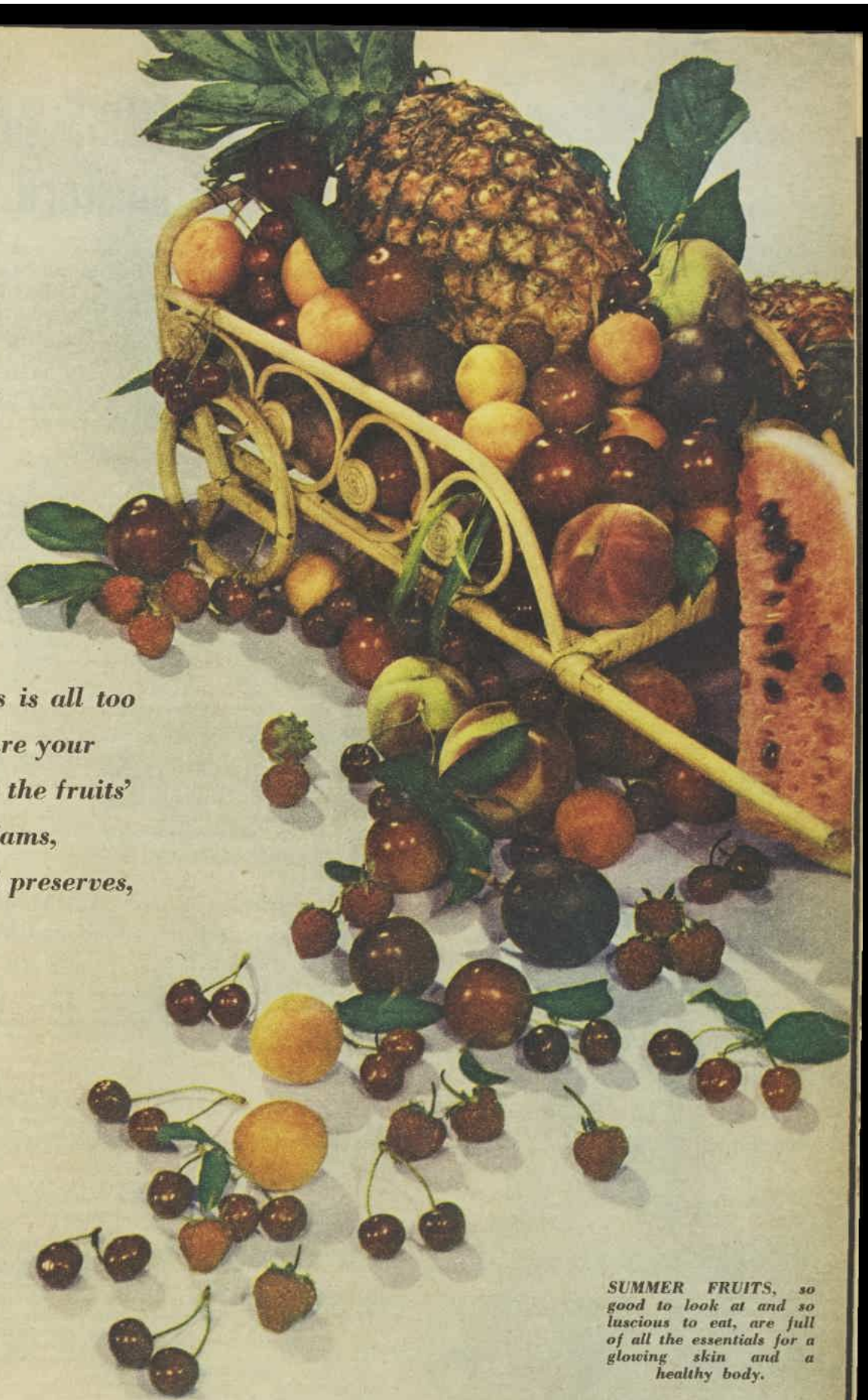
SUMMER HARVEST

By LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food and Cookery Expert.

The season for summer fruits is all too brief, so now is the time to make sure your family remembers and enjoys the fruits' flavors the whole year round—in jams, jellies, conserves, bottled preserves, piquant chutneys and pickles.



SUMMER FRUITS, so good to look at and so luscious to eat, are full of all the essentials for a glowing skin and a healthy body.

ON this page are some of the more unusual recipes for preserving summer fruits. For best results choose fruits which are firm to slightly underripe, of good color and without bruises or blemishes.

All spoon measurements are level.

APRICOT JAM
(For overweights and diabetics)

Two pounds apricots, 1 cup water, gelatine, 2 or 3 saccharine or sweetening pellets.

Stone and cut apricots, cook in the water until tender. Measure in cupfuls and add ¼oz. gelatine to every ½ pint pulp. Reheat, add saccharine, and stir until dissolved.

This jam does not keep a long time, so it is wise to make and bottle in small quantities. Unless the saccharine is added immediately after reheating there is a tendency to bitterness in the jam.

RED PLUM CHUTNEY

Two pounds firm red plums, 3 medium onions, 1 pint vinegar, pinch cayenne, ½ cup sugar, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, 1 teaspoon whole cloves, 1 blade mace, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ½ teaspoon mustard.

Halve and stone plums, peel and slice onions and place in saucepan. Add vinegar, cloves, and mace tied in a muslin bag, and all other seasonings. Simmer very slowly, stirring occasionally, for 1½ to 2 hours. Bottle and seal while still hot.

PINEAPPLE SKIN JELLY

Peelings and core from 1 pineapple, 2 small lemons, 2 or 3 cloves, 1 blade mace, water, sugar.

Slice lemons thinly, remove seeds, add to pineapple peelings in preserving pan. Add cloves and mace, cover with water. Boil gently until lemon peel is softened and liquid is reduced to about half original quantity. Strain through double muslin or very fine strainer. Measure and add 1 cup warmed sugar for every cup of juice. Boil quickly until it jells when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle into clean, dry, hot jars. Seal and label when cold.

To test jelly: Place a spoonful of jelly on a cold saucer, stand 2 minutes in cold place or in cold water to chill quickly. Press jelly back from edge with the fingertips—surface should crinkle and glaze.

RHUBARB AND STRAWBERRY CONSERVE

Four cups strawberries (washed and hulled), 4 cups ½-inch diced rhubarb, 1 lemon, 3 cups sugar, ½ cup water.

Make a syrup of the sugar and water by boiling together for 5 minutes. Add lemon juice, pour over mixed strawberries and rhubarb. Stand overnight. Heat, stirring gently, until the mixture boils. Boil for 10 minutes or until the mixture thickens and bubbles burst as they come to the top. Bottle and seal.

PASSIONFRUIT BUTTER

One dozen passionfruit, 2 lemons, 2 cups sugar, 6 eggs, ¼lb. butter.

Remove pulp from passionfruit, squeeze juice from lemons and place in top half of double saucepan. Add sugar, beaten eggs and butter, cook over boiling water until mixture thickens. Bottle and seal.

PEACH AND PASSIONFRUIT JAM

Wash, dry, and peel 4lb. slightly underripe peaches. Slice and place in a large bowl. Sprinkle with 1½lb. sugar, stand overnight. Place in preserving pan, bring slowly to boiling point, cook until fruit is just tender. Add another 1½lb. warmed sugar and strained juice of 2 lemons. Continue cooking until a good rich color, then add pulp of 1½ dozen passionfruit. Cook until it jells when tested. Bottle while hot.

CHERRY JELLY

Wash 3lb. cherries. Place in preserving pan with water to cover, cook until tender. Strain through coarse flannel or very fine strainer, measure juice and to each cup of juice allow 1 cup heated sugar and juice of 1 large lemon. Cook quickly until it jells when tested on a cold saucer.

Continued overleaf

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Harsh soaps were never meant for baby's skin! He has so much washing, so many nappy changes, that kindness as well as common sense demands the gentle, soothing care of Cuticura Soap. It actually contains the famous Cuticura Ointment, mildly medicated to keep him cool and comfy 'amidships'. The Ointment itself quickly soothes nappy rash, and a dusting of Cuticura Talcum between baby and nappy does a lot for his comfort—and your pleasure!

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MODERN MOTOR
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2/6 FROM YOUR NEWSAGENT

£1235 prizes for mustard recipes

● Our judges are now busy with the large number of entries already received in our Mustard Contest, in which £1235 in cash prizes will be awarded for the best recipes featuring a standard household mustard.

THE cash prizes include a Grand Champion Prize of £500 for the best recipe entered in any of the three sections of the contest.

They are:

Section 1: Meat and other main dishes (hot or cold), soups.

Section 2: Spreads, savories, canapes.

Section 3: Pickles, relishes, sauces, dressings, mixed mustards.

Each section carries its own prizes, including a first prize of £100, second £50, third £25, and fourth £10.

In addition, there will be 30 consolation prizes of £2 each.

Three progress prize winners of £5 each will be awarded weekly, and the recipes published, throughout the contest. The first three progress prize winners will appear in next week's issue.

All the progress prize winners will still be eligible for the big main prizes.

Readers are invited to enter the contest by sending in recipes in which a standard household mustard is a featured ingredient. The mustard used in the recipes must be dry or mixed according to the contestant's own method.

Readers can enter as many recipes as they like in any or all of the three sections.

But please remember that mustard must be a featured ingredient in the recipes and not a mere pinch to add flavor.

To enter the contest all you have to do is write your recipe or recipes clearly, each recipe on a separate sheet of paper, attach your name and address (including State) to each sheet, mark it according to the section in which it is entered, and send it to:

Mustard Contest, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

Here is the prize list.

GRAND CHAMPION PRIZE for the best recipe entered in this contest £500
First prize in each of the three sections £100
Second prize in each section £50
Third prize in each section £25
Fourth prize in each section £10

There will also be 30 consolation prizes of £2 each. In addition, three progress prizes of £5 each will be awarded weekly.

The contest will close at noon on March 9, and the last three progress prize winners will be published in our issue of the same date.

Fish recipe wins award

AN interesting recipe for cooking fish in a pineapple marinade wins the £5 prize in this week's regular recipe contest.

Spoon measurements are level.

SOLE MARINADE

One and a half pounds sole fillets (or use frozen fillets), 1 small onion, 2 spring onions, 2 tablespoons soy sauce, 1 tablespoon sherry, 2 teaspoons cornflour, 2 eggs, 3 to 4 tablespoons cooking oil, 5 or 6 slices fresh or tinned pineapple cut into small pieces, salt, pepper, extra cornflour.

Remove skin from fish, wash and pat dry. Cut fillets into pieces about 1in. wide. Chop onions finely and mix with sherry, soy sauce, and ½ teaspoon salt. Place fish pieces in this liquid and allow to marinate for at least ½ hour. Combine cornflour with well-beaten eggs, remove fish from marinade and coat with egg mixture. Fry in heated oil in pan until cooked and golden brown. Remove fish from pan; allow to drain on kitchen paper. Dip pineapple pieces into egg coating, fry in oil until browned; lift out and drain. Arrange fish and pineapple on heated platter and keep hot. Wipe out pan, place the marinade liquid, ¼ cup water, salt, pepper, and little pineapple juice in pan, thicken with extra blended cornflour. Pour over fish. Serve with boiled or fried rice.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. M. Walker, 94 Evandale St., Floreat Park, W.A.

SUMMER HARVEST

Continued from previous page

FRUIT SALAD JAM

One pound apricots, ½lb. apples, 1lb. peaches, ½lb. plums, 2 bananas, 2 passionfruit, 1 lemon, 3½lb. sugar.

Slice apricots, peaches, and plums. Add the diced apple, sliced banana, passionfruit pulp, juice of the lemon, and 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Cook for a few minutes until tender, stirring. Add the sugar and stir until dissolved. Cook fairly quickly until the mixture sets when tested on a cold saucer. Bottle and seal.

WATERMELON PICKLES

Five and a half pounds watermelon rind, 2½ tablespoons salt, water, 2 tablespoons powdered alum, 5½lb. sugar, 2 cups white vinegar, 1 tablespoon whole cloves, 6 blades mace, 3 sticks cinnamon.

Remove green skin from watermelon rind and cut remaining rind into approx. 2in. pieces. Add salt and 4 quarts water; stand overnight. Drain and rinse well, add alum and 4 quarts water. Bring to boil, simmer 30 minutes. Drain and rinse. Add 4 more quarts water, simmer until tender, adding more water if necessary to keep rind covered. Add sugar, cook until rind becomes transparent; add vinegar, and cook for 25 minutes. Add spices, cook for a further 5 minutes. Pack into jars and seal.

Note: Rinds left over after eating watermelon slices are ideal for these pickles. Leave a little of the edible pink section on for extra color.

APRICOT BUTTER

Five pounds firm ripe apricots, 3lb. sugar, 1 orange, 1 lemon, 1 teaspoon cinnamon.

Remove stones from apricots and cut fruit roughly. Place in saucepan, add sugar, rind and juice of orange and lemon, and cinnamon. Bring slowly to boil, simmer until mixture is thick and sets lightly when tested. Bottle and seal.

CRYSTALLISED PINEAPPLE

Pineapple, sugar, water.

Peel, slice, and core the desired amount of firm but ripe pineapple, then weigh it and set aside an equal weight of sugar. Place pineapple in a large preserving pan, adding 1 cup of water to each pound of pineapple, and cook gently until the fruit is tender. (It must be just tender, otherwise the fruit will toughen in processing). Remove the fruit, add the sugar, and boil the syrup until is is reduced to 1/3rd of the original quantity. Replace the fruit and cook until the fruit is clear. Carefully remove the fruit from the syrup and spread on large wire tray. Place to dry in the sun or in a very slow oven. When it is partly dry and crystals have begun to form over the surface of the pineapple pieces, sprinkle with extra sugar and turn it occasionally until it is quite dry. Store in airtight containers with waxed paper between the layers.

Tampax is the sanitary protection more and more young women are using!

It's easy to see why! Young women won't tolerate bulky external protection that might make them feel self-conscious about wearing a close fitting dress . . . that might chafe . . . that's definitely difficult to change and dispose of. In other words, they say: "Why should I add to my problems at 'problem times'?"

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P68

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There ought to be a better word than "*delicious*"... just for

Kellogg's* CORN FLAKES

She's a little Swiss girl . . . a little Swiss girl, named Heidi. She can't think of a better word, except perhaps "sein". But she knows there ought to be a better word than "delicious" — just for Kellogg's Corn Flakes. They deserve it.

Don't you agree? There ought to be a **better** word! Perhaps, someday, somewhere, someone will find it. Meanwhile, just go right ahead enjoying that world-famous flavour every morning . . . enjoying the most **baffling** taste sensation in the world. It's a flavour that many have tried to copy but all have failed — because the corn comes from Nature, but the flavour is a well-kept Kellogg's secret.
Crisp, golden Kellogg's Corn Flakes are more sustaining, too . . . they're full of energy from the sun.
Enjoy them soon!

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Better tasting, more sustaining because Kellogg's do wonders with corn

K98

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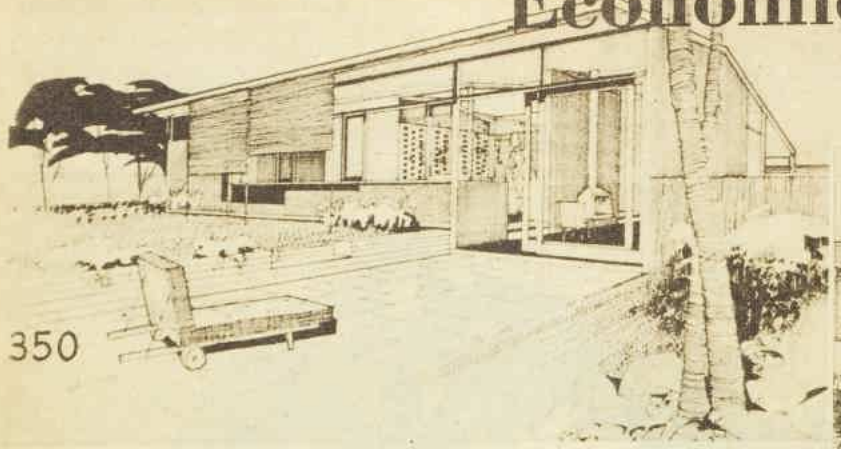
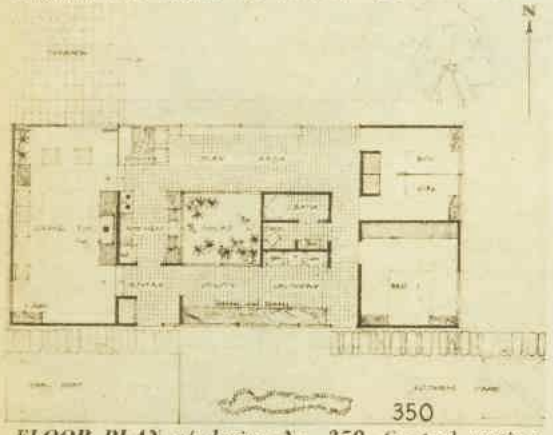
Economical house for family living



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH (above) of design No. 350 shows living-room opening on to a garden terrace. The house is suitable for most sites.



FLOOR PLAN of design No. 350. Central section of the house contains all the service rooms grouped round a courtyard.

● This week's Home Plan was the Victorian winning entry in Taubman's Family Home Competition.

FOR the purposes of the competition the site was assumed to be 55ft. wide by 120ft. deep with a slight fall to the front, and the home was to cost under £3000. However, the recent pay increases for various workers in the building industry mean it will cost more than the original sum.

Complete sets of plans for this house, which is No. 350 in our series of Standard Home Plans, and accurate costings are available from your nearest Home Planning Centre. For addresses please see the panel at right, above.

The special fee for plans for this design is £10/10/- per full set.

This attractive two-bedroom family house was designed by members of a Melbourne University Architectural School group, Mr. Evan H. Walker, Mr. Rex H. James, and Professor Z. Strizic.

Although the plan is a simple rectangle, it has several interesting features in the arrangement of the different living and working zones.

A central section provides all the service rooms of the house and they are grouped around a small inner courtyard.

The living-room is at one end of the house on a lower level and the bedrooms are at the opposite end.

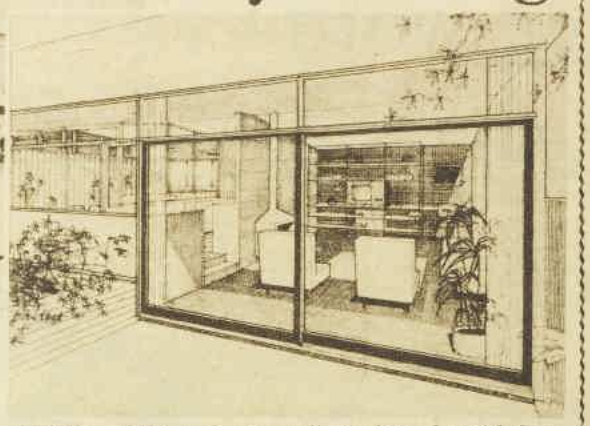
The designers suggest that the house be built up from two concrete floor slabs with the centre section covered in cork or plastic tiles.

The sketch at right above shows how effectively glass has been used to give a delightful outlook from the living-room.

The end of the play area, opposite the dining section, could be screened off to make an extra bedroom or studio.

There are well-defined areas for kitchen and laundry, for dining, relaxing, and sleeping. A spacious living-room opens on to a garden terrace and its big, central fireplace helps to warm the whole house in winter time.

The straightforward, uncomplicated design makes this a family home which is easy to run. In the outdoor area the designers have allowed for a small front garden, terrace, and outdoor living area, play section for the children, a vegetable garden, and a service yard.



LIVING AREA with one wall of glass. Central fireplace helps to warm whole house in winter. Steps lead from this room to dining area.

OUR CENTRES

PLANS for this house and all our other Standard Home Plans can be bought from any of our Home Planning Centres. These centres have been established in conjunction with the stores in which they are situated.

Standard Plans cost £9/9/- per full set, and special plans, such as design No. 350 on this page, cost £10/10/-.

Addresses of the Centres are:

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Fridays and Saturdays only.

SYDNEY: Anthony Horderns'.

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

HOBART: FitzGerald's.

CANBERRA: Anthony Horderns'.

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to offer her. But Hetty only shook her head.

"Not me," she answered. "You have one. I've got a mouth like a bird-cage."

Because of Mr. Bloot's half bottle of port, the small party lingered indolently over the supper table.

Only Hetty remained entirely abstinent. Neither drinking nor smoking, she sat back observing her companions. And she found the sight strangely consoling.

More than once just lately she had told herself that she would have to go easy and miss every other round. And it came as a relief to discover that other people took just as much as she did. One glance at the Privetts was enough to show that they were practically pickled. And there was a smile on Gus' face that she had never seen before.

. . . . . .

The film that Tony and Irene were seeing was at the Curzon. It had been on for weeks already. And judging by the queues outside it would be on for ever. What was so remarkable was that it was all in French, too.

Indeed, the whole atmosphere of that end of Curzon Street was so thoroughly Continental that it was obvious that if an English film should have been booked by mistake the management would have had to add French sub-titles before their patrons would have been able to follow it.

Irene was not merely happy. She was blissful. The seats in which they were sitting did not seem to have been made for ordinary cinema-goers at all. She had never before sat in anything like them.

But it wasn't merely a matter of the upholstery. It was the fact that she was holding hands that counted. When she had felt Tony's hand come stealing up out of the semi-darkness she had thought at first that it was by accident that it had touched hers. She had expected it to go away again. But it hadn't. It had taken hold. And stayed there.

THE film itself—the wildly popular one—was rather sad, Irene thought. It was set in the Canebiere district of Marseilles. And it was all about a deaf-and-dumb girl who murdered her lover.

But the photography, everyone agreed, was out of this world. It was shot mostly at night. Or in rain. With only the outlines of things showing. These, however, were enough. Rubbish-bins, public wash-

Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

from page 39

houses, horse-abattoirs — they were all there. In short, the film had Cannes Festival Award written all over it.

When it finished Tony helped her into her coat and they made their way out into the night scene of Mayfair.

"Thank you ever so," Irene told him. "I loved it. Really, I did."

Tony glanced at his watch. "I'll run you home . . ." he began.

But Irene stopped him.

"No, please don't bother," she said. "I'll just pop into the Underground."

"Get in," Tony told her.

Irene hesitated.

"Well, only as far as Piccadilly," she said. "It isn't really out of your way."

"Where d'you live?" Tony asked.

"Kentish Town."

"Where's that?"

"Oh, it's miles. Really it is. It'll take hours. You mustn't think of it."

Tony leant across her and tried the door to make sure that it was shut properly.

"Come on," he said. "There's no traffic at this time of night."

It was as they were going along that Irene kept telling herself how silly she had been to get into the car at all. Because now that she was in Tony obviously intended to drive her all the way. And she didn't want to be driven all the way.

There was no use in disguising it. The Curzon and Fewkes Road just didn't belong together. And she wanted them left separate. Part of the fun of the whole evening had been the fact that she had been able to forget all about everything. What she had been enjoying was a glorious girl-from-nowhere kind of feeling.

She made one more attempt to save herself when they got to Camden Town.

"Do drop me here," she said. "Then I can get a bus."

But it was no use. Tony was intent on taking her. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to tell him to go half right and keep up the Kentish Town Road.

She wished more than ever by now that she hadn't allowed him to come at all. The Kentish Town Road is not on any showing a particularly pretty sort of thoroughfare at the best of times. It needs people to give life to it. And at eleven-thirty at night it was neither pretty nor lively. Compared with Curzon Street it might have been somewhere down in the dock area.

"It's here," she said at last. "On the right."

Tony glanced up at the side of the public house on the corner.

"Fewkes Road?" he asked.

Irene nodded.

"Second lamp-post," she told him. "Before you get to the pillar-box."

Now that they had arrived, there was nothing for it. She certainly wasn't going to let Tony know that she was ashamed of where she lived. Moreover, now that she came to think of it, she wasn't ashamed of anything. Just happy.

"Come in for a moment," she said. "They'll all have gone to bed."

Tony gave her a little smile.

"Well, just for a moment," he said. "Just to say good night."

Irene had her own key. And Tony did not need to be reminded to be quiet. He tip-toed in. He was so quiet, indeed, that it seemed to Irene that he must be used to tip-toeing. He came up close behind Irene and put his arms around her.

"Kiss," he said.

But quiet as he was, he had not been quiet enough. They were just outside the front-room door when it suddenly opened. It was Mrs. Privett who stood there.

"Who've you got there, Irene?" she began.

Then she stopped. She could see perfectly well who it was. And she was astonished. But not nearly so much astonished as Irene.

That was because over Mrs. Privett's shoulder she had an unobstructed view of her own sitting-room. And it might have been someone else's. There seemed to be bottles everywhere. And cigarettes.

But what was most astonishing of all was the table. There were cards spread out on it. Not that they had been played with so far. It hadn't got as far as that. The game was still merely in the tuition stage. It showed, however, that Hetty must have been feeling better.

Mrs. Privett steadied herself.

"Good evening, Mr. Rammell," she said loud enough for the name to reach the company behind her. "Come in, won't you?"

She stood back for him to pass. And then to show how much at ease she was, she added, "I expect you'd like a drink."

And as she said it she fixed Irene with her eye.

MR. PRIVETT'S one problem was that though he had got half a bottle of whisky practically untouched he had not remembered to buy any soda.

His chief emotion, however, was one of warm gratification that Tony should be there at all.

"Come in, Mister Tony," he said slightly indistinctly. "This is a great pleasure."

Naturally Hetty was delighted to see a newcomer. And in the face of such cordiality as hers it would have been impossible for Tony not to feel at home. She patted the empty chair beside her.

"Thank heavens you've come," she said to him. "Perhaps if we both take a hand we can show them. Don't tell me you can't play, either. Or I shall scream."

It was only Mr. Bloot who was not at ease. Hetty's headache had somehow transferred itself to him. He was also feeling very sleepy.

Not so sleepy that he could not size up the situation. He glanced from Tony to Irene. And then caught Tony's eye. He held the glance longer than he should have done. Finding himself being stared at by a pair of fixed incredulous eyes popping out of a pink shining face, Tony winked.

It was fatal. Mr. Bloot immediately misunderstood it. He came across to Tony and loomed respectfully over him.

"You can rely entirely on my discretion, sir," he told him.

. . . . . .

Sir Harry had been on about it again. On and on. Incessantly.

How much longer was young Tony going to be allowed to waste his time up there in the management suite? Why not put him in the stockrooms for a spell? Or better still, get him down into the shop.

It was Mr. Preece who agreed with him. No harm at all that Mr. Preece could see in letting him have a go on the sales side. Provided that he was properly supervised, of course. And that was where Mr. Rawle of shirtings would come in so useful.

Mr. Rawle was flattered. But unimpressed. He had been the Napoleon of shirts for nearly twenty-seven years. But no Napoleon likes the feeling of being patronised. And after a brief spell of elation to think that he, Mr. Rawle, would now have the privilege of ordering a Rammell of the blood royal to perform the various little menial duties that go with all retail shopkeeping, he was feeling resentful.

Nor when it happened did it make things any easier that young Mr. Rammell should be confoundedly civil. Not ordinary straight-forward civility either. It was a kind of jaunty humility which left Mr. Rawle powerless.

"Now I'm entirely in your hands, Mr. Rawle," Tony began. "Entirely and absolutely. Remember I know nothing. And you know everything. I want you to teach me. And I'm here to learn.

"I'm sure there's plenty of work to be done. You show me what it is. And I'd better make a start with it."

Because it was only early, the store at the moment was still entirely empty. Mr. Rawle turned towards the glass-fronted shelves behind the counter.

"First of all, sir," he said. "I suggest we run through the ranges. Then I can take you through the sizes afterwards."

But even that did not satisfy Tony.

"Now, Mr. Rawle," he said. "No 'sir' when addressing me, please. Remember you're the principal. I'm only the assistant."

It was while Tony was being shown the sports shirts that he made his one blunder. He ran his hand over the patterns. Then he turned to Mr. Rawle.

"Bit grim, aren't they?" he said.

Mr. Rawle stiffened.

"I beg pardon, sir?" he asked.

"Grim," Tony repeated. "Do they expect you to be able to sell these?"

Mr. Rawle avoided Tony's eye and stared down the empty corridor ahead of him.

"I do sell them, sir."

"Good for you," Tony answered. "They must take a bit of selling. Look at that one."

Mr. Rawle turned his head for a moment.

"That, sir, is one of our most exclusive patterns . . ." He paused. "Forgive me a moment, sir."

On the other side of the counter the day's first customer was approaching. He seemed quite a reasonable sort of person, Tony thought. A bit hot and rushed-looking, perhaps, and carrying an over-large suitcase. But still civilised. And from the way he was bending down he seemed to be looking at price tickets. It was obvious that he was avoiding Mr. Rawle's eye, while Mr. Rawle was trying to catch his.

As he drew level Mr. Rawle addressed him.

"Can I show you something, sir?"

"No, thanks. I was just looking."

Mr. Rawle drew back to make it plain that Rammell's was the last shop in London where anything so vulgar as ordinary salesmanship was ever practised. He took out a drawer of soft evening shirts and began studying them as though purely for his own relaxation.

The man with the suitcase hesitated.

"Er . . . how much are those evening shirts?" he asked.

"Evening shirts, sir?"

There was just the right note of surprise in his voice as he asked the question. He tilted the box forward as he spoke.

"This is one of our regular shirts, sir. Special uncreasable front. Fifty-five and nine."

Then Mr. Rawle brought out another drawer.

"This is a very popular shirt, sir. Forty-two and sixpence."

"Anything between the two?"

Already Mr. Rawle was bringing out a third drawer.

"Two-ten, sir," he said. "Only just come in. The cuffs are nylonised."

He had spread all three shirts out in a kind of fan on the counter. Now he was standing back again so as not to rush his man.

"Which do you recommend?" the customer asked.

WITH an almost embarrassed air Mr. Rawle replied, "Well, of course, this is the shirt, sir. The others are very good value. But this is the shirt."

The customer glanced down at his watch.

"I'll take one of those," he said.

Mr. Rawle came round to the customer's side of the counter to measure his arm-length.

"Are you all right for bow ties, sir?" he asked confidentially, as though he knew that the question was verging on the indiscreet.

The customer nodded. And Mr. Rawle ignored the nod.

As he was wrapping up the shirt he deftly thrust out a third arm from somewhere behind his back and placed a long cellophane packet behind the shirt.

"These are the pattern that are being worn," he said almost diffidently. "You notice the new thin outline . . ."

A few moments later Mr. Rawle had returned to Tony's end of the counter. He had sold a shirt and an evening tie.

"How did you know he wanted dress shirts?" Tony asked.

"The suitcase, sir," Mr. Rawle told him. "And the time of day. Quite a lot of gentlemen drop in on the way to the office when they have to dress and go out somewhere. They frequently forget something. You'll come to recognise the type, sir."

"And how did you know he'd buy a tie?"

Mr. Rawle lowered his voice a little.

"He wasn't quite sure of himself, sir. If he had been he wouldn't have asked my advice."

Mr. Rawle broke off, and slid a box of sports shirts along the counter.

"Suppose we go through these, sir," he went on. "And allow me to show you. It's the collars that require attention. Points always nicely down. And mind the pins. Never forget the pins, sir. And never drag one shirt across another. Lift them, sir. Lift them. Like this."

It was shortly after ten when the first of the Press arrived. The news of Tony Rammell's staff appointment had only just

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FROM THE BIBLE

● ***"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."***

Psalm 90:12.

Called the most sublime of human compositions, this psalm was almost certainly written by Moses. A most appropriate prayer for the New Year, it asks for God's grace that humans might use every moment of their short lives in the pursuance of wisdom and right.

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SINGLE TREATMENT BUBBLE 1/3

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broken. But it was obviously a good story. Already a whole company of rather smart young women with notebooks concealed in their handbags and large sagging men with camera cases over their shoulders were now assembling.

Mr. Thorpe of publicity was trying to keep them all at bay while Mr. Robson of public relations got through on the phone to Mr. Preece.

"The Press? Here? Why?" Mr. Preece kept repeating. "And photographers? I'll speak to Mr. Rammell about it. Tell Thorpe to keep them where they are."

Mr. Rammell was not at all pleased at being interrupted. He was dissolving a new kind of charcoal-and-bismuth tablet in his mouth. And he did not want to talk to anyone. Just suck.

"The Pless?" he said, indistinctly because the tablet was an unusually large one. "No, of coulse not. Shlend them away." He paused. "Shtlay where you are. I'll ling you back."

Mr. Rammell poured himself a sip of water from the vacuum jug beside him. He had somehow managed to swallow the charcoal tablet. His speech was suddenly clear again. But his whole mouth now tasted dismally of late autumn.

"Get me Sir Harry," he said.

When at last Sir Harry came through he seemed even at that hour in the morning to be in remarkably high spirits.

"What's that?" he asked. "Havin' your photograph taken, you say?"

"It's Tony they've come to see," Mr. Rammell told him.

"Well, why did you ask 'em if you didn't want 'em?"

"Nobody asked them," Mr. Rammell replied. "That's the whole point."

"Somebody must of. Stands to reason. Perhaps it was his mother."

"I thought," Mr. Rammell continued, still in the same quiet patient tone, "that perhaps you . . ."

But Sir Harry interrupted him.

"Leave me right out," he said. "Too old. Don't photograph so good."

As Sir Harry replaced the receiver, he shook his head sadly. Lack of decision. That's what his son's trouble was. Sheer lack of it. Couldn't make up his mind about anything. Sending for a lot of Press photographers, and then telling them to go away again. Finally trying to drag his own father out of bed just to make up a group.

It was while Mr. Robson was holding the main body of the Press at bay that a small free-lance photographer slipped past him. The young man was nothing if not thorough. When the picture appeared in all the evening papers, there was nothing missing. ". . . whose mother is, of course, the well-known hostess and musical patron," the caption rambled on. "Sir Harry, 82, the original chairman, is in excellent health and is a familiar figure on the racecourse."

Tony, who was going out that night, entirely forgot to look. Mr. Rammell made a point of looking. And was appalled. Sir Harry was delighted. Simply delighted. Mrs. Rammell wept.

And next day there was a real first-class row up in management suite. With last night's evening papers spread out on the desk in front of him, Mr. Rammell banged his fist down on the offending pictures and threatened to make a clean sweep of the Press, publicity, public relations. The whole lot. Every damn' one in the department. Start again. Get rid of dead wood. Find people who knew their jobs. Clear out the duds.

Mr. Preece sat beside him, silent and dismayed. He knew what Mr. Rammell must be

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thinking. Because he was already thinking it himself.

There was no getting round it. He was one of the duds. He had shown himself to be that worst of all things, a general manager who couldn't manage. After the others had gone, Mr. Rammell would be bound to keep him back. Put it to him point blank. Resignation or dismissal . . . Like most professionally calm men, Mr. Preece had his private moments of panic.

Meanwhile, two floors below, Tony knew nothing of the row. He was busy behind the shirtings counter. Busy and dutiful. He had worked the whole thing out to his own satisfaction. Revenge and masochism were nicely mingled.

The first that Mr. Rammell had known of it was this morning. The car had turned into Bond Street at the usual point.

"They're walking!"

But at the Downe Street entrance Tony had said goodbye.

"I go in round the back," he had said. "Staff entrance. Got to clock in."

"No need to do that," Mr. Rammell had begun.

But that was as far as he got. Because by then Tony had already waved goodbye, and turned the corner.

Not that the arrangement was altogether without its compensations.

It meant that a Rammell was seeing the staff side of things for the first time in more than a quarter of a century. And already it was beginning to occur to Tony that perhaps the store wasn't quite so well run as it seemed to be from the directors' floor.

HOWEVER, it was around then that something happened that put departmental management and reorganisation clean out of Tony's head. He met Irene again.

Irene worked in quite a different part of the building altogether. She was separated from him by three aisles, seven counters, and a double row of imposing marble-looking pillars. Practically in the next parish, in fact. One hundred and seven departments is about a hundred too many when it comes to meeting people.

But despite all those departments, even Rammell's had only twenty-four windows. And all had to share the displays. The windows were decisive. Merely to be allotted one was enough to put a whole department on trial. And it was these display weeks that brought the departments together.

Not that the department itself was ever allowed actually to dress the window. That was the preserve of Mr. Banstraw. And of his assistant, Miss Defoy.

Mr. Banstraw prided himself that with careful arrangement he could manage to get as many as six different dress models into a single window frame.

Left to herself, Miss Defoy would have preferred one. Her most successful window, she always contended, had consisted simply of a flight of white papier-mache steps with a single evening bolero draped over the balustrade on the top landing.

In consequence, there was always a lot of coming and going between principal and assistant, with Miss Defoy whisking things away as soon as Mr. Banstraw's head was turned, and then Mr. Banstraw carting them all back again.

Because it was soon to be Shirt Week, Mr. Rawle was moody and preoccupied. His mind wasn't really on collar bands and cuff lengths. It was busy planning. Mapping things out.

In the end it was stripes he decided on. Soft, with button cuffs and collars attached. It was because the first requisition on the stock department was too small that Tony was now on his way over to the window with a fresh supply.

At the same moment in the next window Miss Defoy was speaking to Irene.

"I shan't be needing these," she said. "Or these. Or these. It's not a jumble-show we're managing. It's a window . . ."

That was how it was that Tony going back towards the stock department for more met Irene as she was carrying away a collection of belts, fancy buckles, dress ornaments, and every kind of flower except real ones.

Miss Defoy had examined the velvet roses, the artificial violets, the sham camellias, the pink feather carnations. And being artistic she had rejected the whole lot in favor of some small and rather nondescript budlets of dried beech husks and a bunch of flowering seashells.

The rest were going back into stock. And Irene with her chin pressed down hard on to the top box lid to give steadiness to the pile was making her way as best she could.

Tony and Irene met head-on.

"Here. Let me take those."

"No, really. Please don't bother."

She felt herself blushing as she said it. That was what was so humiliating about being only seventeen. Because you found yourself blushing when there was nothing to blush at. Simply because someone spoke to you, for instance.

And it would have been better if she had not attempted to resist. Cardboard boxes, especially the white shiny kind, are notoriously slippery. Handling them calls for a good, firm grip. And no fumbling. Two lots of hands are usually fatal.

A moment later the marble parquet was littered with multi-colored fabric petals and sprays of fiercely curled synthetic foliage.

Between them they picked up the whole lot. And then Tony slammed the last box lid back into place.

"Well, that's that," he said.

THEN he glanced at his watch.

"What about elevenses?" he asked. "Come and have a cup of coffee."

They stood side by side at the long staff counter.

"When are you coming out to another show with me?"

"You haven't asked me."

That was better. She wasn't blushing now. She was easily holding her own with him.

"Well, I'm asking you now."

He took out a limp little diary and began consulting it.

"Can't tonight," he said. "Or tomorrow. What about Wednesday?"

"Do you really mean it?"

"Of course I mean it."

"I . . . I'd love to."

So that was settled. Then the stupid business of being seventeen suddenly cut right across everything. She felt herself blushing again.

. . . . . .

It was because of Irene's second visit to the cinema with Tony that Mrs. Privett decided that she must act. And act now.

Twice in one month was too much. It was more than a danger sign now. There was only one thing that it could mean. Young Mr. Rammell was serious. And Mrs. Privett could see no good coming of it.

Other mothers might have been flattered. Dazed. Bowled-over. And even for Mrs. Privett there was an element of bewilderment in it all. To think that her own daughter and one of the Rammells . . . But that was precisely what she was determined not to allow herself to think.

For a start, what did she know of his intentions? With young men of Mr. Tony's age they were frequently of the worst. But that wasn't all. Supposing he came to the point and actually proposed, what chance would there be of a match like that lasting?

The real trouble was that Tony and Irene hadn't got so much as a single piece of background in common. Fewkes Road and Eaton Square might have belonged to different planets they were so different.

Mrs. Privett held strong views that the Fewkes Road planet held the better promise of a steady life. There had never been a divorce on either side of the family. And she wasn't going to be a party to preparing for one now.

Mr. Privett, however, held other views. Simpler ones. If it was love, he contended, wasn't that all that mattered? And wasn't his Irene good enough for Mr. Tony? Or for anyone else for that matter?

Besides, at seventeen, she might change her mind. Most girls did. Quite a lot of times some of them. Besides if they tried to influence Irene in any way it would be bound to lead to trouble. Trying to influence Irene always did.

Mrs. Privett had listened to her husband many times. And despised him. There was a weakness and lethargy about the middle-aged male that she found contemptible. That was why she kept on about it so. Kept on urging him to do something.

"These things always settle themselves," he said. "Far better not to worry."

But as soon as Mr. Privett had left the house the next morning, with the cause of all the trouble walking demurely beside him, Mrs. Privett took things in her own hands. She rang up Mrs. Rammell.

"I'm Mrs. Privett. I've got to see you," she said, when finally Mrs. Rammell answered.

"It's about Irene," Mrs. Privett told her.

"About what?" Mrs. Rammell asked, sounding incredulous.

"About Irene," Mrs. Privett repeated. "Your boy and my Irene."

There was a thin, gasping sound at the other end.

"There isn't any mistake, is there?" the voice asked. "You did say you were Mrs. Privett, didn't you?"

This time it was Mrs. Privett who gasped. They seemed to be right back at the beginning again.

"Yes, that's me," she answered. "It is Mrs. Rammell, isn't it? I mean Mrs. Rammell of Rammell's?"

Cornered, Mrs. Rammell had to admit it.

"Then you're the one I want to see," Mrs. Privett continued. "And I'd like it to be this afternoon, please."

"But . . . but what about?"

"About your boy and my Irene. Would four o'clock do?"

Mrs. Rammell glanced automatically at her diary. There was the Anglo-French Ballet lunch at the Embassy. And there was a private view that she had meant to go to afterwards. Then there was a cocktail party at six. Apart from that there was nothing.

"Yes," she said weakly. "I . . . I could see you at four."

"Then I'll be there."

Mrs. Privett had a feeling as she said it that Mrs. Rammell wasn't quite ready to ring off just yet. And she was right. Mrs. Rammell was making one last effort to collect herself.

"You are Mrs. Privett, aren't you?" she asked. "I . . . I mean your husband is on Mr. Rammell's staff?"

Mrs. Privett very nearly lost her temper at that.

"I told you," she said. "I'm Mr. Privett's wife. He's my husband. And I want to see you about Irene."

Four o'clock was actually striking as Mrs. Privett made her way up to the big front door.

Even though the maid seemed to know all about her, Mrs. Privett was a bit taken aback when she was shown into the drawing-room. There was no Mrs. Rammell.

Mrs. Privett couldn't understand it at all. If anyone had

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Smooth creams that take special care of good shoes . . . impart a lovely lasting lustre

For SUEDE shoes, ask for MELTONIAN SUEDE CLEANER (all colours)

Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

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telephoned to her about Irene she would have been down by the front door. Ready and waiting.

She was just beginning to grow angry at the delay when Mrs. Rammell came in. She looked unusually cold and distinguished.

"It is Mrs. Privett, isn't it?" she began.

But there was no need to ask. She recognised her perfectly. "I'm afraid I must have been keeping you waiting."

"That doesn't matter," Mrs. Privett replied. "Not now that we can talk."

It was not quite so easy, however. Because at that moment tea was brought in.

"No sugar, thank you," she said. "I don't take it."

There was a brief pause.

"As I was saying, we can talk now," she resumed.

"But you still haven't told me what about," Mrs. Rammell reminded her.

"It's about your boy," Mrs. Privett said bluntly. "He's been taking my Irene out. And it's not right. He never even asked us if he could. And she's not his kind, anyway. They're quite different. She's a good girl, our Irene. But she's not eighteen yet. And she won't listen to reason. That's why I want you to say something at your end."

Mrs. Rammell had put her cup down and was staring hard at Mrs. Privett.

"Are you telling me that Tony is going out with your daughter?" she asked.

Mrs. Privett pursed up her lips and nodded.

"I am," she said. "And I don't approve of it. Some mothers might be pleased, but I'm not. It's my girl that I'm thinking of. And I don't think it's good for her."

Mrs. Rammell was still confused by this outburst. Numbed rather. She could not make out what exactly it was that this small intense woman opposite to her was trying so hard to say.

"You don't mean that anything's actually happened, do you?" she asked.

"I don't like to think about it at all," Mrs. Privett replied.

It was then that Mrs. Rammell realised that it was she who would have to speak plainly. Not that the fact was altogether surprising to her. She had noticed before that women of Mrs. Privett's class never would come to the point when it was a matter of mentioning anything unpleasant.

"You don't mean there's anything wrong?" she asked. "There isn't a baby or anything?"

"She's not that type of girl, thank you," Mrs. Privett said emphatically. "Not my Irene."

Mrs. Rammell was so much relieved to hear it that she leant forward and laid her hand on Mrs. Privett's arm.

"I'm sure she's not, Mrs. Privett," she said. "It's just that I wanted to know everything, so that I could help you." She paused. "So that we can both do the right thing, I mean."

Mrs. Privett was not, however, so easily placated.

"The best thing we can do is to stop it," she said. "Our Irene won't listen to us. So perhaps you can make your Tony listen to you. There's no good can come of it. Not with your son."

This time it was Mrs. Rammell who stiffened.

"What's wrong with my boy?" she asked.

She realised as soon as she had said it how ridiculous it was. At this rate she'd be down on her knees next begging the Privetts to have her Tony as a son-in-law.

And it made it worse, not better, that Mrs. Privett should be so deliberately polite about it. Because this time it was Mrs. Privett who leant forward.

"There couldn't be a nicer young man," she said. "There's no complaint about him. It's . . . it's simply"—here Mrs. Privett seemed to be groping for her words again—"that it isn't right. They're not the same sort of people. We've brought up our Irene very simply. And your boy's always been brought up to have everything. I don't think they'd make each other happy."

Mrs. Rammell had recovered her poise by now.

"I think you're being a very sensible woman," she said. "I admire you for it."

"So do you think you could get his dad to say something to him?" Mrs. Privett asked.

"I'll make it my business," Mrs. Rammell promised.

"And you won't let my husband know I've been to see you?" Mrs. Privett asked.

"We'll keep this entirely to ourselves," Mrs. Rammell promised her. "There shan't be a word of it to anyone." She broke off because the door had opened. It was the maid again.

> **Down in their hearts wise men know this truth: the only way to help yourself is to help others.**
> ***—Elbert Hubbard***

"Miss Parkinson, madam," she announced.

And then Mrs. Rammell remembered.

She had been certain all the time that there was something that she should have put in her diary. It was only because it was her own sister that she had forgotten. Somehow she always did forget her sister.

She rose hurriedly and went towards the door.

"Nancy, dear," she said. "How nice."

She broke off for a moment. Then she recovered herself.

"Come over here," she went on. "You must let me introduce you to my friend, Mrs. Privett. Mrs. Privett, this is my sister, Miss Parkinson."

MRS. RAMMELL wished as she said it that Miss Parkinson looked a bit more probable for a sister. Not that it was her fault, poor dear. Things had always been difficult for darling Nancy. And she had been far, far too proud to accept assistance.

All the same, that coat. And those shoes. Or rather that coat and those shoes in conjunction with that hat. Poor dear darling Nancy, Mrs. Rammell reflected, might at least have tried.

A moment later, however, it was not about Nancy's clothes that Mrs. Rammell was worrying. It was about everything else as well. For Mrs. Privett and Miss Parkinson were regarding each other with a kind of fixed fascination.

"Eileen!" Miss Parkinson said at last in a voice that might have been speaking from a tomb.

"Nance," Mrs. Privett answered.

"You know each other?" Mrs. Rammell asked blankly.

But the answer was obvious. And horrifying. For Mrs. Rammell could feel the tentacles of her own past reaching out for her. She was no longer in Eaton Square at all. She was back in that dreadful little house in Streatham where they had moved after Papa's last long illness.

It was horrid and degrading even to think about it. Because Mamma had been left so unexpectedly, disastrously poor in her widowhood. She had even been forced to let rooms to pay for her daughter's music lessons.

And Nancy, brave unselfish little Nancy, had taken a job in a draper's shop over at Brixton. It had been the only thing to do. Because Mamma alone couldn't afford to support both her dear girls.

Mrs. Rammell gave a little shudder as she recalled it. It was terrible, unthinkable, what Nancy had been through for their sakes. But also in a way unforgivable. Because she had never quite been able to throw off the experience. She had become stained by it. Even when Mrs. Rammell was still only engaged to Mr. Rammell she had been ashamed — yes, that was the only word, ashamed — of the sheer shoppiness of her own sister.

It wasn't as though the Parkinsons had been brought up to retail trade. Far from it. Papa had been a general merchant in the city. And if Mr. Rammell's father had been in a smaller way of business Mrs. Parkinson wouldn't even have considered him. It was simply the scale of Rammell's that had somehow purified, sanctified even, the inescapable retailness of shopkeeping.

That had been what had made her so terrified lest Mr. Rammell, while still only in the engaged state, should discover that his fiancee's own sister was a common shopgirl.

Already Nancy and Mrs. Privett were in each other's arms. And worse than that. They had not merely embraced. They had kissed as well.

"It must be nearly thirty years," Nancy was saying, her voice trembling on the edge of tears.

"Well, twenty-five, anyway," Mrs. Privett told her.

"I can't believe it. Really, I can't," Nancy went on. "And do you ever see Emmie? You remember? The little pretty one."

Mrs. Privett paused.

"Dead," she told her. "Nearly ten years ago. And now her husband's just going to get married again."

"Well, I never," Nancy replied. "Isn't it wonderful the way time flies. It only seems yesterday . . ."

Mrs. Rammell began to move over in their direction.

"Now, Nancy dear," she said. "We mustn't keep Mrs. Privett. She just came over to see me. And I know she's got to be getting back." She turned to her visitor. "I think we'd quite finished, hadn't we, Mrs. Privett?"

It was Mrs. Privett now who was struggling with her past. While Mrs. Rammell was speaking she had been far away. She was young again. Young as the others were. Standing behind a counter over in Brixton between Nancy and Emmie . . .

She jerked herself back into the present.

"Yes, thank you, Mrs. Rammell," she replied. "That is if . . . if you'll do what I asked."

Mrs. Rammell was so relieved that she gave Mrs. Privett a real smile instead of her regular social one.

"I feel sure we understand each other," she said. "Goodbye. And thank you again for coming."

But even then silly, impetuous Nancy couldn't take a hint.

"Well, I'm going as far as the bus with her," she said. "Eileen and I have got such lots to talk about."

. . . . . .

For Mrs. Rammell that untimely reunion between Mrs.

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GLAMOROUS LIFE she has longed for begins for Debbie Reynolds when she meets famous bullfighter Rojo at the home of Spanish marquesa Eva Gabor.

"It started with a kiss"

AMBITIOUS American showgirl Debbie, who is determined to marry a millionaire, is paid court through her dressing-room window by Air Force sergeant Glenn Ford.

★ Filmed in color in Spain, "It Started With a Kiss" is a romantic comedy. It

Entertainment

has Debbie Reynolds and Glenn Ford as its stars, with Eva Gabor, Gustavo Rojo, and Fred Clark. (M.G.M.)

CASE of mistaken identity causes a wild bedroom scene involving, from left, Eva, Fred Clark, Glenn, Debbie, and Rojo. But all ends happily.

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Fashion Tot

Long parades on the "catwalk" keep child model Fiona Foerster, of Manly, N.S.W., busy. Where does this active 5-year-old get her energy? *She enjoys Vegemite every day.* Vegemite — the *only* pure, concentrated yeast extract — is the richest food source of Vitamin B, which is *essential* for:

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- vitality

Your children will enjoy delicious Vegemite. Spread it on toast, sandwiches, biscuits — or on baby's rusks.

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Weekend

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1/- from your newsagent

Big stars for "Susie Wong" film

● After months of negotiations, France Nuyen has decided to re-enact her Broadway starring role in the film version of "The World of Susie Wong."

THE "Susie Wong" play is now in its second year on Broadway and France has agreed to return to the stage cast after she completes the film in Hongkong and London.

William Holden will star as an artist who falls in love with Susie Wong, a girl of the waterfront. Ralph Richardson and Michael Wilding have also been signed.

Recently France came into the news when she attacked a Press photographer who tried to take a picture of her when she was returning with Marlon Brando from an incognito holiday.

Her first big hit was as the beautiful island girl in "South Pacific."

Wilding, the husband of Liz Taylor before her marriage to Mike Todd, has recently been making TV films in Hollywood. It is some years since he has had a major screen role.

★ ★ ★

COMEDIAN **Dick Bentley's** new movie will be called "Desert Mice," instead of the original title "Every Night Something Awful."

IT'S thought that the romantic interest newly divorced **May Britt** has been so mysterious about could turn out to be producer George Englund. George is due to leave soon for the Orient, where he is to produce "The Ugly American," and Swedish May has been taking lessons in Chinese cookery.

New Films

Reviewed by Ainslie Baker

★★★ Excellent
★ Average
★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★ A DOG OF FLANDERS

Drama, with David Ladd, Donald Crisp, Theodore Bikel, and "Patrasche." In Color. Embassy, Sydney.

BASED on the Ouida novel, this frankly sentimental boy-dog-and-aged-grandfather story is a real tear-jerker, complete with graveside scene, avaricious landlord, and an empty larder at Christmas

But for all its uncomplicated, old-fashioned approach there is nothing shoddy about it, and it is a well-made little film, photographed with a sweet charm on location in Holland and Belgium.

A small orphan boy (David Ladd) living with his grandfather (Crisp) on the outskirts of Antwerp befriends an ill-treated dog, and is himself befriended by a bad-tempered artist.

That splendid actor Bikel in this latter role is invaluable to the film for the contrast he offers to its storybook sentimentality.

Sharp - eyed picturegoers may find a strong resemblance to "Old Yeller" in "Patrasche," the dog hero.

Variation of accents among the players is a little distracting, but most children and many adults will adore this tearful, doggy story.

In a word . . . WEEPY.

★★ CARRY ON, TEACHER

Farce, with Ted Ray, Kenneth Connor, Kenneth Williams, Joan Sims, Charles Hawtrey, Hattie Jacques. Lyceum, Sydney.

ANOTHER in Britain's slap-dash but popular "Carry On" series, which has already dealt with the army and hospital life.

This time the setting is a co-educational school, the pupils of which are determined to spoil the chances of the acting-headmaster getting an appointment somewhere else.

The headmaster, whose no-caning policy makes him so indispensable, is colorlessly played by Ted Ray, of B.B.C. fame. But the rest of the cast over-act appallingly, especially Joan Sims (gym mistress) and Hattie Jacques (mountainous maths teacher).

Most polished work comes from Leslie Phillips, a lady-killing child psychiatrist, and Charles Hawtrey, the music teacher who conducts the school orchestra during a "Romeo and Juliet" performance that rocks the theatre.

It's all in the broadest vein of schoolboy fun, with many old and a few new practical jokes. It gets its rating for laughs—not quality.

In a word . . . **PANDEMONIUM.**

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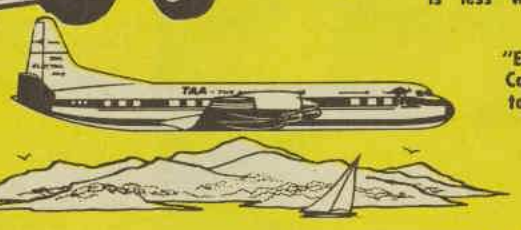

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TREASURE-CHEST

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How the Kookie crumbles

By NAN MUSGROVE

● Once a week, on Friday nights, a lot of sighing and swooning goes on all over Australia from Perth to Brisbane as people settle for their TV hour of "77 Sunset Strip" and Kookie.

KOOKIE is Edd Byrnes, a fair, personable man of 26, who seems to represent to girls of all ages the boy next door whom they secretly yearn over.

Kookie's role in "77" started as a very minor one. He was a car-hop addicted to combing his hair who gave with the strange talk.

Today his role is mighty important. He's a star of the show, his yakkety-yak has grown into a world-wide phenomenon called "Kookie Talk," he's recorded a hit song written about him—"Kookie, Kookie, Lend Me Your Comb" — and fans anxious to keep him well groomed have sent him more than 7000 combs in the past 12 months.

Curiously, his popularity is greater in Australia than it is in America.

A couple of months ago his reported engagement to one of his girl-friends, Asa Maynor, caused a furore here. Telephone calls were made, urgent cables sent demanding stories and pictures for newspapers and magazines.

Kookie denied the rumor, said he couldn't even afford a new comb, let alone a wife. Asa said it was "unfair."

She said she wasn't engaged, and the career she was trying to build for herself would be damaged by such a story.

"I can't understand it," one editor said. "It wouldn't make a big story here. We don't dig the guy here the way they do down under. He's plenty popular with teenagers, of course."

Since the engagement rumor, Kookie, no man for going steady, has been playing the field more than usual.

TELEVISION PARADE

"People would think I am trying to get on by capitalising on my friendship with Edd," she said.

Here, thousands of words and conjectures were printed about Kookie and his loves. In America editors pondered.

He says he likes Asa more than the other girls he goes out with, but they are just friends. Perhaps to prove it in the weeks after the "engagement" was announced, Kookie's dates included Donna Lynne, a very attractive Hollywood waitress, a brunette named Dorothy Johnson, and a Russian princess called Marie Cecilie.

Kookie's love life, though, is not as important to him at present as his career. That's what he's working at now. And following the lead of some stars who have had big TV successes, he's been staging a rebellion against Warner Bros.

He wants more money.

His agent describes this as "asserting himself," but hard-heads in Hollywood say he may be paying too big a price for his fame if he keeps on being difficult.

Kookie makes 400 dollars a week (nearly £A200) for his role in "77 Sunset Strip." He doesn't think that's enough since his fanmail got so big.

Warner Bros. say it's plenty. They balk at the 750 dollars (nearly £A375) a week Kookie has asked for through his agent, a Mr. Norman Broker, who masterminds Kookie's career.

Warners' are quite prepared to pay Kookie the increase if he'll add another two years to Kookie's existing seven-year contract.

But his agent won't agree to that.

"That's equivalent to signing Kookie up with the Foreign Legion," he said.

Hot property

"Kookie is today one of the hottest personalities in Hollywood. Make no mistake about it. He could get as much as five to ten thousand dollars for a single TV appearance. We have offers galore to prove it. Australia offered us 25,000 dollars, nearly £A12,500, for a two-day Kookie stint."

Mr. Broker and Warner Bros. don't see eye to eye at all, as the evidence shows. But Warner Bros. aren't worried. They have the big stick in their hands, and don't hesitate to use it. They've had the young man written out of a con[illegible] of episodes, just in case he [illegible] too difficult.

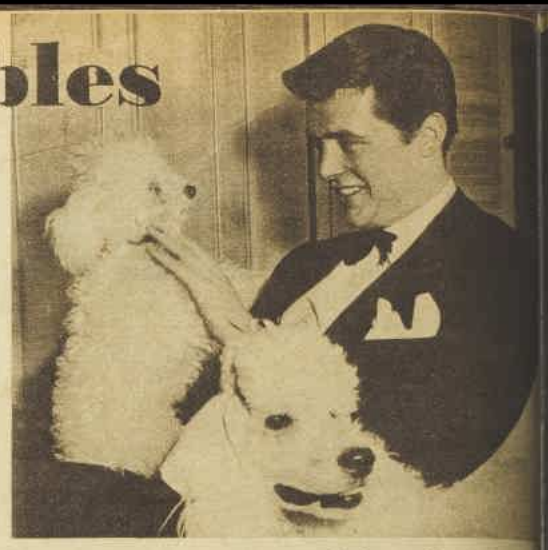
No one concerned believ[illegible] the scripts without him w[illegible] ever be more than a thre[illegible] but they are still a threat [illegible] a rising star.

Kookie, the meat in t[illegible] sandwich, is sensible a[illegible] fairly level-headed.

"I have worked as hard [illegible] I could to satisfy my direc[illegible] my producer, and the publ[illegible] he said.

"I want to remain an ac[illegible] I have a long way to go [illegible] I know it. But I have a[illegible] helped our TV series '77 S[illegible] set Strip' to success and [illegible] studio has profited tremen[illegible] dously from it.

"It should be share and sh[illegible] alike, but they don't feel th[illegible] way. They think they shou[illegible] get all the money and I ou[illegible] to get all the glory. I enj[illegible] glory, but not that much. [illegible] think I am worth a lot m[illegible] than what I get. W[illegible] shouldn't I? Have you [illegible] my fanmail lately?"



KOOKIE and a couple of girls he really dotes o[illegible] and makes no secret of it—his two French poodle[illegible]

KOOKIE dancing with Princess Marie Cecilie, who, like any ordinary girl, is having strap trouble.

DOROTHY JOHNSON, another charmer whom Kookie takes out. He's no man for going steady.

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Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

from page 48

Privett and poor sister Nancy had proved the last straw. It represented humiliation. Nothing less. She could never hold up her head again.

If only Mr. Rammell would have listened to her. If only he hadn't been so brutally pig-headed about insisting that Tony should go into the shop at all. Couldn't he have foreseen the consequences? Wasn't it exactly what anybody might have expected with someone so young, so inexperienced, so fatally attractive as her Tony?

And because Mrs. Rammell was so angry, so inwardly seething, all her self-control went from her. She broke every promise of secrecy that she had made to Mrs. Privett. As soon as Mr. Rammell returned home that evening she blurted it all out to him.

"All right. All right," he said at length. "I'll . . ."

Mrs. Rammell had clearly reached the danger point. Logic, reason, argument counted for nothing any longer.

"It's not all right," she said. "It's just like you to think so. It's all wrong. As wrong as it could be."

"I was only going to say that I'd have a word with Tony," Mr. Rammell replied quietly.

But it was no use. He had made the mistake of using his soft reasonable voice. Mrs. Rammell had always found even the mere tone of it maddening.

"You can't. Don't you see?" she almost screamed. "He hasn't come in. He's out somewhere with her."

Mr. Rammell, however, was not unduly concerned by the delay. Unlike Mrs. Rammell he had managed to retain his composure. He wanted to make a few discreet inquiries before saying anything.

He therefore avoided Tony altogether next morning. Simply didn't appear at breakfast and sent down a message that he was not going into the office at the usual time.

When he did arrive at Bond Street, the first thing he did was to work through the shop. He remembered the girl perfectly. He knew for whom he was looking. And there she was. Younger and prettier than ever. Very neat, too.

At the thought that she was the cause of all the trouble Mr. Rammell almost smiled. It was ridiculous. Like being blackmailed by an unusually attractive schoolgirl.

But his mind was made up. And as soon as he got upstairs to his room he sent for Mr. Privett. This was something that he wanted to handle personally. Besides, he rather liked Mr. Privett. He was so much a part of the place. When he came in, Mr. Rammell invited him to sit down as though he were an important visitor.

"Everything going all right up on your floor?" he asked.

Mr. Privett smiled contentedly.

"Oh, yes, sir, thank you. A bit on the quiet side. But very smooth, sir. Everything going very smoothly."

Mr. Rammell paused.

"Now about that daughter of yours."

It seemed to Mr. Rammell that Mr. Privett leant forward a little nervously.

"Yes, sir?" he asked.

"Very good girl," Mr. Rammell told him. "Excellent reports. Does you credit, Privett."

"I'm so glad you think so, sir."

"Time for a transfer, you know." Mr. Rammell went on. "Can't have a girl in haberdashery all her life. I'll speak to Mr. Preece about it."

"I'm sure she's very contented where she is, sir," Mr. Privett began.

But already Mr. Rammell was speaking again.

"Oh, and there is just one other thing. She and Mr. Tony have been seeing rather a lot of each other just lately. Not a good thing. Starts people gossiping. I just thought I'd mention it to you."

Mr. Privett swallowed for a moment.

"I . . . I understand, sir."

"Thank you very much, Privett. I felt sure you would. Good morning."

So that was that. Mr. Rammell felt like congratulating himself. If there was one thing which he really knew it was how to handle staff. Friendly, without being familiar. Firm but not a trace of harshness. Brief rather than curt.

. . . . . .

Mr. Bloot had always assumed that it would be a white wedding. St. Asaph's, the large red-brick block of Victorian medievalism at the end of Artillery Row, was the nearest church to the bride's home. And, in his mind's eye, he had frequently pictured the whole scene. The organ pealing. Mr. Bloot himself wearing his best tails.

And, above all, Hetty, smiling and effulgent, with a wreath of orange-blossom in her hair and a long expensive-looking train supported by tiny local bridesmaids.

That was why he was so astonished when she refused even to consider a church wedding at all.

"Us? In church?" she asked. "You can if you like. I'll wait outside, thank you. What's the point of advertising it?"

"Then if you don't want a church wedding," he asked, "what do you want?" And his heart chilled as he put the question.

"Why a Registry Office, of course. Same as normal people," Hetty told him. "It's just as legal."

"But it's not the same thing," he said.

"Of course, it isn't," Hetty answered. "It's less fuss. Go along at nine o'clock, I say, and get it over quickly."

"I can't make you out," he said at last. "Really, I can't. Anybody'd think you were ashamed of marrying me."

"Not ashamed, dear," Hetty replied. "Just doing it the easy way."

And when he asked her what she meant by that she did not answer. Instead she opened her arms and pursed up her lips at him.

"Oh, stop worrying," she said. "You make me tired. Come and kiss me. You haven't given me a single decent kiss all evening."

Mr. Bloot kissed her.

"It's just that I don't want you to fuss yourself," Hetty said after being kissed. "Don't get so worked up about me. I'm not worth it."

"Oh, yes, you are," he told her. "You're everything in the world to me. Shall I put up the banns?"

PAUSING again, he seemed to be working things out in his mind.

"And there's one other little matter we ought to talk about," he added. "If I move into your flat, which of my little bits and pieces would you like me to bring round?"

As it turned out, the matter of Mr. Bloot's bits and pieces had to be decided even before he went along to put up the banns. That was because he was so excited about getting remarried that he had to tell somebody.

And like most naturally reticent men he made a mess of it. Instead of waiting for a proper opportunity, he told his landlady when he happened merely to meet her accidentally on the stairs.

"I've got a piece of news for you," he said. "I'm getting married. Next month."

"Have I met her?" Mrs. Gurney asked.

"Never," he said. "That is because the lady has never been here."

"Then when's she coming?" Mrs. Gurney asked cautiously.

Mr. Bloot's reply left Mrs. Gurney aghast and speechless.

"She's not coming," he told her. "I'm going to her place."

"Is she a widow?"

Mr. Bloot nodded.

"Yes," he said. "Very comfortably provided. Very comfortably, indeed. Wouldn't like it here at all I'm afraid."

"Wouldn't like it here?" Mrs. Gurney repeated. "You mean we're not good enough?"

But he got no further. For Mrs. Gurney, aged fifty-five, herself contentedly married and therefore in no sense jealous and unnaturally possessive of her lone lodger, had burst into tears.

At one moment she was standing on the stairs beside him; and at the next she had shot across the landing and gone into her and Mr. Gurney's bedroom, slamming the door after her.

Mr. Bloot stood where he was for a moment. Then slowly he resumed his climb to the second floor.

"I can't understand it," he kept telling himself. "No feelings. Didn't even wish me luck."

. . . . . .

It had been a brave decision on Mrs. Privett's part to go to Mrs. Rammell's in the first place. But no matter what the consequence, she knew that she had done the right thing.

And when Mr. Privett came back and broke the news that Mr. Rammell had spoken to him about Irene, she was more than ever convinced. Convinced and gratified. Because it showed that Mrs. Rammell had kept her word. She had respected Mrs. Privett's secret.

For Mr. Privett, however, there remained all the bitterness of disappointment. Secretly he had felt from the outset that Tony and Irene would make a lovely pair. He had boasted of it openly to Mr. Bloot. But he did not feel disposed to challenge Mr. Rammell. After all, Irene was still young. It wasn't as though Tony were her only chance.

And, in any case, things were happening. It was too late now to start protesting. Irene herself announced the news. Innocently, as though she hadn't guessed the full significance, she told her parents that very night at supper.

"I'm getting a transfer," she said. "Right out of haberdashery. Into children's. Sounds awful."

Mr. Privett caught his wife's eye as Irene said it. It proved that the wheels were turning. Showed that Mr. Rammell was tackling the problem the quiet, sensible way.

And then Irene said something that made both Mr. and Mrs. Privett suddenly sit forward.

"If I don't like it," she said, "I shan't stay."

"Not stay?" Mrs. Privett repeated.

"Why should I?" Irene asked. "It's not fair about that transfer. I never asked for it."

It was there that Mr. Privett intervened. As he was speaking he wished that Mr. Rammell could have been present to hear him.

"That's not the point," he said. "There's more than you to be considered. You couldn't run a store if everybody chose for themselves. They're only doing what they think best."

"Well, I don't see it," Irene replied.

She got up as she said it and went over to the door. Then she paused for a moment.

"And Tony doesn't, either," she added as she went out.

"No," Mrs. Privett said firmly. "You leave me to handle this. I'm going to have a word with that young lady."

That was at about seven-fifteen. At seven-thirty Mr. Privett took his raincoat and umbrella and said that he was going over to see how Mr. Bloot was getting along. He would be back again shortly after ten he said. But by then it was too late.

"That you, Irene?" he heard his wife's voice call out as the front door closed on him.

"It's only me, Mother," he answered. "Why, what's the matter?" he began. "Is . . ."

But he got no further. Mrs. Privett interrupted him.

"She's gone," Mrs. Privett told him. "Our Irene's gone."

Because it was so unexpected he found some difficulty in understanding. The words simply did not make any sense to him.

"Gone where?" he asked.

"Gone away," Mrs. Privett replied. "Packed a suitcase and gone."

"I don't believe it," he answered. "She'd never do a thing like that."

"Well, she's done it, I tell you."

But Mrs. Privett could get no further. Quiet, controlled, unemotional as she normally was, she broke down and sobbed on Mr. Privett's shoulder.

With his free arm Mr. Privett managed to get rid of his umbrella in the hallstand. But there was nothing that he could do about his raincoat. All wet and steamy as he was he led his wife back into the living-room.

"You tell me what's happened," he said. "You tell me all about it."

It seemed that it had occurred almost immediately after Mr. Privett had left. That fatal reference to Tony was what had started it. Mrs. Privett had warned Irene.

Bit by bit it had all come out. Mrs. Privett's misgivings. Her fears. Her patience. Her visit to Mrs. Rammell.

That, it seemed, was what had decided Irene. According to Mrs. Privett she had jumped to her feet and had said something about not stopping there any longer. Then, some ten minutes later, when Mrs. Privett went upstairs to look for her, she had gone. And she had taken her attache-case with her. She had packed pyjamas. Bedroom slippers. Toothbrush. Everything.

The whole lot. And then disappeared.

"You've got to find her. Now. Before it's too late," Mrs. Privett wound up.

"But . . . but how do we know where she's gone?" Mr. Privett asked idiotically.

"We don't," Mrs. Privett told him. "But the police'll find her."

"The police?" Mr. Privett repeated doubtfully. "How'll they find her?"

But already Mrs. Privett had recovered herself. She was pushing him out of the room in front of her.

"You go straight round there," she said. "They've got their ways. They'll find her all right. Only hurry."

Irene herself at that moment was just getting into bed. It was a small bedroom. Rather like the bedroom in a nursing home.

Up to now it hadn't been so bad. Not bad at all, in fact. She had been in such a temper when she left Fewkes Road that nothing had seemed to matter. And for the past couple of hours she had been among friends.

There had been two girls from stationery, a middle-aged woman whom she didn't know from woollens. And another girl of her own age from classical records. The brother of the classical records girl was there, too. He was a tall, rather serious young man, who didn't say very much. But he seemed to be listening all the time. And he had a nice laugh. He was something in travel, he told her.

AS there was so much going on, Irene had found herself forgetting all about the trouble at home. It had been rather fun sitting there as one of a group that was ready to accept her as a grown-up person who could be talked to sensibly. Not treated as a schoolgirl the way her mother did.

But then ten-thirty had come around. The young man from travel had been forced to leave them. And the whole party had just broken up.

Now she was alone with herself in that white, clinical-looking little bedroom. And immediately it all came crowding back on her. The row with her mother. The way she had dashed out of the house without even saying goodbye. The consternation that she must have left behind her. The thought — the perfectly horrible thought—of what people had been saying behind her back. The thought of what they would begin saying after this had happened.

She began crying. Crying very softly, with her head right down among the pillows, so that all the girls in the other white, clinical-looking little bedrooms wouldn't be able to hear.

Mr. Privett had reached the police station at last. But even then, with his foot on the bottom step, he hesitated.

Turning round, he came back down the steps again. He was walking very quickly.

He went straight along to the underground station and into the nearest telephone box.

It took him a long while to find the number. But that was partly because the light was bad. And partly because his hands were trembling so. Even then, after he had dialled, the pause seemed an unduly long one. He was just beginning to think that he had blundered with the noughts or something when a voice answered.

"Rammell's Staff Hostel."

"It's Mr. Privett here," he began. "You know, Fourth Floor. Is my daughter . . ."

When he got back to Fewkes Road, he naturally expected Mrs. Privett to go along to the hostel with him straight away to bring Irene home.

But Mrs. Privett only shook her head.

"Not if that's where she is," she said. "It wouldn't be fair to her. It'd only make her more conspicuous. There's been enough talk about her as there is. I'll go along by myself in the morning. First thing."

Mr. Privett let out a deep sigh and sat down. He suddenly felt tired. Very tired. It had all been too much for him. And he felt hurt as well. Mrs. Privett hadn't so much as congratulated him once on having thought of ringing up the hotel in the first place. She had simply accepted the news without question. Calmly, serenely accepted it.

"You go to bed now," she said. "You won't be fit for anything in the morning." She hesitated for a moment. "Don't wait for me," she went on. "I haven't even looked at the paper. I'm going to sit up for a bit."

Mr. Privett made no reply. He was too shocked. This was more than calmness. It was downright callous, he reckoned, sitting down to read at a time like this. How she could . . . A faint sound on the other side of the fireplace made him glance up. Then he understood. The evening paper lay beside her untouched. Mrs. Privett had got her handkerchief up to her eyes. And her shoulders were shaking.

"Oh, my little Irene, what did you?" she was saying.

. . . . . .

It was difficult nowadays for Mr. Bloot. Merely going and living in Tetsbury Road was a strain.

Resentment was no longer limited to Mrs. Gurney. She had confided in her husband — told him of the slur on the house — and he had sided with her. They no longer spoke to Mr. Bloot when they met him on the stairs. Simply brushed past him silently as though one or other of them was a ghost.

Even without this unpleasantness Mr. Bloot's spirits were at a low ebb already.

Admittedly there was the excitement, the rapturous anticipation of the wedding ahead of him. But hanging over everything was the grey, tremulous sadness of remembrance. It was always a painful, heart-tugging sort of business breaking up a home.

And 17 Tetsbury Road was the only real home he had ever had. Before he and Emily had moved there they had lived with his mother.

To say that he had loved Tetsbury Road would have been pitching things too high. But until he had met Hetty he had never imagined anything else. Tetsbury Road and Mr. Bloot had seemed practically indissociable.

"Bring round any little things you like, silly," Hetty had told him. "We'll find a place for them."

But what little things? He was, for instance, almost ordinately fond of a bow-fronted mahogany sideboard with a bevel-edged, oval mirror

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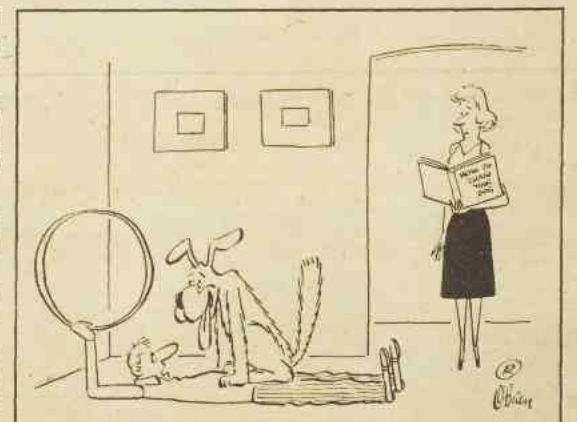

"I don't seem to be getting through to him."

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at the back. In the old days Emily had kept it polished like bronze.

Only it wasn't, by any means, a little thing. And Hetty had her own sideboard. A small affair in light fumed oak with chromium handles.

In the end he decided to make an exception of three things. A small bamboo table which he always kept alongside his bed at night. A practically new ironing-board that he used when pressing his trousers. And a glass-fronted corner cupboard that he refused to believe couldn't be wedged in somewhere. Apart from that, nothing. Nothing at all preservable from the possessions of a lifetime.

If Hetty had rescued him from the very gutter itself he could hardly have seemed more destitute.

Except, of course, for his budgerigars. Even if the rest of his furniture was a bit on the old-fashioned side there was nothing to be ashamed of about them. No matter how you looked at it, champion budgerigars in specially sprung, pavilion-shaped cages really were something worth acquiring.

Because the Gurneys were being so horrid to him, it was with a feeling of glorious relief when Sunday morning came round again and Mr. Bloot went round to Hetty's.

And Hetty, as it turned out, was in the same mood of jubilation herself. Even though it was only eleven-thirty in the morning, she was already dressed and her face all made up. She suggested a cocktail as soon as he got there.

Mr. Bloot accepted it. He had grown used to cocktails. And then, because Hetty kept pressing, he lit a cigarette as well.

"I like a man to smoke," Hetty told him. "Seems more manly somehow. And after all it's only natural. Everyone smokes cigarettes . . ."

"I've found out where to go," he told her. "And they take three weeks. I couldn't actually do anything yesterday because they'd shut. But I'll go in on Monday. I've explained the position at Rammell's. It'll be all right."

"What will?"

"The registry office. It's in the Town Hall. Just around the corner. It's a happy omen."

But Hetty only laughed.

"Don't bother about it," she said. "I've seen to it."

"Seen to it," Mr. Bloot repeated incredulously.

"Done it all myself," she told him. "And fixed the time. On the 26th, at nine-thirty. We're the first that day."

At the thought of such devotion Mr. Bloot's eyes filled with tears. He was deeply, uncontrollably moved. But his eyes filled with tears.

"You shouldn't have," he told her firmly. "It's not right. It's the man's prerogative."

"Don't give it a thought," Hetty told him. "After all, it was nearer for me, wasn't it?"

"But how did you know the facts?" he went on. "About me and Emily, I mean. Things like her second name."

"I asked Mrs. Privett," Hetty replied. "That night when we went around there."

She had removed his glass from his hand while she was talking, and now she sat herself heavily upon his knee.

"Now let's talk about the honeymoon," Hetty suggested. "I still think Bournemouth. It's more select. And it's warmer. Not that I mind so long as it's just us."

Because of the little additional squeeze that she gave him as she said it, Mr. Bloot could not reply immediately.

"Bournemouth it is," he said breathlessly. "You've done the licence. I'll look after the hotel."

They sat there in silence for a time.

"I've made up my mind what I'll bring round here," he said at last. "It's nothing really. Just two useful bits, and one ornamental. And then there's my budgies," he went on.

"Your what?"

"My budgies."

"You're teasing."

"If you'd ever been round to my place you'd have seen them," he said. "Flying about, too. Not just in cages."

He broke off for a moment as though wondering whether to disclose a secret.

"I'm teaching Joey to say your name," he confided.

Hetty, however, did not seem reassured. He could feel a little shudder run right through her. Then she got up.

"Birds," she said. "I can't abide them. Give me the shivers. Even sparrows. Horrible smelly things."

"Budgies aren't smelly," he blurted out.

"Well, smelly or not, they're not coming here," she said. "And that's that."

. . . . . .

Considering what the consequences might have been, the staff hostel incident passed off very quietly.

Mrs. Privett had gone along at breakfast time as she had promised. And that was all that Mr. Privett knew. What had actually taken place when she got there was a secret between the two of them.

"We're not going to talk about it," Mrs. Privett told him. "Irene knows she's been silly. And it's not going to happen again. We're just neither of us ever going to refer to it."

That was why he was so glad when the Staff Association Ball came round again. Not much of a dancing man himself, he knew nevertheless that it would be something that would take Mrs. Privett and Irene right out of themselves.

From what Mr. Privett had told her about previous Staff Association Balls, Irene could tell that it was going to be a pretty fashionable turn-out. And the one point on which she was determined was that she wasn't going to wear anything that her mother had made.

In consequence, she spent all her lunch hours in looking at dresses. She had never bought a dress in the West End before. Didn't really know how to set about it.

THERE was always Oxford Street, of course. She could have got exactly what she wanted if she had gone there. But that was precisely what she couldn't do. What none of the girls in Rammell's could do. It wasn't actually printed in the Rammell Staff Handbook that you mustn't buy your clothes in Oxford Street. It was simply understood.

That was why, in the end, Irene decided to do what she had been trying to avoid. She went along to Rammell's own staff stores. If you were lucky you could get last year's models —particularly if they were the sort that faded or got crushed easily—for as little as two or three pounds sometimes.

The only trouble was that Irene had left everything so late, all the real bargains had been snapped up. There was now nothing left except a great trailing gown of black velvet that a prima donna might have fancied for a contralto solo at a public memorial service, and something in lace and sequins that looked as though it had

Continuing . . . BOND STREET STORY

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come straight out of a musical comedy of the 'twenties.

Miss Sulgrave, who had charge of the dresses, was brokenhearted about the poor selection. She was a thoroughly nice woman, Miss Sulgrave. Warmhearted and sentimental. She spent her whole life doing things for people.

Irene was just going away when Miss Sulgrave called her back.

"Now, I've got your measurements, haven't I, dear?" she said. "I'm not promising anything, mind you. But if something should turn up . . ."

That night Irene took out her old party frock and looked at it. There was nothing really wrong with the dress. It just belonged to a different world.

There were plenty of things that she could do with it. Buy a new sash, for instance. Flame color always looked well on black.

Or, alternatively, she might get hold of a length of tulle with sequins on it. Wear it over her head and shoulders in a mysterious Eastern manner.

But she knew in her heart that every other girl would recognise it for what it was.

So there was nothing else for it. The ball was less than three weeks away. And Irene simply had to do something. She had saved three pounds of her own money. The time had now come to begin spending it.

In the end she wasn't quite sure that she could carry off the Eastern look. So she bought the scarlet sash instead. In point of fact, she went one better. She bought a scarf of the same color, too. They weren't cheap, the sash and the scarf together. They cost twenty-five shillings for the two of them.

But at least they were effective. And, above all, they were new. They added a great vivid flash of sheer recklessness to the old black dress.

And even with something over a pound gone on decoration there was still enough left over for an evening bag.

It had been a bit of a rush getting all those things in one lunch-hour. And she had been forced to go as far as New Oxford Street before she could find a shoe shop with the right shoes. There hadn't been time even for a cup of coffee. But at least she had got what she wanted.

And she had overspent her three pounds by only one and ninepence.

Then, when she reached the counter, Babs Kent told her that Miss Sulgrave had been asking for her. And, when she got there, she found Miss Sulgrave in the last stages of agitation. She had very nearly made herself cry, she said, just imagining how Irene must be feeling.

In the result, she had gone through everything in the Debutante's Salon to see whether she could find even the slightest excuse for drastic marking-down. What's more, it was just as she had expected.

There was a sweet little silver-grey one with distinct lipstick stains on the collar.

At any other time Miss Sulgrave would have seen what could be done about it. But the memory of Irene was too strong for her. The temptation was there. And she succumbed. She rubbed the stains in a desultory smearing fashion with forefinger, and then agreed with the supervisor that the dress was unsaleable.

And at the sight of Irene she swooped.

"Ah, there you are, dear," she said, her voice rising with her excitement. "I've got just the thing. Come round here and pop it on."

Already her arm was round Irene's shoulders, and she was leading her towards the dressing cubicle.

As soon as Irene saw the dress she knew that she was going to have it. It was paying for it that was going to be difficult. She had been along to the cashier after lunch. And had come away with her small buff envelope containing the pound notes. And the silver. And the strip of paper, that was like a robot's rough notebook, showing all the deductions. By the time the robot had finished its homework there was only three pounds two shillings and sixpence left. And the dress that Miss Sulgrave had set aside for her was priced at a full four pounds.

Irene decided to borrow the extra pound from her father. The mere sight of that milky moonbeam creation had reduced her to the morals of the bankrupt and the common gambler. She was ready to pledge everything.

Not that there was any difficulty in getting the money out of Mr. Privett. A shopwalker is singularly defenceless in such matters. The one thing that he can't risk while on duty is anything in the way of a scene.

Mr. Privett waited just inside the Hurst Place entrance so that he and Irene could go home together.

When they reached Fewkes Road Mr. Privett guessed that there was something brewing. That was because he saw Mrs. Privett looking out from behind the lace curtains as they came in. She withdrew hurriedly at the sight of them.

But it was enough that she should have been there at all. Mrs. Privett wasn't the sort to keep a look out if she hadn't got something pretty big on her mind.

And when they got inside Mrs. Privett continued to behave just as mysteriously. She just stood there in the hall, staring. Not at both of them. Not even at Irene. Just stood there, staring at the Rammell dress box.

"Hallo, Mum," Irene said to her.

But Mrs. Privett did not answer.

"You never," she exclaimed at last.

And with that she turned her back on both of them.

Mr. Privett and Irene stood looking at each other.

"What has upset your mother?" he asked.

But already Irene had run along the passage and shut herself inside the kitchen with Mrs. Privett.

They were in the kitchen together some time. And when they came out Irene had her arm round her mother. She was busy talking. But, as it was the same mystery language, Mr. Privett could not make head or tail of it.

"You shouldn't have. Really, you shouldn't," he heard her say. "Why did you? You didn't have to. Then I wouldn't have."

THEY went into the sitting-room, and Mr. Privett followed. Then he understood. In the centre of the room stood the dressmaker's dummy that Mrs. Privett used for all her serious work. And on it was draped a long silver evening gown with nothing but a pair of straps at the shoulders and a great billowing skirt like a half-folded parachute.

. . . . . .

It was the sale of the furniture that broke Mr. Bloot's heart.

It was one thing to think about it. But it was quite another to see it actually go. And the secondhand dealer who bought the lot was so frankly disparaging.

Not that Mr. Bloot was entirely downcast. For with the quixotic generosity which was so peculiarly a part of her nature Hetty had relented over the budgies. They could come with him, she agreed.

She still wouldn't have them actually in the flat. But they could go in the little cupboard-like room beyond the kitchen, the one that had been a coal cellar before the gas had been fitted.

. . . . . .

Originally, it had been Mr. Privett's idea that the staff should give Mr. Bloot a wedding-present. But it caught on so fast that it was soon everybody's idea. There was a house rule that Mr. Preece had to give his permission before the collection box could actually go round. But naturally in a case like this Mr. Preece raised no objection.

The money certainly flowed in. When Mr. Chilvers in accounts came to empty the boxes and add in the directors' personal donations, the total stood at twenty-eight-ten already. And that wasn't counting the fifty pounds that the board voted.

"I suppose I can't be such a bad sort of chap, after all," he confided in Mr. Privett. "Or they'd never have done it, would they?"

"Well, that's how much it is," Mr. Privett told him. "So you'd better make up your mind, and tell me what you'd like."

"I'll have to think," he said cautiously.

He took out his watch while he was speaking and glanced down at it. The watch, which was rather thick and slightly lemon-colored round the rim, showed ten-thirty. Whereas the restaurant clock showed eleven-sixteen.

"What about a watch?" he asked eagerly. "A watch and chain. Something good. A real gold watch."

Mr. Privett hesitated.

"Don't you think that perhaps it ought to be something for both of you?" he asked cautiously. "Cutlery, for instance."

But Mr. Bloot shook his head.

"It's no use," he said. "She's got everything. Everything a woman could want."

Mr. Privett was silent for a moment.

"Why not ask her?" he inquired. "There may be just some little thing. Something she's never actually got round to."

"I see what you mean," he said. "Something personal perhaps. Jewellery, for instance."

And by next morning Mr. Bloot had the answer all ready. For again Hetty had shown the warm side of her nature. It was not anything for herself she had chosen. It was something for both of them. She had decided on a television set.

He went down himself to Rammell's radio salon. It was lunchtime. And he had Mr. Privett with him.

In the end it was a light walnut table model, so highly polished that the case might have been made of satin, that he selected.

Mr. Bloot was excited all day thinking about the television set. And, even though Hetty had begged to be left alone so that she could do what she referred to mysteriously as getting herself ready, he went across that same evening to tell her all about it.

"Has it got a guarantee?" Hetty demanded.

"Oh, yes," he replied. "It's guaranteed if anything goes wrong . . ."

"It will," Hetty interrupted him.

The remark seemed to Mr. Bloot to be querulous and in bad taste. But it only showed how much on edge she must be.

"Give me the pictures every time," Hetty went on. "I like to go out and enjoy myself."

Mr. Bloot's voice began to tremble.

"Then . . . then why did you ask me to buy it for you?"

Hetty got up and came over to him.

"Because we'd look such fools not having one," she said. "It doesn't follow you've got to use it. Besides, I shall have you, shan't I? There won't be time for anything once we've got each other."

And before Mr. Bloot could say any more she had sat herself upon his lap.

"Aaah!" he exclaimed in a gasp of pure delight. "That's more like it. That's more my girlie."

To be continued

"The money we just saved, Ella — do you have any idea where we can borrow it?"

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Continuing . . . THE RESCUERS

from page 26

But poor prisoner, poor poet!

It was difficult at first to tell whether he was old or young, he looked so thin and ill and shaggy.

Huddled on the edge of his bunk, he might have been twenty years old, or a hundred. Only something in the way he huddled—elbows on knees, chin on fists—reminded Miss Bianca of the way the Boy used to huddle, if ever the Boy was terribly unhappy.

"Oh, he's young!" she whispered. "Poor, poor prisoner!"

What spoke most eloquently of his despair was that the bunch of keys lay still where it fell on the ground beside his bed; he hadn't even stretched out a hand to see what it was. Or perhaps things had been thrown down at him before in gaolerish sport, just as Mamelouk sportively jumped down to spit at him . . . .

For a moment the mice could only gaze in pity, while the eyes of Miss Bianca at least filled with tears. Then Nils again said something in Norwegian.

"Be still, my poor brain!" muttered the prisoner, "is not one such delusion enough?"

In fact, Nils had to repeat himself, shouting, about four times, before the prisoner looked wonderingly up.

As soon as they had his attention the three mice lined up, and Nils and Bernard took two steps back, then one forward, and politely pulled their whiskers. (There is nothing like sticking to manners in any unusual situation.) Miss Bianca bowed.

After only the slightest pause, to get his legs properly under him, the prisoner rose and bowed back.

It must be remembered that he was a poet. It is the gift of all poets to find the commonplace astonishing and the astonishing quite natural. The sight of Bernard and Nils and Miss Bianca—Nils in his sea-boots, Bernard carrying a valise, and Miss Bianca wearing a silver chain—therefore didn't disconcert him in the least, and when Nils again addressed him in Norwegian he was far more delighted than surprised.

Yet how feeble his own poor voice, after the long silence of solitary confinement, as he courteously bade them welcome! Miss Bianca again felt her eyes prick with tears.

"Tell him we are come to save him!" she prompted.

"That's what I'm trying to," said Nils impatiently. "But here goes again!"

He launched into quite a long speech, interrupted from time to time by questions from the prisoner.

"He just wants to ask after his relations!" translated Nils.

"Tell him there'll be opportunities for that later," urged Bernard. "Tell him that just now we've got to hurry!"

By this time the prisoner, partly through weakness, partly to see his visitors better, had sunk down to his knees. Nils jumped on to his hand and ran up his arm, and began to shout directly in his ear. "I'm having to tell him all about the Prisoners' Aid Society!" Nils called down.

Again an age seemed to pass before the prisoner's expression turned from dreamy pleasure to as much as ordinary attention. But at last he began to understand, and his eyes grew brighter and brighter. He picked up the keys and cradled them lovingly in his palm — bending on Bernard such a look of admiration that modest Bernard blushed; and at last, with a few brief words, rose shakily to his feet.

"What does he say?" asked Bernard.

"He says," translated Nils soberly, "that he puts his life in our hands."

The three mice looked at each other. They looked at the prisoner's gaunt, feeble frame, and Nils and Bernard thought of the slippery steps down to the water-gate and of the angry River beyond. What a responsibility! But their courage was high, and so was the prisoner's.

He was a poet. He didn't think he was dreaming, as a prisoner who wasn't a poet might have done — and so missed his chance of escape. Shakily but resolutely — his fingers trembling but his spirit firm—he tried one key after the other in the lock of his door . . .

At the third it opened.

There is no more wonderful moment in life than when a prison door opens. It was not through weakness that the prisoner, for a moment, again sank to his knees. Then up he rose; only once shuddered as the cold damp air whistled through his rags; followed the mice along the passage, and with a smile set his feet on the topmost of the water-gate steps.

The River had lapped back; yet ever as they descended the roar of water sounded louder and louder in their ears. The River was angry still! But there was no help for it, they had to go on. Each step seemed a separate precipice, slippery with washed-up mud; the mice skidded and slipped, the prisoner had to brace himself for support against the wet, rough, rocky wall. In fear and trembling they descended and reached the bottom—

And there, wonder of wonders, beheld a raft hugging the bank for shelter, tied to the old iron ring in the old, newly revealed water-gate wall!

"The luck of the mice!" cried Bernard. "The luck of the mice at last! Nils, tell the prisoner to get on board! You, Miss Bianca, run along the rope, and Nils and I will follow!"

NILS said something in Norwegian. The prisoner nodded. He was at the very last step; only a yard separated him from the raft. Then that foot slipped, in he fell, a powerful undertow sucked him down, and the faithless River carried him away!

Without an instant's hesitation Nils and Bernard jumped in after. "Keep his chin up!" spluttered Bernard. "We must keep his chin up!" "But where's he got to?" spluttered Nils. — At that moment the poet rose to the surface; they struck out desperately towards him. "Kick off your sea-boots, you idiot!" choked Bernard to Nils; Nils kicked them off, and made better progress. But they couldn't help.

The dead weight of the prisoner's head was too much for them. "Swim! Swim for dear life!" shouted Nils in Norwegian. It was no use. The poet was too weak from his long imprisonment to manage more than half a stroke, and indeed by this time Nils and Bernard needed all their strength to keep going themselves. With a faint smile of gratitude — even in his extremity! — down the prisoner went for the second time . . .

Where was Miss Bianca, during these happenings.

She had done what everyone should do in an emergency; she had obeyed orders. She ran straight along the mooring-rope and on to the raft. A woman came out of the reed-house, but Miss Bianca didn't even notice her. She ran up on to an empty hencoop where she could see what was going on—and seeing, shrieked in dismay!

So did the woman shriek. The raft-woman took one look at Miss Bianca, and instantly kicked the hencoop overboard, right into the poet's arms as he rose for the last time.

After that, for some moments, all was noise and confusion. The raft-wife shrieked again; out from the reed-house rolled a couple of men, and between them they hauled the prisoner aboard — Nils and Bernard clinging to his clothes, and Miss Bianca clinging to the hencoop. All four were so full of water, the prisoner had to be life-saved by the raft-men while the mice life-saved each other; but everyone was safe aboard!

All who use waterways, be it by sea, river or canal, speak essentially the same language. The raft-people soon learned all they needed to — and besides were the very reverse of inquisitive.

For instance, no one said anything about the Black Castle, though it loomed so directly above them; in the same discreet, almost offhand way they supplied their guest with dry and anonymous clothing, and when he had changed made his old prison rags into a bundle, and weighted it with a flatiron, and sank it in the river.

The raft-wife also cut his hair for him. And the moment the river had a little calmed they unloosed the mooring-rope and cast off.

"What splendid, kind people!" exclaimed Miss Bianca.

The mice made this last journey in the poet's pockets. He somehow explained to the raft-wife, when she wanted to chase them off, that they were friends of his. "Mind they don't run about loose, then!" warned the raft-wife, grudgingly. (She had sacrificed her flatiron, but she couldn't abide mice.) So the poet put them one in each pocket—Bernard in the left, Miss Bianca in the right, and Nils over his heart.

From this snugness and security, each day, again, as on the waggon-ride, they looked out upon a changing landscape. But now it was the reverse of the waggon-ride: first they floated between cliffs on one side and

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PRIMULA OBCONICA and Sinensis should be handled with care, for their hairy leaves and stems can cause an irritating rash on the hands.

Touch-me-nots

● Despite their beauty, many plants contain poisonous juices or have stinging or irritating hairs.

GARDENING

THESE plants should be handled with great care.

Primulas of nearly all varieties belong to the touch-me-nots. They have small hairs on leaves and stems that can cause a most painful rash if handled carelessly. Primulas obconica, Sinensis, Malacoides can all cause irritation to the hands.

Many members of the Euphorbia family are extremely thorny and can cause painful wounds. Euphorbia marginata (snow-on-the-mountain) has a milky juice that will cause an irritating rash if picked with bare hands.

Rhus succedanea belongs to the poison-ivy family and is easily the most dangerous shrub or small tree that could be grown.

Its leaves color up well in autumn when it reaches the pinnacle of its unfriendliness.

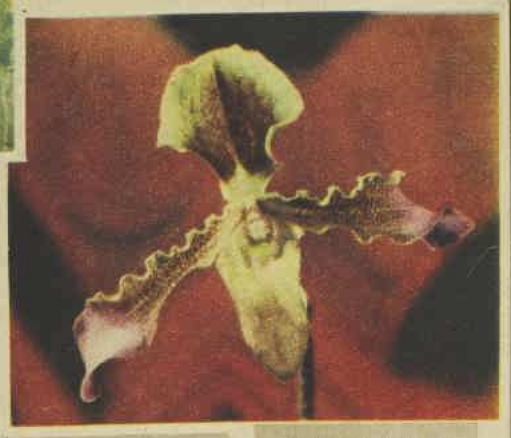
It should be pruned only with gloves, as the juice as well as the touch of the leaves can cause a most irritating and poisonous rash.

Stinging nettles as well as the native stinging nettle tree cause intense pain to man and beast if touched.

Daffodil-pickers know only too well that the juices can cause a rash on the fingers and hands, and fig-pickers find that this member of the Euphorbia family can be irritating once the hands are gummed-up by fig juices.

FOXGLOVES contain digitalis, which is poisonous, but is used for heart ailments. Wash the hands after handling.

EUPHORBIA MARGINATA (snow-on-the-mountain) is also poisonous and can start an irritating rash.



RHUS SUCCEDANEA should not be handled at any time. The leaves and juices of the tree cause painful, hard-to-cure rashes.

CYPRIPEDIUM orchids, such as this specimen, C. Hirsutissimum, can also cause an irritating rash on bare hands.

More straight talk on a subject people won't talk about:

Q. **Do you know perspiration is caused by emotional excitement as well as by exertion?**

A. It's true! Whenever you are anxious or excited you experience "emotional" or "nervous" perspiration. Doctors say the "emotional" kind is the big offender in underarm stains and odour.

Q. **How can you overcome "emotional" perspiration?**

A. "Emotional" perspiration can happen **anytime** — any season. But you can be **safe** from every kind of perspiration embarrassment with gentle, but so effective, **Arrid** protection.

Q. **Won't a daily bath or shower protect you from perspiration?**

A. No! A shower is only the **first** step to personal daintiness. For **all-day** protection from embarrassment you need Arrid . . . to destroy odour-causing bacteria **before** odours form.

Q. **Why is Arrid protection the surest protection?**

A. It's so easy to be sure of your freshness with 3-way Arrid care. Arrid **checks** perspiration . . . **stops** odour . . . and protects the **delicate fabrics** of your clothes — with the gentlest deodorant formula ever.

Girls who know the answers use ARRID to be sure.

There's an ARRID deodorant made personally for **you.** For **roll-on** protection choose gentle Arrid Roll-on Lotion containing soothing lanolin. Rolls protection into **all** the pores . . . rolls **away** perspiration odours, and if you prefer a **cream** deodorant, there's fluffy white **ARRID CREAM.**

P.S. Arrid is also available in handy Arrid Super-Spray — in the unbreakable blue squeeze-bottle.

ROLLS ON

Pearly white Arrid Roll-on Lotion comes in the shaped bottle with the roll-on applicator. No messy dripping . . . no leaking . . . **rolls-on** just the right amount for day-long protection. 7/6 at all cosmetic counters.

Gentle Arrid Cream keeps underarms soft and fresh all day long. In jars — medium, 3/9; and large, 5/10.

Be sure of your freshness . . . sure of yourself . . . with gentle ARRID protection.

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The Barrens on the other, then through a country of bare heath and crooked firs, then through fat farmland, all tucked up for the winter but still very friendly.

Here they sometimes passed waggons quite close to the bank, and then the three mice all leant out and waved. Miss Bianca once thought she saw Albert, but it may have been just a likeness. The River, as though sorry for having nearly drowned them, behaved beautifully; it flowed with a strong, even current, just powerful enough to keep the raft floating steadily.

The raft-people told each other they had never known such fair weather; — and it made them all the kinder to the poet (though they would have been kind to him anyway), because they believed he was bringing them luck.

The poet grew stronger every day. Each day he ate three meals of pork, fried potatoes, and apple-jam.

Some might have found this diet monotonous, but not the poet after years of nothing but bread-and-treacle. He always kept back three little portions for the mice, which they ate behind the hencoop under his strict supervision on account of the raft-wife's prejudices. Then they had a short scamper.

Sometimes at night, because the moon was so beautiful, he let them run out again, just for a few minutes; and Miss Bianca was so inspired she wrote two new poems.

Poem by Miss Bianca, written on a raft:

"How beautiful the night!
What silver ripples swim
behind our wake
All nature hushed, winds
stilled, the waters calm,
'Tis as we sailed upon an
argent lake!
How beautiful the dawn!
Aurora's fingers part the
fading mist,
Sweet birds strike up their
morning roundelays—
'Tis as we sailed on seas
of amethyst!"

M.B.

The other was perhaps not quite so poetic, but even more heart-felt.

Raft-song, by Miss Bianca:

"Day and night, between far-away banks,
Smoothly glided a beautiful raft.
Sun and moon and the stars of the sky
Look in blessing on cargo and craft!
Three brave Rafters with hearts of gold—
Four poor Mariners saved from the foam—
Look down in blessing, sun, moon, and stars,
Carry them safely, swiftly home!".

M.B.

This one had a rather appropriate, watery rhythm: the three mice used to sing it each night.

Safely indeed, if not very swiftly, the raft bore them on. How glorious it was to be headed for freedom at last! For their cargo was due at the Capital, and once there, said Nils confidently, the prisoner-poet, his strength now quite recruited, would be able to make his own way home.

"And I shall go with him," said Nils yearningly. "Ah, it'll be good to see Norway again."

BERNARD looked at Miss Bianca. He was going home, too; but, where, oh where, was Miss Bianca's home? Would she disappear again into the world of high society — into her Porcelain Pagoda?

Miss Bianca was asking herself the same question.

. . . . . .

The return of Bernard and Nils and Miss Bianca, their mission successfully accomplished, has been so often described in mouse-history that only a brief account of it is now required.

Their welcome at the Moot-house was naturally tumultuous. The ceiling rang to shouts of "Three cheers for Miss Bianca!", "Three cheers for Bernard!", also "Up the Norwegians!" (led by Nils). Madam Chairwoman was actually observed to kiss the Secretary. The Secretary kissed Miss Bianca. All his relations kissed Bernard.

Nils was presented with both the Jean Fromage Medal and the Tybalt Star—he'd in fact had one of these already, but swapped it for a mouth-organ—and also, what he appreciated far more, with a replacement for every single possession lost with his sea-boots.

Continuing . . . THE RESCUERS

from page 56

Bernard and Miss Bianca made the list together, and they remembered everything; half a pair of socks, a box of sticking-plaster, a double-six of dominoes, a ball of twine, and a folding-corkscrew.

When Nils saw them all neatly laid out on a silver tray, he showed emotion for the second time. As to the sea-boots themselves, cobblers were working night and day on a new pair.

It was more difficult to know how to reward the raft-people —until Miss Bianca recalled how the raft-wife had shrieked at the sight of her, and had made the poet carry them all in his pockets. Then a solemn declaration was drawn up, and signed and witnessed by Madam Chairwoman and the Secretary on behalf of all members, to the effect that no mouse should ever in any circumstances set foot on the raft in question.

Miss Bianca's famous chart was richly framed and hung up beside the Aesop's Fable picture over the speakers' platform. Below, a glass case enshrined her fan, Bernard's spotted handkerchief, and Nils' autograph, for the inspiration of future generations.

The Nils and Miss Bianca Medal, struck in pure silver, was awarded to Nils, Miss Bianca, and Bernard. Bernard himself quite agreed that "and Bernard" would have made it sound awkward. He had the most generous nature possible.

On one side was depicted the Black Castle, on the reverse a broken fetter. Particulars of this new award were at once distributed to every regional branch of the Prisoners' Aid Society, also to Societies overseas, with the request that it should rank above both the Jean Fromage Medal and the Tybalt Star.

"And we musn't forget your mother's galoshes!" said Miss Bianca to Nils.

"You're right there," said Nils. "Ma promised she'd fair skin me if I didn't bring 'em back."

"Or would she prefer a new pair?" suggested Miss Bianca.

"Not Ma," said Nils positively. "Ma gets so attached to her old galoshes."

So they went together to find them in the speedboat. There it still lay, just as they had left it, gently a-rock on the Embassy boating-water; and there were the galoshes.

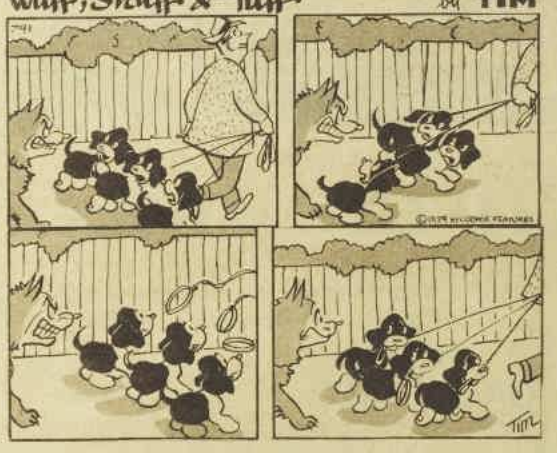
Leaving Nils to look around, Miss Bianca took them into the cabin and filled each quite full of coffe-sugar, and also wrote a grateful note of thanks on ship's writing-paper.

When she came out again, Nils was still looking around. He was looking and looking, as though he couldn't bear to tear himself away.

"It is nice, isn't it?" said Miss Bianca.

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff by TIM



"The neatest craft I ever saw!"

"So I think, too," said Miss Bianca.

"A I at Lloyd's!" sighed Nils. "I dare say the Owner," he added casually, "would have no use for a Nils and Miss Bianca Medal?"

"Now, really—!" began Miss Bianca. She was about to scold him quite severely, for she'd suspected all along that he took that splendid honor far too lightly. The wistfulness in his eyes, however, made her pause.

"As a swap," suggested Nils.

"In the first place," began Miss Bianca again, "decorations are never to be 'swapped'—" and again she broke off. If ever anyone wanted anything, badly, Nils wanted that speedboat.

"And why not?" Miss Bianca asked herself. "I'm sure the Boy, if he knew, all Nil's care of me on the voyage from Norway, would give it to him gladly!"

Aloud, she said impulsively. "Would you like the speedboat for your own, Nils?"

Nils was speechless with joy. He just pulled every lever in sight—turned on the headlights, rammed the quay, nearly swamped Miss Bianca, and reversed.

"But how will you get it home?" asked Miss Bianca. "We know you mean to travel with the poet—"

"Far sooner under my own steam!" cried Nils.

"What, through all those dreadful oceans?" exclaimed Miss Bianca, aghast—and almost regretting her offer. "Please don't think of it, dear Nils!"

"Why, I can think of nothing else!" cried Nils. "Just hand me over the ship's papers, send a wire to Lloyd's telling them of the change of owner, and I shall be the happiest mouse alive!"

So Miss Bianca let him have his way. She felt he deserved it.

The farewell between the poet and his three rescuers was very touching. (As Nils had foretold, the poet made his own arrangements for getting home. He fell in with a Norwegian captain, with whom he was going to travel back to the port, and there sign on as super-cargo, no questions asked.) The night before he left he met Bernard and Nils and Miss Bianca by appointment outside the Moot-house door.

"Little Miss Bianca," said he, stooping tenderly down, "as soon as I get back to Norway I shall write a poem about you."

(Of course Nils had to translate.)

"Can I really deserve such honor?" exclaimed Miss Bianca modestly. "When all I did was but any mouse's duty? Yet I thank you from all my heart, and from all my heart wish you well."

WITH extreme delicacy the poet but laid a finger, caressingly, on her head. Miss Bianca allowed her whiskers but to brush it. They still understood one another!

"As for you," continued the poet, to Bernard, "no stouter soul e'er breathed! I shall never forget your heroism, which it is quite beyond me to thank. And, as for you," he added, to Nils, "all I can say is, look me up in Oslo and we'll make a proper night of it!"

Then he tried to hug them all, which was manifestly impossible, and overcome by emotion turned hastily away.

"Farewell, dear poet!" called Miss Bianca.

"Farewell!" he called. "Farewell, and God bless you all!"

Bernard and Miss Bianca then accompanied Nils to the Embassy boating-water to see him off, too. He couldn't take Miss Bianca's famous chart with him, because it was already hanging in the Moot-house, but he assured them he remembered the route backwards. "Finest chart I ever set eyes on!"

Wearing his new sea-boots he stepped joyfully on board the speedboat; shook hands with Miss Bianca, slapped Bernard on the back, and with his usual cry (which we will not here repeat) blazed away, headlights flaring, towards the Mediterranean, the Bay of Biscay, and points north.

Afterwards it all seemed very dark and quiet.

There was a long pause.

"And where shall you go, Miss Bianca?" asked Bernard in a low voice.

Miss Bianca hesitated. She was actually staying for the moment with Madam Chairwoman — who brought her breakfast in bed each morning, who couldn't spoil her enough! — but she obviously couldn't stay for ever.

"Really, I don't know," murmured Miss Bianca. "For the past six months everything has been so extraordinary . . ."

"If the most devoted affection," began Bernard, "even though limited within a pantry—"

At which moment he was interrupted by a loud voice from overhead.

"Why, if it isn't Miss Bianca!" cried the voice. "The Boy's Miss Bianca, that he's so a-fretting for! So she was left behind!"

A big hand reached down and scooped her up. Holding her carefully in his palm, one of the Embassy footmen was now displaying her to an Embassy housemaid. (They had met for a tender interview by the boating-water.)

"Let alone the reward offered," added the footman, "I've always had a kindness for the Boy! I'd be glad to send her back to him, anyways! As it is, five golden guineas for us, and off by Bag she'll go—the little beauty!"

From that calloused yet altruistic palm Miss Bianca looked down at Bernard.

"Did you hear?" she called softly.

"I heard," said Bernard.

"Fretting for me! Ah, it's not for my Porcelain Pagoda," called Miss Bianca, "that I quit you, dear Bernard! Pray believe me! It is but Fate, that casts our lots so far apart! I must return to the Boy!"

"I always thought you would," said Bernard bravely. "I always knew it, in my bones. Farewell, dear Miss Bianca!"

"Farewell, dearest Bernard!" called she.

The footman carried her into the Embassy. What a welcome there awaited her! Amid universal rejoicing cream cheese was at once set out in a silver bon-bon dish; the new Ambassador offered one of his own silk handkerchiefs to furnish her with temporary sheets; and a place was booked for her in the next Bag to Norway.

So ends the heroic tale of Bernard and Nils and Miss Bianca.

Nils, after innumerable adventures, reached Norway in safety; and met the poet again in Oslo, where they went out to dinner and the theatre and supper afterwards. The poet kept his word and wrote a beautiful poem about Miss Bianca, which was printed in several anthologies.

Bernard became Secretary of the Prisoners' Aid Society, and had a useful, respected, and happy career.

Miss Bianca, reunited with the Boy, and once again domiciled in her Porcelain Pagoda, was happy, too. It was really the life that suited her best.

But they none of them ever forgot each other, or their famous adventures in the Black Castle.

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YOUR BOOKSHELF

"Collision Course"
Alvin Moscow (Longmans).

A clear and factual, yet highly dramatic, account of the most controversial sea disaster of the last decade—the collision of the Italian liner Andrea Doria and the Swedish liner Stockholm in the Atlantic Ocean not far out from New York and the consequent sinking of the Andrea Doria. The author, a New York journalist, retraces what took place on the bridges of both ships just before the collision and describes the subsequent chaos. Vivid stories from passengers contribute to this compelling story.

"Ann & Peter in Denmark"
Nancy Martin (Muller).

A junior travel-book-cum-adventure story in one of a series titled "The Kennedys Abroad." Ann and Peter Kennedy spend a holiday at the homes of two Danish teenagers, visit the birthplace of Hans Andersen and the Elsinore of Hamlet, and with their young friends share an exciting adventure.

"Strike Me Lucky"
Joy Cleary (Ure Smith).

A competently written novel about life in a small N.S.W. town disrupted by the chance discovery of gold in the backyard of a comically assorted family named Patch. Subsequent gold fever sets the whole town digging frantically in every yard. In her effort to convey a "dinkum Aussie" atmosphere Mrs. Cleary has produced a string of cliches and a story without conviction. Only the local policeman is a real and likeable character.

"The Queen and The Turf"
Mrs. Helen Cathcart (Stanley Paul).

All the Queen's horses, from her childhood ponies to her Ascot winners, are chronicled in this book by a noted Court biographer. The author must have recorded every horse Her Majesty has ever looked at and certainly every race meeting or horse show she has attended. Although primarily for horse-lovers, the book provides a background of the Queen's life and doings, which is of general interest.

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Sunshine Ice Cream (makes about two pints)

1 teaspoon gelatine • ½ cup hot water • 4 heaped tablespoons Sunshine Full Cream Powdered Milk • 3 tablespoons sugar • 1½ cups hot water • 1½ teaspoons vanilla essence.

Dissolve gelatine in 1 tablespoon cold water, then mix with the ½ cup hot water. Beat together Sunshine, sugar, 1½ cups hot water; add gelatine mixture and vanilla. Beat well; turn into freezing trays. When frozen to consistency of thick cream, remove; beat until doubled in bulk. Freeze firm.

For a richer ice cream, reduce hot water to 1 cup and add one 4-oz. tin Nestlé's Cream.

* You needn't tell your guests it costs only 1/9 to make!

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Smell a fresh, pleasant fragrance clear throughout all your wash. You just **know** that everything is beautifully clean.

Feel a new softness in your wash. Blue Omo is soft to touch. **Dishes?** Blue Omo swallows grease even in hardest water.

BLUE OMO *adds brightness to cleanness and whiteness*

Soft! Fragrant! Blue!

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Fashion PATTERNS

F3862.—A little girl's half slip and panties set is prettily trimmed with lace and bows. Requires 1 1/3yds. to 2yds. 36in. material and 2½yds. lace edging. For 4, 6, 8, and 10 year-olds. Price 3/-.

● *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.*

F5639.— Simple sheath frock with matching or contrasting jacket makes a sophisticated outfit. Requires 3¾yds. 36in. material for the frock and 3yds. 36in. material for the jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/9.

F5633.—Unusual frock has shawl collar and pleated skirt. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5659.—Trim two-piece suit has simple box jacket and pleated skirt. Requires 4¾yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5658. — Smart working-day frock requires 4¾yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5628.—Tailored variation of the shirtmaker dress has unusual sleeve cut, buttons right through. Requires 5yds. 36in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

● ***Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.***

No. 197—PRETTY BRUNCH COAT
Feminine brunch coat has tiny puffed sleeves and is gathered from a yoke and tied with a bow. Available cut out ready to sew in printed Ruffiyn cotton in a rose design. Colors are turquoise and pink and pale pink with green. Sizes 33 to 34in. bust, 41/6; 36 to 38in. bust, 44/-. Postage 3/6.

No. 198—SHORTIE NIGHTDRESS
Cool and easy to launder nightdress is available cut out ready to sew in a no-iron seersucker in pink, blue, white, and lemon. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 22/9; 36 to 38in. bust 24/9. Postage 3/9 extra.

No. 199—LUNCHEON TABLE SET
Useful luncheon table-mat set is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider in a white, blue, lemon, pink, and cream Irish linen. Small mats measure 6 by 8in.; place mats, 11 by 17in.; and serviettes, 11 by 11in. An 8-piece set of 4 small mats and 4 place mats, 17/9, with 2/6 extra for postage; 12-piece set of 6 small mats and 6 place mats, 22/9, with postage 3/9 extra. Serviettes are 1/9 each, postage 4d.

No. 201—MATERNITY JACKET
Simple and easy to wear maternity jacket is available in a check gingham in pink, blue, red, green, yellow, and black. Sizes 32 to 34in. bust, 23/6; 36 to 38in. bust, 24/9. Postage 2/6 extra.

No. 200—MATERNITY SKIRT
Plain maternity skirt is available cut out ready to sew in Sundek cotton in black, navy, lilac, and Bismarck-grey. Sizes for a 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist. Price 39/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning January 18

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, red. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a challenge.

★ People, both at home and abroad, may be difficult, uncooperative. Unexpected opposition, delays, slipshod work, misunderstandings block your plans. This should bring out the best in your character. Self-restraint, firm determination to carry on, a cheerful acceptance of ups and downs will earn the respect of those who count.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in know-how.

★ If you're tackling the unfamiliar, seek advice. If you're embarking on an ambitious scheme, read publications dealing with the subject. Whether it's your first frock you are making, building a garden house, or re-upholstering a chair, plan exactly what you will do before you begin. Tinkering around will be time-consuming.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in being independent.

★ That vague promise, on which you've been counting, may be lightly broken. The partner who should have escorted you on a special occasion, or played with you in a tournament, may fail you at the last minute. Don't let it break your heart if a budding romance fades into thin air. Have an alternative plan always in view.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, rose. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in a showdown.

★ If a problem is troubling you which concerns family, friend, associates, it is better to give it an airing than to brood in silence. If the conduct of your best beloved is grieving you, tell him so and listen patiently to any explanation. If you have associates who leave you to pay expenses when they should be shared, take a stand.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in the evening.

★ Take up your occupational tasks with vim and vigor during daylight hours, in order to be free to enjoy what the evenings have to offer. Relatives, neighbors are likely to drop in; be prepared for informal entertaining. Hobbies, pastimes which can be pursued at home are well aspected. You may be encouraged to take up a new skill now.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sat. Luck in a competition.

★ Whether you are competing for the heart of a young man or are entered in a tennis or bowling tournament, your prospects of success are excellent. Good tactics are essential, but don't overdo it or show your eagerness for victory too openly. Watch rivals in order to learn what to avoid, and don't crow too loudly over the defeated.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in the family circle.

★ Dame Fortune may knock at your door, bringing a worthwhile gift. The head of the household could have news of promotion to a more important job carrying more money. The son or daughter launched on a career finds a congenial niche with a future. If a young married an addition to the family could be a cause for rejoicing.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, yellow. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in using your brains.

★ Your sign is both subtle and shrewd. You can estimate people accurately, manage situations which would floor others. This week you must anticipate the reactions around you, but never show your hand enough to arouse resentment. The rewards will be many, for you find the right answer to a question, gain the affection of those who matter.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy, white. Lucky days, Thursday, Saturday. Luck in balancing the ledger.

★ Most of you are coming out better than you hoped financially. The budgeteer will rejoice and relax those restrictions a trifle. As a homemaker, she might have a small nestegg up her sleeve for that something extra special which will delight her heart. All of you who are saving with a purpose see the object of your efforts coming close.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, grey. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in love.

★ That summer romance is nearing a climax. From being one of a crowd, it's now a twosome with frequent dates. This applies not only to the young in years but the young in heart; Capricornians often marry later than other signs. If you are seeking love, set the stage carefully. Dress your prettiest and invite him home to dinner.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, green. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck through your own efforts.

★ Whatever you want you'll have to work for it; it won't be handed to you on a silver platter. You are likely to feel that your merit is not appreciated, but you are constantly gaining experience, and this must pay dividends in the long run. Some of you now turn a corner, collect material rewards along with the satisfaction of achievement.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, blue, violet. Lucky days, Wednesday, Thurs. Luck in a new place.

★ You may walk along a street in a new neighborhood and find an article of value. You may go on an outing, far from your usual haunts, and fall in love with the place. Climbing a steep hill or crossing slippery rocks could be a test of your nerve, but don't tempt fate too far. Your holidays, if still on vacation, have an odd twist.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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ONLY 3/3
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Also available in big money-saving bottle 5/6; smaller bottle 3/9; and in individual bubbles.

Only one lather Sunsilk gives you such gleaming manageable hair

SK.21.WW143C

JACKY'S DIARY.

by Jacky Mendelsohn Age 32½.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY — *By*

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Bile Beans are recommended for constipation, biliousness, indigestion, liverishness, sick headache and loss of appetite when due to faulty elimination.

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Dr. Scholl's ZINO-PADS

Start the Weekend well with

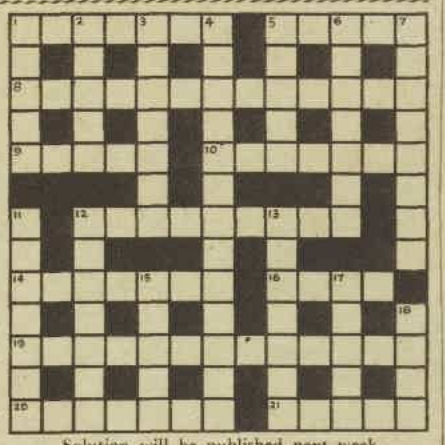
WEEKEND

1/- from your Newsagent.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and PRINCESS NARDA have returned to their city home from their adventures on the "shaking" mountain. In another part of the city a young man was chased by a riderless horse that spoke to him, ordering him to hand over his money. The horse had a gun strapped to its foreleg. The man tries to tell his story to the unbelieving police. NOW READ ON:

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Calumny islanders carry at heart (7).
5. Get one of them and lose your job (5).
8. In Dover a man is enough to obtain criticism (13).
9. A famous archer and his family (5).
10. In France, famous for porcelain (7).
12. Male singers (9).
14. Experience with the German inside (7).
16. Fruit of the oak or a long pole of timber (4).
19. You must know them if you mean business (6, 3, 4).
20. Unsteady hiding place of an otter (7).
21. Companies making screw (5).

DOWN

1. Slope ending in an insect (5).
2. For Shakespeare this is an airy spirit, for Milton a rebel angel, and for Pope the chief of the sylphs (5).
3. Good start for most of your business letters (4, 3).
4. Follower of Robespierre becomes follower of Darwin when his head is chopped off (13).
5. Rugby football term (5).
6. Fawns having swallowed a ring (7).
7. Sister in the left side of a shield (8).
11. Musical instrument containing the tail-end (7).
12. One of the upright supports of a resting place (3-4).
13. I'm no cad. (Anagr., 7).
15. It can be followed by a siege, by Cain, or a family (5).
17. Provision of sanctified crude metal (5).
18. She is twice a goddess (4).

Solution of last week's crossword.

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